

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

1870

AUGUST.

TASSO.

THE life of Tasso, whose misfortunes were only equaled by his genius, his love, madness, and imprisonment, constitute one of the most interesting and pathetic chapters of literary biography. Born under a southern sky, of an ancient and noble family, inheriting a highly poetic temperament from his father, Bernardo Tasso, who was a poet before him, at a time when children usually amuse themselves with nursery rhymes and fairy tales, he was gravely immersed in the severer pursuits of science and philosophy. Reading the Latin and Greek classics at ten, his scientific studies completed at fifteen, at seventeen he received university honors in the four departments of ecclesiastical and civil law, theology, and philosophy, had completed one epic poem, and already conceived another, which has rendered his name illustrious for all coming time. With the Rinaldo published and applauded, the Jerusalem planned and impatiently expected, flattered and caressed by his courtly admirers, enjoying the intimate friendship of princes, patronized by grand dukes and cardinals, and welcomed at foreign courts and universities with distinguished consideration, never did life, so bountiful of promise, develop more sad and melancholy fulfillment.

Smitten with a hopeless passion for a noble lady whom he has immortalized in song, but could not wed—betrayed into indiscretions which incurred the displeasure of his noble patron—then terrified at the consequences of his rashness and imprudence, he betrays symptoms of mental derangement—is arrested and confined in a mad-house, where, neglected and deserted by his former friends and admirers, assailed by unjust criticism—harrowed with religious doubts and conscientious scruples, which the grand

inquisitor himself could neither satisfy nor remove—unable to protect his rights, as pirated editions of his masterly work followed each other in rapid succession—persecuted, calumniated, and accused—at length stung to madness by the diatribes of critics, the hatred of rivals, and the rancor of enemies—his real troubles magnified by a disordered imagination, and imaginary ones transformed into real—he languished in a hospital, while petty poetasters and unprincipled publishers robbed him of his well-earned laurels, or grew rich upon the fruits of his wearisome toil.

Twice he escaped from the custody of his ducal gaoler, then, penniless, unattended, without even a passport, without even his manuscripts, he, whom a brigand chieftain once released without a ransom, as he kissed the hand that penned the Jerusalem, wanders about from city to city, in a state of mental excitement and distraction bordering on insanity, seeking in vain for shelter and protection from the various courts that once had delighted to do him honors. Then, as if laboring under some fatal spell, he seeks the second time to be reconciled to his former unfeeling patron only to be remanded to his gloomy prison-house,

"So doth the shipwreck'd mariner at last,
Cling to the rock whereon his vessel struck."

Finally, set at liberty after seven years of cruel imprisonment, notwithstanding the most powerful princes of Italy, and even the Pope himself had interposed to obtain his release; embittered by disappointment, broken down in health and spirits, his patrimony confiscated, his morbid melancholy now aggravated by wrongs and misfortunes into periodical paroxysms of actual madness; favored, nevertheless, with lucid intervals, in which the scintillations of his genius flashed forth from out of the

darkness and gloom that enshrouded it, like fitful gleams of lightning from the angry cloud; favored, too, with a partial return of his old prosperity when it was too late to appreciate or enjoy it, weary and faint, he at length succumbs under his accumulated ills, and dies in a monastery amid the chants and requiems of attendant monks, and, as if in cruel mockery of all his earthly hopes and ambitions, on the very day which had been appointed by the Pope for his solemn coronation in the capitol.

Such is the sad epitome of the life and death of Torquato Tasso—a life of such painful and melancholy interest that we might seek to dismiss it with this casual summary, were it not that it is so intimately interwoven with the very tissue and fiber of this immortal epic. His father, who had designed him for the law, and had sent him accordingly to the University of Padua, with a view of studying jurisprudence, attempted at first to dissuade him from poetry, which he had found by experience a perilous path. But on the appearance of the *Rinaldo* in 1561, an epic poem in twelve cantos, in which the poet celebrates the love of the hero for the beautiful Clarissa, seeing the decided bent of his genius, he ceased his opposition, and left him to his own inclination, with the conviction that he was destined to mark an era in the annals of literature.

With a view of devoting himself more exclusively to letters the poet accepted an invitation to the University of Bologna; but having been accused of the authorship of some satirical verses, which gave so much offense to the government as to lead to a seizure of his papers and a judicial examination, he returned, with a sense of wounded honor, to Padua, where he devoted himself with renewed zeal to his literary pursuits. Through the influence of Luigi, Cardinal of Este, he was invited in 1565 to the Court of Alphonso II, Duke of Ferrara, to be present at the splendid *fêtes* attendant upon the nuptials of that prince with the archduchess Barbara of Austria. He was welcomed with every demonstration of friendship and respect by the duke and his two sisters, Lucretia and Leonora, whose names are invested with such melancholy interest in connection with that of the unfortunate poet.

In 1570 he accompanied the Cardinal of Este to Paris, where he was received by Charles IX and his court with the most flattering marks of distinction. On his return to Italy he renewed his literary labors under the auspices of his former patron, who, with a view of promoting the prosecution of his great epic, had conferred upon him a handsome income, and assigned

him apartments in the ducal castle. Shortly after, during a temporary absence of Alphonso at Rome, he composed the little pastoral of *Aminta*, an idyllic drama which, on the return of the duke, was represented at court with great splendor, and may be regarded as the origin of the modern opera. On his return from Rome, in 1575, whither he had gone with a view of subjecting the *Jerusalem*, which appeared during this year, to a thorough revision, Alphonso conferred upon him the vacant office of historiographer to the house of Este.

About this time there arrived at court the young and beautiful Countess Leonora Sanvitali, for whom the poet conceived an unfortunate though, from all that appears, an honorable passion, although she was already wedded to another.

"Three high-born dames it was my lot to see,
Not all alike in beauty, yet so fair,
And so akin in act, and look, and air,
That nature seemed to say, 'Sisters are we,'
I praised them all—but one of all the three
So charmed me, that I loved her, and became
Her bard, and sung my passion, and her name
Till to the stars they soared past rivalry,
Her only I adored; and if my gaze
Was turned elsewhere, it was but to admire
Of her high beauty some far-scattered rays,
And worship her in idols."

This fruitless passion, together with the appearance, about this time, of several surreptitious editions of the *Jerusalem*, so wrought upon the delicate organization of the poet that he became gloomy and melancholy, and at length betrayed symptoms of temporary insanity. Having, in a moment of passion, drawn his sword upon an attendant in the apartment of the Duchess Urbino, he was arrested and thrown into confinement, from which, however, he soon contrived to escape, when he fled as far as Sorrento, his native place, and took refuge with his sister Cornelia. Returning to Ferrara, he was reconciled to Alphonso, when he escaped the second time. After wandering about from city to city, he at length found refuge, for a time, at the court of Urbino, and subsequently at Turin, with Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy. Restless and unhappy, he determined to return again to the court of Ferrara with the hope of being received once more into favor by his former patron and protector. But he was doomed to bitter disappointment. Irritated by the coldness of his reception, he poured forth a torrent of bitter invective against Alphonso and the whole house of Este. The duke was not long in finding a pretext for confining him as a lunatic, and soon after shut him up in the hospital of Santa Anna, an act of severity which well-nigh resulted in total insanity, though it

was the occasion of some of his most touching and exquisite lyrics.

"And if thou conquerest not my fate, I fear,
Invincible Alphonso, Fate ere long
Will conquer me."

"A hell of torment is this life of mine:
My sighs are as the Furies breathing flame;
Desires around my heart like serpents twine,
A bold, fierce throng no skill or art may tame,
As the lost race to whom hope never came,
So am I now—for me all hope is o'er;
My tears are Styx, and my complaints and shame
The fires of Phlegethon but stir the more,
My voice is that of Cerberus, whose bark
Fills the abyss, and echoes frightfully
Over the stream, dull as my mind, and dark."

Or this:

"A new Ixion upon Fortune's wheel,
Whether I sink profound or rise sublime,
One never ceasing martyrdom I feel,
The same in woe, though changing all the time.
I wept above, where sunbeams sport and climb
The vines, and through their foliage sighs the breeze;
I burned and froze, languished and prayed in rhyme;
Nor could your ire, nor my own grief appease!
Now in my prison, deep and dim, have grown
My torments greater still and keener far,
As if all sharpened on the dungeon stone,
Magnanimous Alphonso! burst the bar
Changing my fate, and not my cell alone."

This severe and apparently cruel treatment, for which various reasons have been assigned, and among others the love of the poet for the Princess Leonora, has never been satisfactorily explained. Originating in anger, it was probably continued through policy. Alphonso had offended the most distinguished poet of Italy, and was unwilling that the brightest ornament of his court should withdraw to shed its luster upon another. During seven long years the unfortunate captive failed to convince his unfeeling master by the numerous works which, in the mean time, issued from his pen that, though his mind was unsteady, the vigor of his intellect was still unimpaired.

At length, on the 5th of July, 1586, at the earnest solicitation of Vincenzo Gonzaga, Alphonso's brother-in-law, he was set at liberty. He accompanied his benefactor to Mantua, where he employed his lucid intervals in composition and the revision of his poetical works. *Floridante* and *Torrismondo* may be referred to this period. The year following he visited Bergamo, an event which was the occasion of a public celebration by the entire population. Soon after he set out for Rome and Naples, between which two cities, with the exception of a short sojourn at Mantua and Florence, he passed the remainder of his short and troubled life. Meanwhile he occupied himself in the re-composition of his *Jerusalem Delivered*, changing the title to *Jerusalem Conquered*, and sup-

pressing the praises which he had formerly so lavishly bestowed upon the house of Este. He also commenced a Christian epic on the *Seven Days of Creation*.

His health was now rapidly declining, when he received from the Cardinal Cintio Aldobrandi an urgent invitation to visit Rome, with a view of being publicly crowned. He accordingly set out for that capital in November, 1594. On his arrival he was received with the most flattering consideration by the Pope, who remarked, in view of his approaching coronation, "I give you the laurel, that it may receive as much honor from you as it has conferred upon those who have had it before you." This intended honor was, however, deferred for a time, with a view of celebrating it with greater splendor and solemnity. The health of the poet, meanwhile, failed rapidly. As he drew near his end he was carried, at his own request, into the monastery of Saint Onafrio, where he died of a fever, on his coronation day, April 25, 1595, in the fifty-second year of his age.

Few poets of either ancient or modern times have been so happy in the selection of their subject as Tasso in the *Jerusalem Delivered*. Affording greater variety than the *Iliad*, and greater unity than the *Æneid*, it combines, in a wonderful manner, the marvels of tradition with the sobriety of history, the romance of knight errantry with the realities of Christianity, or, as the poet himself expresses it, "fictions light" with "truth divine;" a poetic rehearsal of the exploits of Christian chivalry in the liberation of the Holy City, appealing to our sympathies more forcibly than the Expedition of the Argonauts, the Siege of Troy, or the Wanderings of Ulysses; like *Paradise Lost*, it is founded upon a religious faith as enduring as the Bible, and as wide-spread as Christianity. Tasso, though pre-eminently a poet of romance and sentiment, is not simply a troubadour, singing beneath the moonlit balcony of his lady-love of the modest Erminia, or the brave Clorinda; of Rinaldo, the Christian knight, recalled to duty and honor from amid the wanton delights and inglorious ease of the enchanted gardens in the Fortunate Isles; nor yet of Paynim and Paladin, engaged in deadly encounter, with broad-sword and battle-ax, as the champions of the fair and false Armida. He is rather the high-priest of the Muses, chanting the *Te Deum Laudamus* in the ear of delighted Christendom, as the standard of the Cross supplants the Crescent upon the battlements of the Holy City, around whose sacred walls crusader and infidel had fought long and well for the possession of the Holy Sepulcher.

The Jerusalem may be regarded, then, as a lyrical paraphrase of the first Crusade, in which the poet, preserving the vigor of historic truth in the main essential facts, varies, changes, and amplifies the details, as best suited his poetic fancy. Peter the Hermit had preached, and Pope Urban proclaimed the Crusades against the Infidel, who was in possession of the Holy City. The crusaders, embracing the flower of European chivalry, had mustered upon the plains of Asia six hundred thousand footmen and two hundred thousand horsemen, who had volunteered at their own charges, resolved to conquer or die in the bold attempt to expel the Saracen. Godfrey of Buillogne was Captain-General of this magnificent host. After the successful siege of Nicæa and Antioch, and the reduction of other Asiatic cities and provinces, he continues his march, when,

"Jerusalem, behold, appeared in sight."

As the joyful cry echoes along the lines, "some shouted to the sky, some knelt and prayed, some wept aloud, and some cast themselves down and kissed the earth in silence,"

"As when a troop of jolly sailors row,
Some new-found land and country to descry,
Through dang'rous seas, and under stars unknow',
Thrill to the faithless waves, and trothless sky,
If once the wished shore begin to show,
They all salute it with a joyful cry;
And each to other show the land in haste,
Forgetting quite their pains and perils past."

But the joyful shouts and loud acclamations of this magnificent array of mailed warriors, with their plumed casques, glittering helms, and "sun-bright shields," are soon succeeded by deep repentance and holy awe:

"Their naked feet trod on the dusty way,
Following the ensample of their zealous guide;
Their scarfs, their crests, their plumes and feathers gay
They quickly doff'd, and willing laid aside."

The Infidel chiefs make a sortie and gain a temporary advantage under the leadership of the fair and brave Clorinda:

"About her shoulder shone her golden locks,
Like sunny leaves on alabaster rocks."

And yet,

"Her looks with fire, her eyes with lightning blaze."

Satan, fearful that the Christian host may finally succeed, assembles in solemn council the peers of his infernal realm:

"About their prince each took his wonted seat,
On thrones red hot, ibuilt of burning brass;
Pluto in midst heav'n his trident great,
Of rusty iron huge that forged was;
The rocks on which the salt sea billows beat,
And Atlas tops, the clouds in height that pass,
Compared to his huge person, mole-hills be;
So his rough front, his horns so lifted be."

Throughout this description, as elsewhere, we are reminded of Milton, or, to speak more properly, Milton reminds us of Tasso. The council ended, Satan thunders his commands, and forthwith

"The earth was filled with devils, and empty hell."

Meanwhile, the fair Armida,

"Who made each knight himself and God forget,"

with a view of drawing off a portion of the besieging army, and thereby impairing its strength and efficiency, visits the camp of Godfrey, and tells the story of her fancied wrongs. By her tears, entreaties, and seductive arts, she succeeds in enlisting in her service the most powerful of the Christian knights, who vie with each other in proffering their swords to regain her lost kingdom and crown:

"Her cheeks, on which this steaming nectar fell,
'Still'd through the limbeck of her diamond eyes;
The roses white and red resembled well,
Whereon the rosy May-dew sprinkled lies,
When the fair morn first blusheth from her cell,
And breatheth balm from open'd Paradise;
Thus sighed, thus mourn'd, thus wept this lovely queen,
And in each drop bathed a grace unseen."

But Armida, as false as fair, having accomplished her purpose, leads the enamored knights into her stately castle, and, having enchanted them, sends them as prisoners, bound in fetters, to her ally, the King of Egypt.

Meanwhile Solyman attacks the Christian camp by night; God sends down in aid of Godfrey the archangel Michael, who, with flaming sword and diamond shield, disperses the fiends and furies, and drives them back to their native hell. The description of Michael, as he appears in the earth, more radiant than the cloudless, noon-day sun, is suggestive of Raphael in *Paradise Lost*, who

"seems another morn
Risen on mid noon,"

though Milton has doubtless improved upon the original of Tasso:

"Quando a paro col sol, ma piri lucente
L'angelo gli apparì dall'oriente."

Godfrey prepares for the final assault, when the forests, from which the Christians procure timber for their battering-rams and other warlike engines, is enchanted by Ismeno the wizard,

"So that each tree hath life, and sense each bough."

The bravest and hardiest of the Christian knights having confronted the terrors of the enchanted forest to no purpose, the besieging army, compelled to suspend warlike operations, becomes disheartened, and then demoralized and mutinous, when Godfrey is informed in a

dream that Rinaldo, who, after killing Ger-nando, had withdrawn from the camp, must be pardoned and recalled, in order to ensure final success. Two knights are accordingly detailed for this service. They learn from a wizard that Rinaldo has been spirited away by the beautiful Armida to the Fortunate Isles. Thither they embark in a shallop, and, with a fairy dam-sel for a pilot, essay the dangers of the deep:

"The wondrous boat scant touch'd the troubled main."

Their fair helmsman beguiles the perilous voy-age with various discourse, and thus foretells the discovery of America:

"Thy ship (Columbus) shall her canvas wing
Spread o'er that world, that yet concealed lies."

The goodly prospect of the Fortunate Isles looms up in the distance. Then follows a glow-ing description of the enchanted gardens of Armida, where Rinaldo is held in thrall by the wily and voluptuous queen. This magical garden,

"Fairer than that where grew the trees of gold," with its odorous breath, ambrosial fruits, eter-nal sunshine, and everlasting Spring, is a most beautiful prototype of the Garden of Eden in Paradise Lost:

Un' isoletta, la qual nome prende
Con le vicine sue dalla Fortuna;
Quinci ella in cima a una montagna ascende
Disabitata, e d'ombre oscura e bruna;
E per incanto a lei nevoe rende
Le spalle e i fianchi, e senza neve alcuna
Le lascia il capo verdeggiante e vago;
E vi fonda un palagio appresso un lago.

CANTO XIV, 70.

"The winds breathe spikenard, myrrh, and balm around."

"The olive fat there ever buds and flowers,
The honey-drops from hollow oaks distill,
The falling brook her silver streams down pours,
With gentle murmur from their native hill."

"Mild was the air, the skies were clear as glass,
The trees no whirlwind felt, nor tempests' smart,
But ere the fruit drop off, the blossom comes;
This springs, that falls, that ripeneth, and this blooms."

"The quiet seas below lie safe and still;
The green wood like a garland grows aloft;
Sweet caves within, cool shades and waters shrill,
Where lie the nymphs on moss and ivy soft."

"There wellet out a fair, clear, bubbling spring,
Whose waters pure the thirsty guests entice;
But in those liquors cold the secret sting
Of strange and deadly poison closed lies;
One sup thereof the drinker's heart doeth bring
To sudden joy, whence laughter vain doeth rise;
Nor that strange merriment once stops or stays
Till, with his laughter's end, he ends his days."

"The garden sweet spread forth her green to show;
The moving crystal from the fountains plays:
Fair trees, high plants, strange herba, and flowrets new,
Sunshiny hills, dales hid from Phœbus' rays,

Groves, arbors, mossy caves at once they view;
And that which beauty most, most wonder brought
No where appear'd, the art which all this wrought."

Rinaldo, despite the tears and entreaties of the fair Armida, accompanies the two knights on their return to the Christian camp, and suc-ceeds in dissipating the terrors of the en-chanted forest. Godfrey, thereupon, procures timber for the construction of his military en-gines and prepares for the final assault. The soldiers receive the sacrament and then ad-vance. After a desperate struggle, the Holy City is won. As the banner of the crimson Cross is unfurled from the battlements, the ex-ultant shout of victory echoes from valley to hill-top:

"Earth laughs for joy, the streams forbear their haste,
Floods clap their hands, on mountains dance the pines,
And Sion's towers and sacred temples smile,
For their deliv'rance from that bondage vile."

In the midst of these rejoicings the multi-tudinous hosts of the allied Egyptian army appears upon the field, and another battle must be fought by Godfrey with his exhausted troops. Allowing themselves a single day to recruit their wasted energies,

"The godly Frenchmen on their knees down fell
To pray, and kiss'd the earth, and then up-left
To fight."

Rinaldo, who "gave more deaths than strokes," as if to atone for the inglorious past, performs prodigies of valor, his

"fury, haste, and ire
Seem'd earthquake, thunder, tempest, storm and fire."

The slaughter is terrible:

"In parts so many were the traitors cleft,
That those dead men had no dead bodies left."

"Of bodies, some upright, some groveling lay,
And for themselves eat graves out of the clay."

The field is won, the battle ended, and, with it, the Jerusalem Delivered—after the *Divina Commedia*—the pride of Italian literature, and, if not the greatest, probably the most perfect epic of modern times.

The appearance of the Jerusalem was the occasion of one of the bitterest controversies that has ever disfigured the annals of literature. It was at once compared to the Orlando; and Tasso, by not a few, was placed forthwith above Ariosto. The latter had been crowned with the laurel by the universal suffrage of the literary world, and a whole people do not surrender the objects of their idolatry without a struggle. Besides, genius is imperious, and two such divinities could not reign supreme upon the Italian Parnassus. The literary oligarchy of the *Della Crusca* fulminated its anathemas.

Their respective partisans opened fire with every missile known to literary warfare. The battle raged around the walls of Tasso's prison-house with ever increasing fury, whilst the poet, already on the verge of distraction, defended himself with dignified calmness and manly vigor, until, at length, exhausted by assaults so desperate and long-continued, he was compelled to acknowledge the violence, if not the justice of their criticisms by recasting his great epic under the title of the *Jerusalem Conquered*.

Tasso is the Correggio of poets. In both we note the same lightness of touch, and elaborate finish—the same symmetry of outline and harmony of coloring—the same peculiar grace in the disposition and attitudes of their figures, which, though betraying, if examined critically, a certain tone of affectation and sentimentality, are invested with a magical charm which fascinates you nevertheless. In both we find the purest type of ideal beauty—an ethereal, spiritual, almost effeminate beauty, together with the same marked prominence assigned to the principal figure—Godfrey, the hero of the poem, the “star of knighthood and flower of chivalry,” appears scarcely less divine in the grand *tableau* of *Jerusalem Delivered* than the infant Christ in the *La Notte* of Correggio, who, as the central light of that immortal master-piece, radiates the divinity of the God-man with an insufferable brightness, not only illuminating the darkness of the night, but dazzling the sight of the astonished spectators, whilst it transfigures and glorifies the homely scene of His humble birth.

The genius of Tasso is essentially lyrical. A poet of exquisite feeling, full of tenderness and passion, with a delicate taste, an ethereal fancy, and a masterly command of rhythm and rhyme, Nature evidently intended him for a lyrical poet. Even his great epic is characteristically lyric. “The heroic style,” says the poet himself, “should be between the simple gravity of the tragic and flowing beauty of the lyric, and superior to both in the splendor of a marvelous majesty.” Notwithstanding its general unity, the *Jerusalem* is fragmentary and episodic. In the absence of romantic ballads, its beautiful stanzas have furnished the Italians a series of tender and graceful odes, glowing with genuine sentiment and passion, such as once were sung by the gondoliers of the Arno and the Po, or re-echoed with such magical effect over the moonlit waters of the Venetian lagoons.*

* An Italian friend assures me that these stanzas are still recited by the improvisators of Naples and the peasantry of the Central Apennines.

Tasso is eminently subjective. He has everywhere strongly impressed the peculiarities of his genius upon the productions of his nurse. Serious by nature, religious by conviction, and inclined to melancholy, from a sad and bitter experience, there is every-where blended with the magical sweetness and musical enchantment of his song a pathetic undertone of pensive sadness, breathing a spirit of the most refined elegy—a mournful refrain of unrequited love or unmerited wrong—like the plaintive voice of *Clorinda* issuing from the living trunks of the enchanted forest. With the laurel of his poetic crown is entertained the melancholy cypress—with the sweetness and perfumes of a garden of spices there mingles the incense that rises from the censer of a broken heart.

It is perhaps a much easier, though less grateful task, to indicate an author's faults than to appreciate his beauties. Though the *Jerusalem* combines the most essential elements of a great epic poem, still it may be doubted whether Tasso possessed, in its broadest acceptance, the fullness, plastic power, and many-sidedness of the true epic poet. Boileau speaks with undue severity of the tinsel of Tasso, as compared with the pure gold of Virgil:

“Et le clinquant du Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile.”

That he is inferior to Virgil, to whom, among ancient poets, he may be most appropriately compared, no one will deny; and yet the distance is much less than between Ariosto and Homer.

His grace at times appears artificial—his characters somewhat ideal—commanding our respect and admiration rather than our sympathy and affection; and, what is perhaps more objectionable to modern taste, there is a tone of sentiment and gallantry, bordering on effeminacy, on the part of his heroes, which, however, could well be pardoned in an age in which the “love of God and the ladies” was the sole duty of man. The *concetti*, or conceits, so severely censured by the critics of Tasso, are, at the same time, less numerous and more venial than they would lead us to suppose. Wherever we find a superfluous member or redundant phrase it will generally be found an unwilling sacrifice to the necessities of the *ottava rima*, one of the most difficult of meters. In the *Jerusalem* there is, perhaps, an excess of what is usually styled the epic machinery, whilst some of the episodes, such, for example, as the Story of *Olinto* and *Sophronia*, do not spring spontaneously from the subject itself. Nevertheless, they are defects that contribute to heighten the beauty of the whole, like a mole

upon the white neck of a beautiful woman, as Goethe expresses it; and we instinctively feel that we should admire it less, if it were more faultlessly perfect than it already is.

HAIR GHOSTS.

WEARY with a long journey, confused by the uproar of a great city, with its multitude of sights and sounds, excited and exhausted by the restless atmosphere which seemed to pervade every thing, even the stones in the streets, I reached my nephew's house just at twilight. I had been tempted from my quiet country home to witness the marriage of my great niece—not that I was so very old, but early marriages had made me a grandaunt while middle-aged. I was welcomed with a warm cordiality which left me nothing to wish, and made to feel that my presence would give an added grace to the coming nuptials.

After dinner, at an hour that to my country ways would seem unseasonable for supper, I retired to my own room, and sinking into a luxurious chair, with my feet resting on the fender, in front of a glowing fire, gave myself up to a long reverie. For a coming marriage sometimes unlocks a chamber in an old maid's heart, and she looks in and sees what might have been, but what can never happen now. So deeply was I absorbed in memories of my vanished youth, that I almost started when I raised my eyes to find my niece, Emily Morgan, looking at me from the other side of the fireplace.

"I hope I have not frightened or disturbed you," said she, with easy nonchalance, drawing a low chair opposite to me and sitting down, "but I came up here to have a little quiet chat with you about the wedding, and you made such a pretty picture sitting there in the fire-light that I could not forbear looking a moment at you before I spoke. Do you know, Aunt Patty, that I think you are a very pretty, nice-looking old lady?"

I smiled, as she said this, at the assurance of the young lady thus frankly expressing her opinion of me, and thought how differently girls were brought up nowadays, and what would have been the result had I thus criticised an aunt when I was young. I had long since ceased to see any prettiness in my face when I looked in the glass, and had not been beautiful enough when a girl to retain any traces of it now, but it was pleasant to look well in young eyes, and so I said—

"I am glad to hear it, my dear—glad that

you find something that pleases you in my face."

"But, Aunt Patty, you would look so much better, so much more like other people, if you would only wear a chignon."

"A chignon!"

"Yes, a chignon; not a long curl, but a thick tress of hair to braid with your own."

"Why should I wear false hair, my dear, when I have enough of my own?" and I passed my hand over my braided locks to be sure that they were there. My hair had been one of my treasures; it was still of dull black, without a silver thread, and was braided in the same close braid in which I had always worn it.

"Not half enough for the fashion, aunt; it might have done very well ten years ago, but now it makes your head look like an apple. You need not be scrupulous about it, every body wears it, and nobody is cheated into believing that it is your own. Every body with a grain of sense knows that such a quantity of hair never grew on any human head, unless it were Samson's. Look here!" and putting up her hands to the beautiful coils of light hair that I had admired so much, she took off about half of it, and pulled out two long tresses, and laid them in her lap. "If I, a girl of nineteen, wear all this, you need not be ashamed to add a little to your braid."

"But why do you wear it?"

"For just the same reason that I wear paniers and high-heeled shoes, because every body else does, and I would rather look like them, even if they do, as grandmamma declares, look like fools. Besides, a chignon is the most economical of head-dresses—it saves ribbons, laces, and caps. You will get one, auntie; if you do, Jacqueline can make your head look so nice."

"How much will it cost?"

Emily rose and looked at me with the eyes of a connoisseur. She even pressed my braid between her hands, as if she were calculating how much hair it contained.

"Well," said she, after a pause, "your hair is black, an easier color to match than some others, but more difficult than you think, for there are many shades, from jet to rusty—five pounds, perhaps."

I opened my eyes in amazement; half of all the money which I allowed for my wardrobe for a year.

"My dear—"

"It's no use talking, aunt, you must get a good one if any; poor hair does not last long or look well; it is one of the things that shows the money. If you take good care of it, it will last a long time, and you can have it made into

a frizette, like Mrs. Rook, when you are old. We are all going to-morrow to a German Jew in Princes-street. He has received a superior lot of hair from Paris, and we are to have the first choice from it. Mamma wants some more mixed gray and brown; her hair has not kept so well as yours, and her chignon is too brown. Sophie must have a new chestnut braid, and I want a little more myself."

"Notwithstanding all that you have in your hands and on your shoulders?"

"Yes," said she, smiling, and shaking the rippling light locks over her face, looking far more lovely in their native grace than in the stiff tower of hair which she had pulled down for her illustration. "Promise to come with us—there's a good auntie. Before you have worn it a week you will think no more about it than you do about putting on a pair of gloves; they are not your skin, and yet you wear them." And she leaned over and pressed her rosy lips to mine.

What could I say? What mattered it what I thought myself, if I only pleased her?

"They have been talking about it down-stairs, and every body agreed that it would take away the old-fashioned look more than any thing else, but nobody would have dared ask you but me. You will, and you are not angry?"

How could I withstand her, and her pretty, coaxing ways?

"No, I am not angry, and I will go to-morrow, if your old aunt's hair is of such importance to you all."

"Emily," called her mother, "come down-stairs; leave Aunt Patty alone; she wishes to rest, and not to listen to such a chatter-box."

Emily crowded her hair under her net, and left me to my own musings. The carriage came to the door next morning, and Mrs. Morgan, Sophie, Emily, and myself, started on the errand so important in the eyes of all the others, and which consumed six hours before it was concluded to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned. It was with much reluctance that I followed the others as they entered the narrow door and ascended the flight of dirty stairs which led to the rooms of Messrs. Sleiden and Son, the dealers in hair.

"Aunt Patty is disgusted already," said Emily, laughing, as, pausing on the landing, she caught a glimpse of my face as I rose to her level. "You must not mind trifles, auntie, but indeed I think that we all would better have left our noses at home."

She pushed open the door, and we entered a room which had been metamorphosed into a shop by a counter and a few shelves containing

paper boxes. A most repulsive-looking man, with a hooked nose and a mouth like an ogre, came forward to Mrs. Morgan, and, bowing, asked her what she would be pleased to have. Of all the various grades and types of humanity that I had ever seen, he appeared to me to be the worst; not thin, and like the money-getting Jews of play and romance, whose avarice ate away their sensuality as the powerful acid eats away all softer substances with which it comes in contact, but gross, rubicund, and leering. Mrs. Morgan knew him, and had had dealings with him before, probably, and his appearance did not produce the same effect upon her as it did upon me, but how she could have spoken twice to him I could not understand. Had I been alone I should have turned and fled from him as a loathsome thing. But Mrs. Morgan proceeded at once to business; this choosing of hair was an important affair, and she gave her undivided attention to it.

"We wish to look at your new hair, for myself first, if you please—brown, mixed with gray," and she removed her bonnet and stood where the light fell full upon her.

"Sidonia," called he, and a young girl came from an inner room.

As I looked at her pale, sad, refined face, I wondered what hard fate had consigned her to such a master. She opened box after box, taking out long tresses, and holding them carefully by the side of Mrs. Morgan's head, tried to select the proper shade. While she did this Mr. Sleiden was about to employ himself in the same way for Sophie.

"If you will be so kind as to place the boxes with the chestnut hair on the counter," said she, drawing back from him, "I will not trouble you to do it; my sister understands perfectly the shade that will suit me."

"It shall be done as the fraulein wishes," said he, with an ugly look of his wicked eyes.

Both shades were difficult to find. The profusion of gray mixed with Mrs. Morgan's brown locks gave them a peculiar shade, beside which all other browns looked yellow or auburn, and the beautiful chestnut of Sophie seemed to grow on no other heads but her own. Mr. Sleiden watched the girls as they took up and rejected one tress after another.

"The upper row of boxes, Sidonia," said he, at last.

Her face grew a shade paler, and she took one from his hand and produced a long braid, which, laid upon Mrs. Morgan's hair, could not be told from her own. At the same time he handed Emily a long chestnut braid, glossy and shining like Sophie's.

"Now try your skill on my friend," said she, pointing to me.

The Jew looked at me critically.

"Madame's hair is iron-black," said he. "The left-hand box in the upper row," and he took from it a tress of hair of a length and thickness which drew exclamations of wonder and admiration from all.

"It is very long and heavy," said he, with a bow and a smirk, "and is just madame's color."

He was about to lay it lightly on my head, when Emily interposed.

"I will try it," said she, and, turning me round to the light, she called the others to see how exactly like it was.

Sidonia seemed to remember perfectly the tint that Emily wanted for herself, for she procured it at once, and our morning's work was finished. When we entered the carriage I drew a long breath, for the whole scene had oppressed me like an ugly nightmare.

The wedding-day dawned bright and beautiful. Under the hands of Jacqueline my head assumed an appearance which was frightful in my own eyes, but excessively becoming, my nieces assured me, as they saw the massive braid, which made my head ache with its unaccustomed weight. Their beautifully shaped heads were transformed into something as nearly resembling the hair towers of the African tribes which Monsieur Du Chaillu has portrayed as it was possible for them to become. But the girls looked lovely in their own eyes and those of their friends.

The wedding-day was at last over. The library had glittered with silver, glass, jewels, and bronze, given by the dear five hundred friends who cared little for the bride, but expected the same in return whenever they reached the altar, and were only lending their money without interest. The bride had been kissed and congratulated, the wedding-veil and shining satin had been exchanged for the brown hat and traveling dress, the guests had departed in groups, and we at last sat down to rest. The only room in the house that retained even the semblance of order was the one allotted to me, and Mrs. Morgan, Sophie, and Emily followed me there, and sat down for a last few words while the servants were arranging our apartments for the night. Every one had some little humorous incident to relate, for they were all quick-witted and observant, and amid jest and laughter the hands of the little French clock were gliding round to twelve.

At last one of those sudden silences that often follow the gayest moments fell like a hush upon us all, and not a word was spoken. I had

been leaning my head upon my hand, and saw nothing but the folds of my own dress, and my thoughts had traveled for a few seconds. The silvery chimes of the clock called them home. I looked up. Good heavens! was I dreaming, or what had befallen me? But a few moments since Emily had sat by my side. She had not moved, to my knowledge; neither had I. But as I looked for her I saw the heavy face of a young German girl, stolid and simple. She wore a short peasant dress, which showed her clumsy ankles and thick hobnailed shoes; she had in her rough, freckled hands a worn book in leather covers, and a coarse cotton handkerchief worked with blue; her long, fair hair, in massive braids hanging down her back, was tied with faded blue ribbons. Was this an optical delusion? I put out my hand and touched her. It felt flesh and blood, and I spoke. She gazed stupidly in my face, and muttered some strange gutturals, which I did not understand.

Bewildered, I turned to Sophie, but where was she? In the chair in which she was sitting was a bare-legged Irish girl, with ragged skirts and gleaming hazel eyes; her chestnut hair was hanging in rough elf-locks about her shoulders, and she began in whining, pleading tones, to beg me, for the love of heaven, for a bit or sup to keep her ould father from starving, and the saints would bless me for iver and iver, and the Howly Vargin make my bed in glory. I pressed my hands to my temples; I was surely in the first stages of delirium, and these were but the phantoms of my excited brain.

I rose from the chair and turned to the couch on which Mrs. Morgan had flung herself. She was lying quite still and motionless, and when I spoke to her she did not answer. Her appearance froze me with horror. Faster than a dissolving view the expression of her countenance and her figure changed. Now she lay still and rosy like a young girl asleep, with the flush of health upon her cheek, brown hair rippling away from her low forehead, and hands with taper fingers and pink-tinted palms. Then in an instant the hands would grow blue-veined and shrunken, the fair skin become withered, the brown hair lie in silver threads upon the wrinkled forehead, the face grow ashy pale, the eyelids half unclose, and the jaw drop, and the dress changed as rapidly from the night-robe of a young girl, trimmed with delicate frills and lace, to the stiff folds of a shroud.

I screamed in terror, but my own voice sounded strangely in my ears. Was I changed into some strange being like the others? I took a candle and walked toward the cheval glass. I tottered as I went. What creature

was that coming out of the dusky depths to meet me? It came toward me, and when I raised the candle it did the same. Ah, it was I, then, in this strange body. With trembling hands I held the candle closer still and looked—so closely in my eagerness that the plate-glass shivered and broke. The face that looked at me belonged not to the Caucasian race. The oblique eyes, swarthy skin, high cheek-bones, spoke of Mongolian blood. The hair was drawn tightly back from the forehead, revealing all the harsh outlines in their unadorned ugliness. I wore an open tunic of dark-blue flowered silk, the loose-hanging sleeves of which fell back in long points as I raised the candle, and showed a lining of dull red. The underskirt was of sea-green silk, with dragons, butterflies, and flowers embroidered upon it in brilliant silks and gold thread: it was confined at the waist by a broad scarf, and reached just below the knee, meeting full trowsers of the same material, gathered in bindings around the ankles. Small feet, so small that I wondered how I ever balanced myself upon them, peeped out from those in shoes without shape or comeliness, but made of heavy rich red silk, embroidered with gold. I shivered at the thought that this was I and not I. I stared at my counterfeit presentment with those oblique eyes, that seemed as if they were only made to look through cracks. I tried to speak, but the words that fell from my lips were as foreign to my ears as the face was unfamiliar to my eyes.

Ah, I should go mad with my double consciousness. Now I understood the torture of those wretched beings whom wicked fairies and necromancers had imprisoned in other bodies besides their own, and turned pitifully to my companions in misfortune. But the German girl, whatever her thoughts, sat as stolidly still as if she had been cut out of wood, and the Irish beggar never ceased her importunities. My own thoughts were growing confused and chaotic. The quiet every-day scenes of my life were fading away, and low houses, with wide-open doors, straw matting and bamboo furniture, lackered tables and curious China monsters, were taking their places; pagodas rose in the air instead of steeples, and foreign forms of vegetable life blotted out the old familiar trees and grass. I tried hard to prevent my individuality from slipping away from me. I clutched at the carved mirror with those slender brown fingers with long nails, which I knew were not mine. Every thing seemed to be sliding away from me.

The door opened and showed the face of Mr. Morgan. I uttered a loud cry, and would have

sprung toward him had not my diminutive feet prevented me.

"Mrs. Morgan," he began; then looking round in astonishment—"Eh! what! dressed for a masquerade at this time of night? Why do n't some of you speak, and have done with this nonsense?"

We were not dumb, and our tongues were soon unloosed, but he could not understand us, nor we ourselves. He stamped impatiently and muttered something very like an oath. He looked first at one and then at the other, but when he approached his wife he was struck by the same horror which had overcome me. He turned quickly toward the door. Would he leave us in the possession of this demoniac power, whatever it might be? As he turned his face away my last sane thought seemed leaving me. I tottered toward him, and reached out my hand to grasp his arm, but I had miscalculated the distance, and fell nearly at his feet. In falling I struck my head sharply against a low easy-chair: for a moment I thought heaven and earth were coming together, but the confusion was quickly followed by a feeling of relief and clearness.

Mr. Morgan stooped to lift me up, but I sprang lightly to my feet. He stared at me in still greater amazement.

"Why, Aunt Patty," said he, rubbing his eyes, "where were you just now when I came into the room, and found nothing but fools and mummery?"

Amazed as himself, I could not reply. I pressed my hands mechanically to my temples, and strove to collect my thoughts. I could stand without tottering. I glanced at my feet; my crimson shoes were gone, and black satin slippers were there instead, and just beyond them lay a black chignon. Every thing became clear at once. Quick as thought I seized the clustering chestnut locks; they came off in my hand, and Sophie stood beside me. I tore off the long light braids of the stolid German girl, and Emily's eyes danced and sparkled once more. The brown hair with its silver strands once laid aside, and Mrs. Morgan's comely, pleasant face appeared again. Nobody spoke for a few moments, but all gave a sigh of relief as if they had passed through some terrible crisis.

"Now, what does all this mean?" inquired Mr. Morgan.

"I can not tell," said his wife. "I only know that I have felt as I never wish to feel again."

"I know," cried I, hastily gathering up the various-colored tresses in my hands, "it is

these terrible chignons that are the cause of all the mischief. They shall be carried back to that Sleidens to-morrow."

Sophie looked longingly at the beautiful tress.

"I shall never find another such a match for my hair; but it had better go."

No one else objected; indeed, I think they were glad at heart at the thought of parting with them.

"If no one can or will explain any thing," said Mr. Morgan, whose anger was generally as evanescent as foam, "I think we had better leave the only sensible one, Aunt Patty, in the quiet possession of her apartment."

They followed his suggestion, and left me still holding the clustering locks in my hands just as the clock struck two. Of one thing I was sure—they never should leave my possession till I returned them to the Jew.

Whether the others had felt as keen a sense of horror as I at finding themselves in another body, or whether, having less individuality, the change had not been so terrible, I was resolved that the experience should not be repeated. But I think every one was more alarmed and disturbed than they chose to acknowledge, as their pale, haggard faces showed the next morning.

After breakfast, Mrs. Morgan followed me to my room.

"Have the kindness to tell me, Aunt Patty, as nearly as possible, what happened last night. My own recollections are too confused and horrible to allow me to trust them entirely. I felt one moment so full of life and health, and the next so weary and exhausted, so old and close to the grave, with such a death-like feeling at my heart—" She shuddered, and would not go on.

I told her as briefly and calmly as I could what I had seen and felt.

"Ah!" said she, "I have heard something like this once before, and could not believe it, from a friend who warned me not to have any thing to do with the Jew. You will not object to going with me to return the hair? I dare not keep it or destroy it. He must take it back again, if he does not refund the money."

She rang the bell for the carriage, which soon set us down at the Jew's door, I holding all the way the package of hair tightly in my hand, half afraid to carry it, but still more afraid to trust it from my sight. We found no one but Sidonia in the shop.

"We have brought back the hair we purchased yesterday. It does not suit," said Mrs. Morgan, laying the hair on the counter.

The girl undid the package, took up the hair, and passed it through her hands.

"It has been worn," said she.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Morgan; "make any allowance that you please for that."

"I can do nothing about the money. Madame must see Mr. Sleiden."

"What is that, Sid?" called out a voice from the inner room.

"The hair has come back," said she, in a low tone, and her cheek grew very pale.

"Heavens!" cried the unseen person, "how many times has that happened?"

"As many as ten," returned Sidonia, who appeared to have forgotten that we were there. "I never like to sell any thing from that upper shelf—it always comes back."

"It is the Hamburg hair," returned the other.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Morgan of Sidonia.

"I do not know, madame," said the girl, hurriedly. "If madame wishes to exchange—"

"No," said Mrs. Morgan, as hurriedly as herself, "I wish nothing here. Come, Aunt Patty, our business is ended."

She walked out of the room and down stairs so rapidly that she was seated in the carriage before I could follow her.

"Home, Peter, as quickly as you can," said she, hardly allowing him time to close the door.

She told me afterward that she felt as if some evil spirit was weaving a web around her that she must break through at once, if she would not be ensnared forever.

I need hardly add that the Jew kept both the hair and the money, for she never trusted herself in his den again.

At dinner we found an old friend of Mr. Morgan's—one of those quiet men who read and think much, and who are the repositories of more singular stories than ever find their way into print. The conversation turned upon that never-ending theme of disapprobation and satire, and the gentlemen, whose hair was cropped so closely that you saw little but skin and stubble where Nature had intended flowing locks, were especially severe upon the huge mountains of false hair with which the ladies disfigured their heads.

"If the ladies only knew," said Mr. Lucas, "where the false tresses with which they adorn themselves come from, or what strange vitality and subtle influences lie in human hair, and how long it retains these qualities, I think they would hesitate much before wearing any locks but their own. I have heard that hair taken from people without their consent—and you know how much hair has been stolen since it has become of such great value through the factitious demand of fashion—has the power of transforming the wearer into the likeness of the

owner during a certain portion of the twenty-four hours. This transformation generally takes place at midnight, when mysterious powers are supposed to have most influence over mortals; and many a lady has worn her chignon some days and laid it aside at night before discovering all its properties."

Mrs. Morgan and myself looked at each other as if we were beginning to discover the solution of last night's problem.

"It would be a very curious study," continued he, "to find out how far this is true—whether the stronger individuality would not overcome the weaker, whether the wearer of the stolen locks might not be able to subdue and command the real owner of the tresses, and prevent her from influencing her in the least. I remember when I was in Hamburg there was a Jew dealer in hair who had such an evil reputation for these diabolical locks that he was at last taken in hand and forced to leave the city. What became of him I do not know. I heard the most wonderful stories of four chignons which he had sold repeatedly, and which seemed to possess this power in a remarkable degree. One was a chestnut of a peculiar shade, very like Miss Sophie's, I should judge from the description; the hair was forcibly taken from the head of an Irish beggar in Cork, who was decoyed into a pawnbroker's shop, and her hair cut away in spite of her tears and struggles, because it just matched that of a certain great lady to whom Nature had given scanty tresses. Another, of light flaxen tresses, was taken from the head of a German girl as she knelt in prayer before a Madonna's shrine."

Emily and Sophie grew first pale, and then red, but did not raise their eyes from their plates.

"Pshaw, Lucas!" said Mr. Morgan, "I wonder how you can tell such stories. They suit well enough in superstitious legends and moldy romances, but in the clear sunshine of reason and common sense they seem like the most arrant folly."

"Pardon me," he continued, "There are many things which we don't understand yet. My informant actually averred that she had seen these things; and as I should have believed her had she told me that she had seen a white crow, I do not know why I should doubt her veracity on this occasion. Another of these mysterious chignons was brown, mixed with white, the gray being taken from the head of a dead woman who had expressly desired that her hair should not be cut after death. The fourth was a dull black band of great length and thickness"—my hand involuntarily went up to my

head, and felt only my small, close braid—"supposed to have been forcibly taken, though by what means could not be guessed, from a Japanese lady of high rank. These chignons were sold over and over again with the same results. Whoever wore them at midnight was transformed into the likeness of the original owner, till at last the Jew became so notorious that he was forced to abscond with a fortune which it was said he had made out of those tresses; for when they were returned the wearers were so frightened and depressed that few of them ever waited to have their money returned. But I fear my story has produced an unpleasant effect," as, raising his eyes from the napkin-ring which he had been rolling about the table as he talked, he saw the pale faces around him. "I should not, perhaps, have told it; but as none of the ladies wear chignons, they could not possibly have experienced any such unpleasant effects as those I have been relating."

With the ready tact of a man of the world, he changed the subject at once, and we heard no more of the mysterious hair; but I for one abjured chignons forever, and concealed my small braid under its usual fall of black lace, and while I remained with them, my niece and her daughters wore only such tresses as Nature had given them.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT TEA.

THE advent of the Chinese upon our shores has given rise to the question, What can they do? Through them important changes, are prophesied in our domestic and agricultural economy. Those interested in the latter are looking forward to a revolution in the tea trade, justified, they think, by the results of attempts to cultivate the tea plant in Tennessee and other parts of our country, which results will be secured with more certainty in the future by Cooly labor.

A party of gentlemen discussing the question a few evenings since, one of them declared tea had been and was a great civilizer. In support of his theory he drew a comparison between the manners of this age and that when high-born and beautiful women quaffed mugs of ale and strong beer for their breakfasts, and hot spiced wines at their evening meal—an age when a queen, whose brutal lords had murdered their victim while clinging to her skirts for protection, was told by them to keep quiet or they would "cut her into collops."

Although not prepared to indorse the theory of our friend, we are inclined to give to the "cup which cheers but not inebriates" all the

credit it demands, for it has established that most delightful reunion of our social life, the meal which, when the day is done, unites all the members of our household at the family table to partake of tea.

In this connection, therefore, we believe a few facts concerning its introduction to civilization will be of interest to the general reader.

Early in the sixteenth century, the Portuguese explorers, who were the most adventurous sailors of their time, had, in some of their voyages to far climes, procured tea, which, with other productions of the strange countries they visited, they conveyed to Portugal as curiosities. When telling of the wonders of those regions they exhibited the black leaves, and described the delightful beverages derived from them. The privileged classes prepared and supped it under their direction; and thus tea came to be used in Portugal before it was known to the rest of Europe. It was, however, almost an unattainable luxury, the consumption of which was confined to the fortunate few who could procure an infusion from some returned traveler.

The London East India Company, which was chartered by Queen Elizabeth on the last day of the year 1599, seems at first to have paid but little attention to tea—a trade which it afterward monopolized—for Macaulay tells us that at the time Monk marched his army from Scotland to England, tea made its first appearance in London, and was handed around to be looked at and tasted as a rarity from China; yet, he adds, eight years later, so important had become the trade in the article, financiers had begun to agitate the question of taxing it. Other writers aver that tea was not a staple of the London Company until 1678.

It is probable that, amid the troubles which preceded and followed the death of Charles I, but little attention was given to the commodities offered the public by the London Company. The Roundheads were not likely to indulge in them, and the Cavaliers were sufficiently occupied with other things. After the restoration, the Royalists, who were wont without restraint to plunge into every luxury, and to whom novelty was an irresistible charm, had their attention drawn to the new importation.

Catherine of Braganza, a Portuguese princess, had married Charles II of England, who was then on the throne. She had become familiar with the herb in her own country, and is said to be the first who introduced it to the English Court.

The following lines, addressed to Queen Cath-

erine on her birthday by the poet Waller, are confirmatory of this:

"The best of queens and best of herbs we owe
To that bold nation which the way did show
To the fair regions whence the sun doth rise,
Whose rich productions we so greatly prize.
The Muses' friend, tea does our fancy aid,
Repress those vapors which the head invade,
And keep that palace of the soul serene,
Fit on her birthday to salute the queen."

Previous to its introduction to Court, however, it had made its appearance in select circles, and was handed round as a choice delicacy at parties. That it was very rare is proven by the fact that in 1664 the London Company could procure but two pounds two ounces of the herb, which they presented to Charles II. It was probably this very tea with which Catherine regaled the royal circle.

Although this trade became valuable, the use of tea was not at all general in England until the latter part of the seventeenth century. Prices for it were so high—forty and fifty dollars a pound being asked for it—that it was excluded from the tables of the poor. As late as the year 1734 Hyson tea was quoted in the British Gazette at twenty to thirty shillings per pound. It was not until the year 1696, in the reign of William III, that the London Company established their first factory at Canton.

In the early part of the seventeenth century the Dutch East India Company, who had opened a trade with Japan, the restrictions of which were most humiliating, tried to negotiate for the herb called tea, to which their attention had been drawn by the daily use of a concoction of it by the Japanese.

With much difficulty, for the authorities had restricted the residence of the Dutch merchants to one town, and they were permitted intercourse with only the lowest class of citizens in that, they procured a portion of the leaves and sent them to Holland. Although early introduced by these merchants into Europe, and soon becoming an important article of commerce, the Germans held to their beer, and have never taken much to tea. It is very little used at the present day, except in the large cities, where, on account of its cost, it is esteemed a luxury—is made very weak when drank, and diluted with rum or vanilla.

A gentleman who sojourned for some time in Bavaria states that the Bavarians have so little knowledge of it that not one woman in twenty thousand knows how to make it. If called upon to prepare it it would probably be served as it was once to an Englishman—dished as greens.

The herb was early known in Denmark as

a medicine—a gentleman named Mendelsloh, a great traveler, who was connected with the Danish Embassy in the East, having so recommended it to his countrymen—to him it owes its name—tea.

When the Russian merchants first had their attention called to the feasibility of a trade with China, they essayed to open it by sending their caravans across the wastes of Siberia, laden with woolens and furs. The Chinese offered them in exchange for their wares a commodity new to them, and which they described as something resembling "wrinkled worms."

Suspicious of the new article, they declined to barter, but finding nothing better was offered, rather than convey their goods, from the sale of which they had hoped to realize so much, back over the dismal road they had come, they reluctantly consented to the exchange, and retraced their way laden with the "worms."

Upon reaching home and proclaiming the wonderful properties of the herb, they found their countrymen, enticed by the novelty, eager to try it. It was soon a favorite with all classes, and annually journeys were made to Kiachta and Miamatchin to exchange Russian merchandise for China teas, the use of money being prohibited in the trade.

A few years since it was estimated that the teas which were conveyed every season to Russia, by way of Siberia, to be disposed of at the fairs held at Nijnei Novogorod, amounted to over six millions of dollars.

The Russians rival the Chinese in the quantity of tea they drink. Their towns are supplied with shops where the lower classes are provided with their favorite beverage. Laborers and droschky-drivers fortify themselves against the intense cold of their climate by frequent draughts of tea, served for a trifle at the shops, in a shallow bowl, with a lump of sugar—the latter being deposited in the mouth, not in the beverage.

Tea-sellers traverse the streets of the principal cities, bearing huge copper vessels, well wrapped in cloths that they may retain the heat, and deal out glasses of the scalding liquid—with a slice of lemon floating on the top—to the passers-by.

The teas of Russia are called "caravan teas," from the fact that they are brought by caravans across the desert of Siberia. Indeed, the Russians insist they have the best tea in the world, averring that a sea voyage spoils the flavor of the article, and that it is well known the most delicate and expensive species is never exported. One who has resided in Russia states, that never anywhere did he taste such

tea as that with which he was regaled at St. Petersburg. To be sure it was yellow tea, and twenty dollars per pound had been paid for it; but he also mentions excellent black tea at a dollar a pound, and Frontchouskoy at from eight dollars to eleven dollars per pound.

To a Chinese tea is a necessary of life; he hates water, affirming to drink it is to sacrifice his health. As far back as he has any knowledge, history and tradition tell him it was the national drink of his race—an especial gift from the gods. Ask its origin, and he will inform you that a Buddhist saint, zealous to spread his doctrines, made a vow to spend day and night in religious exercises. Sleep, however, overcame the holy man, and in atonement for the sin, and to prevent its repetition, he cut off his eyelids and threw them on the ground. Immediately from them sprung up a plant unknown before, whose leaves, on tasting, he found to contain a principle which gave him strength, and enabled him, without exertion, to keep awake. He speedily communicated the virtues of this miraculous herb to his followers; they made a decoction of the leaves, which they imbibed to keep them sleepless while murmuring their long prayers.

As early as 700 wild tea was taxed in China. In the eleventh century houses were established for its preparation and sale. The Emperor Kiang Loung, who was a poet, thus sings of it:

"Graceful are the leaves of mei-bo, sweet scented and clear are the leaves of fo-cheon. . . . Then sip deliberately the delicious liquor. It will charm away all the five causes of disquietude which come to trouble us. You may taste and you may feel, but never can you express in words of song that sweet tranquillity that we derive from this essence."

The Chinaman uses neither milk nor sugar in his tea, nor does he allow it to draw until it becomes astringent; he drinks it while the flavor and aroma are both fresh. When one Chinaman would barter with another the tea-pot is introduced as part of the ceremony. Some of their pots are odd-looking vessels made of common clay, with a chimney in the center, through which the smoke of the lamp, placed below to keep the beverage hot, passes. The lower classes, unable to purchase fresh tea as often as they wish, use the same leaves again and again, adding ginger, until there is no taste of tea left. The rich often perfume their tea with sweet-scented flowers. They offer their prized beverage to every visitor, and pour it out in libation to their gods. When their favorite idol is carried through the streets the devout make tea parties for him, presenting the draught on their knees, which they swallow with avidity after his godship has passed. The Chinaman never drinks green tea.

The finer and more delicate the tea, the greater care is taken in its preparation. Congo tea is so called because of the work it requires to get it ready for market, the word Congo signifying labor. Bohea is the name of the hills where this particular kind grows. Pekoe means "white hairs," descriptive of the down on the young leaves of which this species is prepared. "Lie teas" are those which are adulterated. Ziegel, or "brick tea," is highly prized by the inhabitants of Siberia and Tartary, who use large quantities of it. It is prepared from tough stems and spoiled leaves, which are mixed with grease and the blood of animals, then pressed into hard cakes about the size of a brick. Of this a soup is made, with the addition of mutton fat and milk, and is considered a great delicacy. "Tea bones" are the stems of the plants.

The Japanese are said to have derived their knowledge of the tea-plant from the Chinese in the ninth century. They raise large quantities of it, manuring it with dried fish and the juice of mustard-seed. Families plant the hedges needed around their premises; thus each household raises enough for its own consumption. The planter has his fields as far as possible from the town, that the smoke may not injure the flavor of the leaves. There are tea-houses all over the islands. Upon the entrance of a visitor into a Japanese dwelling, the pipe and the tea-pot are produced, the latter holding about a couple of gills, while the cups accompanying it hold a tablespoonful or more. A tea-kettle is the most important article of housekeeping in Japan; it is always seen, filled with water, standing over a burning brazier of charcoal.

The first attempt at cultivating tea in the United States was made in Georgia, in the year 1770. Since that time it has been tried in several sections, but with indifferent success. Now, with Chinamen as the cultivators, it is urged there is no reason why it might not be made a profitable crop, and as fine tea grown in our Southern States as is produced in China. The excessive roasting, which is alleged to be necessary for a sea voyage, and which destroys the freshness, flavor, and aroma of the leaves, will then be unnecessary, and, indeed, may now be dispensed with, and the article sent on its journey to us overland, invoices having already been received by the Pacific Railway.

Few doubt the good effects of tea on the human system. The toiler, weary with head-work or hand-work, is equally refreshed by it; the adventurer, penetrating the frozen zones, has his chilled blood warmed and the tissues of his body strengthened by its action; the sick man

on his couch takes it as nourishment, recommended by his physician, when no other aliment is allowed; the laborer drinks it at his evening meal, and finds it refreshes his body and strengthens his mind.

The invalid Cowper has sung of it, and the ponderous Dr. Johnston given his testimony in its favor, to which the dregs of the cups he poured on Mrs. Thale's carpet can bear witness. Many a poet besides Waller owes his *divine afflatus* to tea. We have knowledge of one, of no mean reputation, who only writes under the stimulus of a strong infusion.

The biographer of the poet Campbell says that when Campbell was writing "Lochiel's Warning" he went to sleep, bothered with the indistinct idea embodied in the lines:

"T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

He could not express it to his satisfaction. Waking in the night he called for a strong cup of tea; the idea was clear to him, and he wrote it as it stands.

A physician, not in the habit of drinking tea, told me of a curious effect it once had on him. He was invited by the late Professor—afterward General—Mitchell, to share a vigil with him at the Observatory at Mount Adams, Cincinnati. The night was cold, and the Professor ordered tea as a refreshment in the intervals of gazing at the stars. It was produced very strong, and they drank large quantities of it. The physician became as intoxicated as though he had partaken of alcoholic drink, and I am not sure he had not to be sent home in the Professor's vehicle.

The Chinese, Japanese, and Russ take their tea at any time and place. The Frenchman having no home sips his at a café, or sitting at a table in the Boulevard. The Englishman enjoys his most at his breakfast, or as a settler to his wine after a heavy dinner. It is the American who has a stated time and place for its decoction, making the hour when it is served one of the great central points of human life.

ALL life is a journey, not a home; it is a road, not the country; and those transient enjoyments which you have in this life, lawful in their way—those incidental and evanescent pleasures which you may sip—are not home; they are little inns only upon the roadside of life, where you are refreshed for a moment, that you may take again the pilgrim's staff and journey on, seeking what is still before you—the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

HUMAN POSSIBILITIES.

THE truth that there can be no obligation without the ability to fulfill it is sometimes made an excuse for neglect of duty. Many who are feeble in purpose, indolent in nature, or lacking in true self-appreciation, persuade themselves that they have no power to discharge various duties that present themselves, and deem themselves therefore exempt from the responsibility attached to their performance. They may go on from day to day under this delusion, and fill out a vapid and useless life, never attempting any thing great and good, because they feel in themselves no present ability to perform it. Such persons have failed to recognize a great principle lying at the foundation of human achievements, that *in all efforts there is constantly accruing ability.*

The most stupendous machine ever constructed can never gain an iota of strength by use, but all the faculties of man are dependent upon exercise for their development, and are thus constantly gaining fresh powers. Physical ability is only known in the degree to which we call it forth, and much of the physical feebleness so manifest at the present day is simply the result of cowardice that holds men back from trying to perform what their hands find to do. Within certain limits muscular strength and endurance accrue in the exact proportion that they are needed, and great emergencies often reveal an amount of reserved power that astonishes its unconscious possessor.

The same is true of mental powers. If we would have them grow, we must task them. They are elastic, and will stretch to meet our exigencies. Every difficulty overcome, every new problem solved, every victory gained, gives an actual accession of power to meet new difficulties and to achieve higher results. Every earnest worker becomes conscious of this daily accruing ability, and feels courage in undertaking what may appear beyond his present powers, knowing that his capacity will be unfolded and enlarged in proportion to his efforts. Thus it is that the faithful student is able to learn with increasing accuracy and celerity every year of his school life; that the merchant and artisan are able to produce results that would once have been to them impossibilities; that the able merchant can consummate in a day results which weeks of toil would have failed to realize in earlier life.

Equally is this principle a law of our moral nature. The power of choosing the right and resisting the evil, of carrying out great and worthy purposes, and fulfilling our obligations,

is given in exact proportion to the degree of which we exercise it. Character is of slow and steady growth, and the smallest child and humblest and weakest individual may attain to heights that now seem inaccessible, by the constant and patient exercise of just as much moral power as from time to time they possess. The faithful discharge of daily duty, the simple integrity of purpose and purity of life that all can attain with effort and none can reach without, contribute silently but surely to the building up of a moral character that knows no limits to its powers, no bounds to its heroism.

There are those who shrink from making a beginning in religious life because they conceive that they lack the ability to pursue it. They would like to have strength but refuse the only means in obtaining it. In this, as in all else, power is only gained by action. He who avoids the water because he has no ability to swim, must forever forfeit that ability, and it is no less certain that he who shrinks from entering upon a religious life because of his deficiencies, will fail of attaining any higher point of excellence than that at which he now haltingly remains.

If this life is worth the living, it must be one of continual progress. We have loads to bear, under which if we trust alone to present or inherent strength we may well sink. Indeed, those who always feel themselves equal to every emergency, who have exaggerated ideas of their own powers, are often really the weakest in action. But while the vainest need never boast, the humblest need never despond, if this great principle be recognized and acted upon, that each is to begin just where he stands, putting forth every energy, and exerting every power, and trusting to the renewed strength and increasing abilities that will ever follow the persevering and faithful discharge of duty.

If we consider death only as the conclusion of life, and a debt all men sooner or later pay to nature, not only a Christian but a man may entertain it without fear; but if one consider it as a change, that, after having left his body to rot in the grave, will bring his soul to the tribunal of God, to answer the miscarriages of his whole past life, and receive there an unalterable sentence that will doom him to endless and inconceivable joys, or everlasting and inexpressible torments, I think 't is not inconsistent either with piety or courage to look upon so great a change with something of commotion. Many that would not fear to be put out of the world, will apprehend to be let into eternity.



THE ASCENSION OF ELIJAH.

FAREWELL! thou glorious Tishbite seer,
Go to thy home beyond the sun,
And, standing with redeemed ones, hear
From God the pleasing words "well done."

Thine earthly line we do not know,
Nor yet the place thy childhood trod,
But what are blood and fame below
To him who is an heir of God?

He who in every age finds men,
His righteous judgments to declare,
Found thee within some Gilead glen,
And nursed thee into greatness there.

He talked to thee through every brook
That bubbled near thy mountain home,
And wild winds of the gorges spoke
His prophecies of storms to come.

When idols stood on every hill,
And thronged the groves on every plain,
When they who would not worship Baal
Were driven from their homes or slain;

When all the prophets of the Lord
Sought lonely caves in which to dwell,
That there they might escape the sword
Of those who fought for Jezebel;

God locked the clouds, and gave the key
That opened them into thy hand,
And Ahab heard, "But by my word
No dew nor rain shall bless this land."

At Cherith thou didst walk with him,
Else it had been a drear retreat,
And morn and eve the Orebim
Supplied thy wants with bread and meat.

Sarepta's widow saw thy faith,
It added daily to her fare,
And when her son was cold in death,
He rose in answer to thy prayer.

And Israel saw thy victory won,
On Carmel that o'erlooks the sea,
When at the setting of the sun,
The God of Fire answered thee.

And from their camp a shout arose
That made the rock-built mountain nod,
And dumb with terror struck thy foes—
"The Lord of heaven alone is God!"

Thy work is done—the desert sands
No more thy weary feet shall tread;
By Orebim nor angel hands
Not here again shalt thou be fed.

The wind, the fire, the thunder shock,
Were followed by a still small voice,
When God appeared at Horeb's Rock,
And made thy heavy heart rejoice.

So ends thy stormy life in peace—
Thou wilt be henceforth with the blest,
Where all the wicked's troublings cease,
And where the weary find their rest.

Farewell, brave prophet—all the steeds
And chariots that on earth are driven,
Have not the power for wondrous deeds,
That thou dost take with thee to heaven.

WAITING.

O, 't is a lesson hard to learn,
To wait, to trust, and wait,
When busy hands impatient burn
The longed-for prize to take.

But yet when weary days drag on,
And leave but empty hands,
We fret and sigh, and constant mourn
O'er Time's slow-moving sands.

O, could our hearts but learn to trust
Our Father's changeless love,
No failures then could bow in dust
Our hopes, though vain they prove.

Then, to our work we e'er would bring
Hearts faithful, brave, and kind,
And not a thought of dark-hued wing
Within us home would find.

Then, 'mid the din of life's affray,
We could not idly stand,
But doing well our work each day,
Cling close to God's dear hand.

Perhaps our names may ne'er resound
Through Fame's proud regal halls,
Perhaps no followers be found
Beyond our own low walls.

Perhaps not; yet, however low
Our feeble light may burn,
If clear and steady be its glow,
His eye will toward it turn.

Ah, yes, that eye will not one ray
Of its poor shining lose,
And if we wait we'll know some day
How e'en its light He used.

THE CONSECRATION.

WHEN on thy brow, O Undeiled,
The bright, baptismal drops were prest,
The Father owned his sinless child
With the meek dove of peace and rest.

Thou knewest well the coming woe,
The cross, the spear, the mingled blood—

Yet by that symbol, deigned to show
Our race with Thee in brotherhood.

Trusting the love that guides our way,
And wins us toward thy native heaven,
We bring to thine own arms this day
The last, best gift God's hand hath given.

Our child! our mystery! each day
We look in reverent surprise,
To see this young soul's kindling ray
Smile upward through his azure eyes.

Pure as the morning dew-drop starts,
When careless hand has brushed the flowers,
We hold him to our thrilling hearts,
Yet, Savior, he is thine, not ours!

Take thou our darling! guide his feet
O'er earth's rough ways, yet all untried;
Lead him, as by this emblem meet,
O, Elder Brother, at thy side!

THE ASCENDED CHRIST.

O SUN of joy whose dawn we trace,
Revealed in mighty saints of old,
Grant us the fullness of that grace
Which they with feebler light foretold.

As Moses brought from Sinai's height
The law divine inscribed on stone,
Write Thou thy law in living light
On hearts which thou hast made thine own.

Sharp was the strife, and fierce the foe;
And Thou wast left to fight alone;
But thou hast laid the mighty low,
And well thou fillest David's throne.

O Prince of Peace, All-glorious, Wise,
Arrayed in jewels, shrined in gold,
To thee we lift our fainting eyes,
And pant thy glory to behold.

Elias true, we watch thee rise
From this sad world to mansions blest;
Reward, we pray, our longing eyes,
And let thy mantle on us rest.

O great High Priest, the veil conceals
Thy sacred form from Israel's sight;
But as thy heart our misery feels,
So thou our prayers with thine unite.

Like jewels on the Mercy-seat,
With ruby light Thy blood-drops shine;
And cherub wings o'er-shadowing meet
Where truth and peace can thus combine.

But when wilt Thou return to call
Thy people tarrying round the door?
Display the Holiest free to all,
And blissful sights unseen before?

O when shall types and figures end
And herald stars, and dawning light?
When shall Thy sons with thee ascend,
And faith and hope be lost in sight?

THE HOT SPRINGS OF "IDAHO,"
COLORADO.

COLORADO, as I have mentioned before, is famous for her hot soda springs. Similar to those in Middle Park are the hot springs of Idaho City, a pretty little town thirty miles west of Denver, and six miles south of Central City. It is the county seat of Clear Creek county, one of the most important mining sections in the territory, embracing the noted silver region of Georgetown and Empire, and the vast tunnelings and works upon the neighboring mountains. The town is picturesquely situated at the mouth of Virginia Cañon, on a smooth, level bar, 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. "Clear Creek," that ideal mountain stream, dashes noisily through the length of the town; the hills on either side rise abruptly to a considerable height, and, as the cañon makes a curve above and below the town, the flanking mountains appear to forbid both ingress and egress, giving the little village the appearance of being walled in on all sides. Two or three miles back, topping out the near hills, are three considerable mountains, glorying in the euphonious names of "Old Chief," "Old Squaw," and "Pappoose." They are from 11,000 to 12,000 feet high. In the vicinity are "Chicago Creek" and "Chicago Mountain," famous as the foreground of Bierstadt's "Storm in the Rocky Mountains." South Clear Creek extends from this point forty miles, to the crest of the Snowy Range. Along its course and that of its numerous tributaries are hidden, in lavish profusion, gold, silver, and precious stones, and Nature, unusually kind, has placed them easy of access, for the hills are low-lying and heavily timbered, and numerous level bars form natural sites for mills and towns.

South-east of Idaho a rough, rocky gulch, leads up among the hills, and down this tumbles a little stream, whose banks are colored by mineral deposits, and whose volume, as it descends, is increased by springs of hot water, strongly charged with sulphur, soda, and iron, astringent to the taste, clear and sparkling, of a temperature about 106 degrees Fahrenheit. These springs become large and numerous just on the border of the plateau, and furnish with water two houses—the "Mammoth Bath" and the "Ocean Bath." These are commodious buildings, containing comfortable parlors, offices, private and hall-baths for parties—the latter forty or fifty feet square. The water is let on and off at will, but is constantly and rapidly running out and renewing itself. The proprietors of these houses are polite and accommo-

dating gentlemen, and, considering the newness of the country, they have fitted up their establishments astonishingly well. The town has good hotels, and has become one of the chief pleasure resorts of Colorado, being easy of access by good wagon-roads from all points, and offering tempting inducements to the tourist or invalid in its refreshing baths, which are very beneficial to the health, and said to be a cure for many diseases of a rheumatic or cutaneous character; in frequent draughts of hot spring water, that you may indulge in as much as you like, and feel no disagreeable sense of fullness, only an exhilarating tone given to body and spirit. Then there is the drive for miles down Virginia Cañon, with always a smooth, level road beneath the wheels, and a bordering carpet of green velvet, while some new and beautiful picture presents itself to the delighted eyes at every turn. Then in their season the hills round about are covered with raspberries, and you may make excursions long as you please, feasting on delicious fruit, camping and dining on the cool mountains.

Every Summer sick and weary people from the "States" and the "Valley" come up to Idaho and rusticate. They crowd the hotels and boarding-houses; but many, with a taste for freedom and the romantic, do a much pleasanter thing; they pitch their white tents upon the green level of the little hot spring cañon that I have already described. Tired of the heat and bustle of the towns, they revel in primitive simplicity and abandonment, go fishing, berrying, spread their banquet before their lodges, and dispatch it with a zest impossible in a more civilized life. They drink hot soda water morning, noon, and night; they plunge delightedly in the bath every day; they grow young and rosy, forgetting all their pains, and aches, and melancholy.

In the warm, luxurious days of last August, some of my friends who were "ruralizing" in this way at Idaho came down here and carried me off with them to a little paradise of a camp not a stone's-throw from Montague's "Ocean Bath." The day was a miracle of freshness and beauty. Clear Creek was laughing itself mad over the great white boulders. The sunlight bathed the pretty village in a flood of glory; the hills were brilliant with emerald turf, and spangled with gorgeous flowers to the very heavens; the ribbon of blue sky that spanned the cañon above our heads was deep, and bright, and cloudless. It was a day to treasure up in one's memory and dream about. The effect of the dark pines against so bright a view was startling, like the gathering storm-

cloud that intensifies the June sunshine. We were full of life and spirits; sitting down to our delicious supper, spread on a cross-legged camp-table set before our tent in the lengthening shadow of the up-sweeping hill that formed the background of our camp. It seemed this was the most perfect manner of existence. We were tempted to eschew all civilized appliances and refinements, and take up our tents and wander off into the solitudes, among the forests and by the brooks, living on wild game and trout, lying all through the throbbing noon upon the fresh green grass, under the cool dripping ledges, to stray off amid Nature's magnificence, in the dewy morning or the glowing evening, never caring any more for business and money, or crowded halls, or lighted parlors, or fashion, or position, only for God's free out-of-doors. Looking off along the sweep of the mighty mountains and the deepening shades of the pineries, I thought it would be small sacrifice to give up *my* little place in the struggling world, and drop quietly out of its vexing hubbub and disappointing contests, to drift dreamily off into the silent restfulness of the eternal hills, and woods, and rivers; to miss the jarring discords that fret the senses, but listen to Nature's grand harmonious orchestra, the roar of the torrent, the shriek of the tempest, the moaning of the forests, thrilled by the clear soprano of the bird's carol, or stunned by the bass of the avalanche; to hear the troops of the storm galloping over the highlands, or bask in the beauty of Heaven's blessed sunshine; to quit elbowing my way among the busy throng forever, and never be frowned upon or criticised any more in all the world.

The following day dawned clear and fair. We had planned for this day a raspberrying excursion up the "Old Chief" mountain. We started in the fresh early morning, with a light, but strong spring wagon, protected from the sun by a canvas stretched over high bows. Another wagon completed the cortege, and away we drove up the little narrow cañon. The road was badly washed out and rocky. Pretty soon we left the road and struck off upon the mountain, through all sorts of under-brush, over gulches, and then up a steep shelf, where we left the wagon and climbed on foot to a pretty like park, almost level, and surrounded by trees. Here we found an Irish family, who were really making a business of berrying; their pails and baskets were full of the ripe fruit. Although having their home in Idaho they were the proprietors of the little park ranch, and were eating their dinners in an embryo log-cabin, without roof, chinking floor, or door—

no doubt built only to "hold the ranch." They cordially invited us to share their castle; but we much preferred the luxuriant green sward for our banqueting hall, with the rustling of the aspen leaves about us, and near by the singing of the pines. It was very cool and pleasant. We unloaded our dinner-baskets and spread their contents upon our cloth. We made lemonade from the spring water that bubbled near. We enjoyed our picnic dinner hugely, and ended by a dessert of raspberries and sugar. Raspberries grow very high up the mountains here, on low bushes; they have a peculiar aromatic flavor, with a clear, acrimonious sweetness, very delightful to the taste.

After dinner we received directions from our acquaintances of the log-cabin, and sauntered off with our buckets along the mountain-side, in search of berries. We found them growing in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, among the most barren of rocks and ledges, actually thriving on granite and feldspar, tempting our feet over sliding stones on the steep pitch of the hill, where it really looked as if a misstep might send us rolling to the bottom. Our Irish friends had exhibited to us such a large store of the luscious, crimson fruit, the reward of their half-day's work, that we really thought it must be only sport to gather berries; but half an hour's scrambling among loose boulders and scraggy young pines, under a scorching sun, convinced us to the contrary; and we finished by finding seats on the flat rocks under the shade of some hemlocks. Here we could look down the swiftly descending slope into a natural park, waving with grass; a little stream wound along, like a thread of silver through the green plateau; the aspens and poplars that fringed its banks caught the sunlight on their twinkling leaves, and flashed it back in diamonds and opals. A little farm-house was nestled down amid this wealth of verdure, and a man was mowing hay with a scythe. Beyond rose a dark, gloomy mountain, frowning with rocky ramparts and black, somber forests, while over and above all hung the blue sky, with the westering sun trailing its gold and crimson banners along the bald brows of the distant peaks.

We were lolling about among the rocks, enjoying the fine scenery and the cool breeze now springing up, when some of the gentlemen, who had really been courageous enough to persevere in their berrying, and had clambered away among the rocks, at a long distance from our dreamy group, returned flushed, perspiring, and, of course, offensively triumphant over their pint or two of berries, secured at the

risk of their limbs. They were extremely scornful over our delightful inertia, but we could not decide whether their ill-nature rose from our evident ease and comfort, or from the fact that they had discovered the ground to have been culled over, and all of the first and best picking secured, leaving what *we* had considered an abundance, hanging, as they did, from very conspicuous places, but which really amounted to very little.

On the return we had much the advantage of our energetic companions, being by far the fresher and more active of the party. We entered the little park just in time to see our Hibernian friends come in from an opposite direction fairly loaded down with buckets and baskets, and cans of berries. "Really," said one, "there must be some peculiar sort of talent necessary to this business to make it a success." "Och sure," said the woman, "I shud hev towld yez, it's not the place at all at all over from whence ye kim; it's all the best of the birryin' is the other way intirely; true for you it's with right good-will I would have towld yez." Now, since she and her husband had been kind enough to direct us in the first place, and fraternally to advise us as friends and countrymen which way we should take, and as we had scrupulously followed their directions, it looked a little bit as if Hibernia had used cunningly a grain of diplomacy to keep us off his side of the mountain, and at a distance from his field of labor. However, we did not elaborate the subject, but seeing them making preparations to trudge home with their booty, actually loaded them into one of the wagons, babies, baskets, berries and all, and took them down to Idaho, for which we received a profusion of thanks and "blissings."

All along the road little boys and girls were sallying in with baskets full of berries, until we felt quite ashamed of our fruitless expedition and empty vessels; nevertheless, we could not regret those delightful hours that we lounged away under the shady hemlocks, chatting lazily and looking off along the glowing West. Ah, no, life is such a working day we want to keep all such stray gleams of an ideal existence enshrined within our memory, to brighten as they may the darker seasons that will come.

We had a little cold supper at the tent, and then strayed off to the springs to drink away the day's weariness. Never were pledged truer healths, or drunk more earnest toasts, than in those brimming cups, sparkling and effervescing in the white moonlight, the very elixir of life and health. How grandly the clear, cold radiance of the moon lay over the brows of the

mountains, gleaming with silvery scintillation on the jutting crags and sharp, rocky spires, flooding with a pure splendor the sudden downward sweep of ledge and turf. The mid-hill on the other side was cast in deep shade; gaunt rocks started out of the blackness, as we looked, as if they were living giants, and the shadows were deep as a pall over the dismal pines. We went back to our camp under the sweet, cold beauty of the moonlight, and we sat talking and singing, then listening to the echoes we had awakened, till the lateness of the hour bade us separate for the night, the ladies taking possession of the tent, and the gentlemen making themselves comfortable in the wagons.

The next day was the last one I could spend with my friends. We had a little dinner, and invited our friends from the hotel. Never was chicken more delicious or coffee more perfect; our table groaned with good things; it is true we ate from tin plates, and sat on camp-stools and packing-boxes, but the novelty heightened our enjoyment; and even when an innocent-looking cloud burst in a shower on our devoted heads, we thought it was a good joke to trundle our camp-table into the tent, and crowd around it to finish our banquet. We ended the day by climbing a neighboring mountain which, by the way, was very deceiving as to the apparent distance to be traveled in reaching the summit, but we found it well worth the pains we had taken to look off upon that vast extent of uplands, topped out and overlooked by the gaunt snow-capped peaks and spurs of the Snowy Range.

We took an invigorating bath, and a last draught of the sparkling water, and I bade my friends good-by, hoping that some other glowing August would find us again together camping in the Hot Spring cañon.

GOETHE AND SCHILLER.

AT the dawn of the eighteenth century, from which must date the intellectual regeneration of the German people, there was very little probability of such a regeneration. There was to be found in the land called Germany a people who had lost almost all traces of the great historical past, in which it had once shaped the impassioned heart of Europe. The proud, once inviolate Roman Empire of the German nation still, indeed, prolonged a miserably languishing, counterfeit existence; but the consciousness of national unity, and the power resulting from a strong common feeling, had disappeared from the German-speaking people.

Rent by religious disunion into two hostile sections, Germany was, in consequence, during a whole generation, trodden down, from one end to the other, under the horrors of the Thirty Years War, and laid waste in a manner of which the history of Europe furnishes scarcely a second example. By this war, whose consequences had not completely disappeared at the beginning of our century, the prosperity and culture of our people have been retarded for hundreds of years. Upon the awakening life of the nation, the effect of that war—the despotic establishment of a hundred smaller and larger territories and absolute dynasties—pressed with iron weight. The people, as a whole, had lost their great historical character, as they had lost their old manners and customs, their peculiar culture and coherence, with its old literature. They had become a people of “Philistines,” the sport, and, at the same time, the ape of foreign nations, especially of the French; restricted in their life as in their opinions and ideas, starved in their literature, in science and art; not counted among the European nations, poorly esteemed, even despised and derided by their neighbors, even by those whom they admired and sought to imitate. When, at Frankfurt on the Main, Goethe lay in his cradle, they could dispute in good earnest at the capital of France whether it were possible that a German could have wit and genius.

The greatest king of the century, the immortal Frederick of Prussia, found no literature in his nation on which he could build up his gifted youth, none which could even inspire his interest; for, to a spirit like his, what could a literature offer in which the tragedies of a Gottsched and the now long-forgotten poems of his companions were ranked as master-pieces? And a language which, in its artificially ornamented pedantry, in its confused admixture with scraps of Latin and French, seemed a model of distortion and insipidity? And yet, little more than a half century later, this form of German life was changed as by a magic blow. As unexampled as the fall was the exaltation of the German genius; for, before the first decade of the nineteenth century had passed, the despised and insulted Germany, counted again among the most cultivated nations of the globe, had exhibited a literature which, new-created out of the original German intellect, had broken the chains of foreign spiritual supremacy, freed our nation from French dependence, and, in works which soon extorted the admiration of Europe, had created a language which, yielding to no other in nobility and dignity, in elasticity and sublimity, in versatility and richness

of tone and expression, surpassed all in capability of cultivation and pliancy in the rendering of foreign literary productions.

It was a great, an unhopd-for good fortune, that in the first third of the past century was born to our people the man who, alone and depending only upon himself, should in his time, by the heroic power of his versatile genius, prepare the way for the two great spirits whose names stand at the head of these leaves; that to Germany was sent its Lessing as a pathfinder of the soul, who, through the luxuriant creepers and briars of what was at that time called German literature and poetry, opened paths in all directions, and set boundary and stepping-stones for those who should come after; who gave again to the Germans their freedom from the fetters of foreign influence and taste, who overthrew the despotism of the French code, and established in its place the eternal law of nature and truth, who, pointing to Shakspeare and to the models of Grecian antiquity, new-created the science of the beautiful—*Æsthetics*—and the science of criticism—the perception of the true and the false, and illustrated and confirmed both by works of art, which are still the delight of all, and the pride of our literature; who by life and example, as well as by word and writing, fought against all pedantry, and all mere unfruitful scholastic learning, all Philistinism and narrow-mindedness, all religious intolerance, and all theological zealotism, and with his strong hand roused the Germans, throughout all the provinces, out of their lethargic insensibility and their inert self-sufficiency.

Without Lessing—without this forerunner of our two heroes—what would Goethe and Schiller have been? What powers must they have wasted in order only to gain the places which he had prepared for them by his work? But what, too, would have become of Lessing's work if to the German people had not been sent, at just the right time, its Goethe and Schiller, and with them, also, the men who might strew their golden seed among the still fresh furrows, made fruitful by such careful painstaking, and who might rejoice in the listening ears of their countrymen, whom Lessing had awakened.

The whole German literature and culture of to-day, the German life, even to its minutest veins and ramifications, is not at all to be thought of without the two men whose colossal bronze images—created by the masterly hand of Rietchel—the gratitude of the German people has erected to its two standard-bearers—its only national rulers—at the consecrated city of Weimar, the birthplace of a new era of the



GOETHE.

world's culture. There is, indeed, something contradictory and confusing in the mere idea of trying for a moment to think of German literature, poetry, and art—the intuitive vision of the world and of life, indeed of the whole German culture—without these two heroes. It were as if, in a great historical painting, rich in figures, one should see the central point of the represented event blotted out—that upon which the action and movements of all the rest depended, and by which the artist who created it wished all to appear appointed and conditioned. And one circumstance enhances the marvel of the appearance of our two great national heroes in the latter half of the past century—

the contemplation of the whole attitude of the time, and the condition of the nation in the midst of which, and in spite of which, we see them rise, grow, work, and attain their world-commanding height—for, among all cultivated nations of ancient and modern times, we see the appearance and works of their great poets knit to the blossoming time of the national life, bound with the splendid periods of the grand development of their power, and the bold aspirations of their people. The great tragic poets of the Greeks, whose creations are still, after more than two thousand years, our wonder and admiration, we see rise in the glorious time of the Persian wars, see them inspired by the

proud consciousness of the superiority of Europe over the Orient, as shown in the sublime sacrificial struggle at Thermopylæ, and of that Hellenic freedom and culture which had driven back to Asia the Syrian Sultan's despotic hordes of barbarians, in spite of their hundred-fold excess of numbers in the battles of Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa. The great poets of the Roman people rose when Rome, from her Capitol and Palatine, ruled over the known world. The time of the poets of Mediæval Italy and modern Spain was also the time of the high prosperity of both nations. In England, the genius of Shakspeare created his immortal works during the illustrious reign of Queen Elizabeth, the founder of England's greatness; and in France the brilliant age of Louis Fourteenth beheld the rise of the great national poets, Corneille, Racine, and Molière. And thus it may be said, that with all cultivated nations the proud periods of national consciousness, the soaring of the spirit of the people, and the high tide of success were the times also of their great poets, and that furtherance and help were rendered them from the least and lowest of their nation.

With us alone it was, indeed, far otherwise. Our two great poets were not aided by the blossoming period of national power and culture, which had likewise produced them as its ripest and fairest spiritual fruit. It was they, rather, who, with extraordinary exertion, lifted their nation out of its depression, and drew themselves up after it. They appeared in the time of Germany's deepest political distress, in the time of extremest weakness and irresolution. The national sentiment which elsewhere bears up the poet they were obliged first to create again in the nation. Goethe and Schiller both more than once uttered the complaint that the nation brought to them so little furtherance, and there were times when both almost despaired that the Germans would ever succeed in forming themselves into a nation.

Of Schiller it may be said especially that in the beginning of his career Scorn was his nurse—scorn of the nation's prostration, of her outward and inward distress, which in his youthful works, in his "Robbers," in "Rabale and Liebe," broke forth from his glowing soul like a lava stream. So much the more wonderful, therefore, is the greatness of the service which these two great geniuses have, in spite of all this, rendered to their countrymen.

The influence of Goethe and Schiller on the spiritual life of Germany may be regarded from three points of view. It has not only a purely literary and artistic, but at the same time a

moral and a national significance. It is in all these respects destined to extend far beyond the narrow limits of a single individual nationality, and to be felt on the centuries, far removed from the age of their active working; for Nature strews over humanity such great men with a sparing hand, and their full ministry only begins long after they have ceased to walk among the living, because humanity needs centuries in order, gradually, by its own earnest labor, to bring itself into full possession of the treasures which they expended, and thereby gather the fruits of the seeds which they had strown to them and for them.

We need not bring proof of this far-extending influence. A look backward to the Jubilee, celebrated not only by all Germany, but by nearly all enlightened nations, in honor of the hundredth birthday of the most national of our two poet heroes, shows his import to the world in a way in which the whole history of humanity can produce no clearer and brighter example. And if the similar festival in honor of Goethe was inferior to the centennial anniversary of his great associate, we must take into account, besides other just reasons, the circumstance that this fell in a time when Germany and Europe, oppressed by the misery of an unsuccessful revolution, could have neither will nor disposition to resign themselves to the enjoyment of a great intellectual festival.

It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to show the significance of Goethe and Schiller to the spiritual life of Germany within the narrow limits of a few pages otherwise than by a mere glance at a subject which spreads itself out before us with ample materials to fill the compass of a volume. If we consider, first of all, the literary artistic side of this significance, the fact meets us that the works of these men form the kernel and center of that which in our national literature we are accustomed to call classical. This type has for its characteristic that harmonious union of nature and culture of antique and modern life, which was first attained most successfully in the works of Goethe and Schiller, and has been partially reached by those who have succeeded them.

The most fortunate natural endowments, joined to the richest intellectual culture, have produced this wonderful effect which distinguishes our literature above that of all other modern nations. Moreover, in our classical poetic art we see poetry for the first time in alliance with the whole circumference and extent of the nation's life. In knowledge and power, in philosophy and contemplation of the world, in aspiration and purpose of existence,



SCHILLER.

this poetry of our two "classics" is the clearest statement of the innermost German spirit, and Goethe and Schiller themselves are by their works, as by their life, the truest and purest representatives of the collective German life of to-day. Their works, in which the sacred triad of the True, the Good, and the Beautiful, is reproduced in pure art-forms, rest upon the diamond foundation of a conception of art which, rising out of the nobility of the poet's own soul, and out of the deep penetration into the world of beauty and of art whose works adorn the glorious eras of humanity, bears only just so much of the temporal and transient as adheres to all, even the greatest, which time produces.

However much our literature may still have to strive for, it will never, without danger of going astray, dare to deviate from the path which Goethe and Schiller have indicated, from the forms of poetry which they have created, never, without harm to its spirit, depart from the eternal laws which they have established anew. Goethe and Schiller, both united, each supplementing the other, are the beacon-lights for our literature, which, out of the firm past, send their clear beams far out over the boundless sea of the uncertain future.

Both united! each completing the other. For it may well be said that it was impossible for nature herself to comprise the whole riches of

the original poetic-creative spirit of our nation in a single individual; that she was obliged to divide this opulence, and create two highly gifted poets at one and the same time, in order, supplementing the one by the other, to represent a complete idea of the whole richness, strength, and beauty of the German mind. And she did it. She bestowed on the Germans this great good fortune, and she crowned her work while she created for our people, in its two greatest poets, two *friends* whose noble alliance in the purest unselfish friendship—both being, from the first, gloriously free from all separate, self-seeking opposition—whose constant ungrudging union of all their powers to the same high and holy purpose, to elevate their nation through the culture and beauty of life, through the nobleness of art-form and art-capacity to the nobleness of the living sentiment, stands alone and unprecedented in the history of the literature of all times and peoples. Already through this, their firm bond of friendship, through this, their never interrupted alliance, have Goethe and Schiller become the *moral* examples of our people. By them may one point himself to the glorious effect of such fraternal unity in will and work, and be warned also when, as, alas! is always true, envy and jealousy among the dismembered, divided fraternal voices are willfully and destructively stirred by the enemies of German unity. But as has their life, so have also their works filled the whole intellectual atmosphere which surrounds us with *moral* influences, which we all consciously and unconsciously breathe in and receive as animating and strengthening vital air. There is hardly a man among us all whose moral culture has not been furthered by a word, a thought, a tendency, a principle of experience, an acclaim of Goethe and Schiller—by one or other of these means, be it in the stillness of an hour consecrated to reading, or by a word which fell into our ear and heart from the platforms that interpret the world.

If Goethe's songs are, for all sensitive men, a clear mirror of the deepest inwardness of all the conditions of the soul, of the human heart moved by the sorrow and joy of love; if his Faust discloses before us the deepest abyss of human thought and feeling; if the hundreds of apotheogms of his contemplative and versatile old age offer us an inexhaustible treasure of instruction, counsel, and consolation in all the circumstances of life, and if the heavenly forms of his Gretchen and his Mignon, these ideals of German and Romanian womanly nature, refine our souls by their tragic destiny—so does Schiller speak in thousands of expressions in

his lofty didactic poems and his great tragic creations, appealing to our will and endeavor, challenging our better nature to manly deeds, to brave venture, to noble heroism, refining it, purifying and lifting it to the contemplation and the holding fast of the permanent and eternal, rather than the transient and temporal.

Into whose heart, in irresolute, fearful hours, has not pressed one of those rallying cries out of the works of our great poets which bid us "renounce the need of the earthly," and not to attach our hearts to the good things which adorn this transitory life, which call to us that man shall grow with the greatness of his purpose, which point us consolingly to the future of humanity, bidding us "live for all times," as each citizen, who will further the greatness of humanity, shall and must live.

A collection from the works of our two poets which should have for its aim to prove their moral influence upon our people by examples of all the maxims which have passed from their poetry into the life, would disclose to us a richness which must fill us with wonder and admiration. For let no one think it so easy to stamp in poetry a thought, a reflection, a truth, a precept, a principle of experience of moral and spiritual contemplation, so that it shall, by that means, be received as the common property of the people, as a full-weighted current thought-coin. Only to kings, to rulers in the realm of mind, is this princely prerogative accorded. Poets of no mean talents and of unquestioned poetical ability have lived contemporary with Schiller and Goethe, and after them, without having succeeded in bringing into circulation, in their nation, so much as a single such gold-piece stamped with their impression. There is required, also, besides the greatness of the poetical endowment of the poet, that moral greatness and loftiness of manhood and character by which our two classics, Schiller especially, are so distinguished. For, as they strove as artists, only after the noblest aims, as in the realm of poetical thought and creation, their look was always turned only toward the clear sun-height of perfection, which we call the Ideal, so, also, in their life itself, was their constant striving directed to the purification of their own selfhood and its elevation to the height of morality where one is penetrated by the conviction that

"Das Gesetz allein kann Freiheit geben."

"The law alone can give freedom!"

Out of this their literary artistic and their moral greatness grows finally, as their highest resultant, their national significance.

Schiller and Goethe—when the German pronounces these names he mentions at the same time the spiritual land, which, in the reverence of these our intellectual leaders, unites our people to the spiritual unity by them attained; he speaks the names which with all the cultivated nations of the earth form the true and hitherto the only representatives of the German nationality; he names the essence of that which constitutes the national pride and the intellectual elevation of Germany, the hope of its future. Through them have we, has our national literature, made equal advancement with the highest and best which the human mind of all times has created in the realm of thought and poetry. With Schiller and Goethe the German mind has, for the modern time, undertaken the leadership in the great circle of public opinion. For where, in all the literatures of the last century, are a Goethe and Schiller? But the literature, the poetical literature, of a people is the highest bloom, the noblest fruit which the collective mind of a people can produce; and if the word, "By their fruits ye shall know them," is an eternal truth, then may the German people regard such an examination of fruits with the most cheerful consciousness. And is not the national import of our great poets clearly shown in our late history? Was it not Schiller, whose words and admonitions in the days of our first and greatest national exaltation, in the wars of enfranchisement, went from mouth to mouth, kindling enthusiasm, as they had consoled and lifted us in the previous days of our misfortune and national weakness? Was it not Schiller who, over his early grave, cried out to his unfortunate people:

"To the Father-land, the dear Father-land, join thyself;
Hold fast to it with thy whole heart.
Here are the strong roots of thy power."

Was it not the trumpet-call of his word, "Unworthy is the nation which joyfully risks not her all for her honor!" which, waking all sleepers, sounded throughout Germany, when the time was fulfilled, and which moved all noble hearts "to risk the life that life might be won?" Yes, it was Schiller's spirit which, like a sacred oriflamme, went before the German people, and whose passionate breath urged thousands of noble hearts "to go to conflict and death for the Father-land." It was his spirit which animated the singers of this heroic time of the people's uprising which inspired Arndt and Stagemann, Schenkendorf, and especially the embodied soul of the national enthusiasm, Theodor Körner, and taught them how, in ever new forms, to bring to the heart of the German people the force and meaning of Schiller's po-

etry and Schiller's thought. It was Goethe's spirit which, when the victory was won, pronounced a curse upon the German rulers who held in their hands the destiny of the German nation freed from foreign supremacy, should they now, instead of strengthening the unity and power of Germany, aim, as did Napoleon, to secure its weakness and division. For,

"He shall early find or late,
A fixed, eternal right there is,
A spite of wrong, or power, or fate,
It shall go ill with him and his."

We need scarcely look about us to see that his curse has passed into fulfillment. But he has spoken the only words, by obeying which the German nation can attain to the national unity so ardently desired. He has called to us in the words which should gleam in golden letters in every place where the German cause is or shall be considered:

"Ever strive toward the whole,
And, if thou canst not thyself become a whole,
As a helpful member, to a whole unite thyself."

At the entrance to a literary undertaking which has set for itself the noble aim to make the treasures of the German national literature more and more accessible to all classes of our people, and, by popular exposition to bring to the consciousness of all readers the plenitude of the intellectual riches which our nation possesses in this, her national literature, in fruitful and lofty thoughts as well as in beauty of artistic form stands the great pair of Dioscuri—stands Goethe and Schiller in their national, moral, and literary-artistic significance—as the shield-bearers of the German public mind—first in its hall of honor.

And as the sages of antiquity, for the gifts lent by Deity, scrupulously acknowledged the highest gratitude due to the Giver and Lender of these gifts, so should our people render real gratitude for the favor bestowed in the possession of these great intellectual heroes, and, that they may enter into the full enjoyment of this possession, should they strive to establish themselves ever more and more firmly in life and endeavor, in literature and genuineness of national existence.

Here is still much to be done. Centuries still must the generations of German-speaking people strive and labor in order fully to appropriate this great bequest of the past and to complete the building of a national life which, supported by the pillars of truth, beauty, and freedom, and overarched by lofty thoughts of humanity, shall be, as Goethe and Schiller have planned and represented it, a worthy dwelling-place of the German spirit.

THE TWO COUSINS.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER a few weeks of rest and careful nursing the invalid was pronounced sufficiently convalescent to be taken home, and those who had been her school-mates thronged around to say a last good-by; and she who had hoped to tread with them the path of learning, sweetly wished them all success, keeping down with a silent prayer the thoughts of the sad ending of her own bright dreams. It did indeed cost many a bitter pang to give them up, but of these she gave no sign, bravely keeping all within her own heart, which was every day learning to trust more fully and entirely upon the great Ruler of all things. When her mother mourned over the blighting of her hopes, she sweetly replied, "No, dear mother, though I walk in darkness my hopes are not blighted; though these eyes are closed upon objects here, I can the better perceive those which are spiritually discerned. And then you know, mother, I am not alone or friendless; I have so many who can be to me as interpreters of such things as I may not be able to understand for want of sight. I shall depend upon you all to act as eyes for me when I have particular use for such help." And so, ever cheerful, and sometimes even gay, she would not permit her affliction to act as a pall thrown over all the family enjoyments. Having arrived at home, surrounded by the care and attention of all, she still improved in health, though she never regained the strength and vigor of former days. A great change had come upon the entire household, causing considerable wonderment among the domestics. Mrs. Holeman, no longer striving to be leader in fashionable society, gave up her former associates, save those of whose disinterested friendship she was assured, and from the cold, imperious woman of the world, worshipping at the shrine of fashion, she became devoted to the interests of home, and was never so happy as when ministering to the wants of her blind daughter.

She likewise sought to store her own mind with useful knowledge, that she might impart it to her. The great barrier "society" removed, her sympathies were ever flowing toward all who were in any degree unfortunate or in distress. Her neighbors in the mean time looked on with surprise and wonder. They had so long considered her their oracle, and been so accustomed to following whither she led in dress and manners, they paused now in a sort of bewilderment. They had thought it a great step gained in the social scale to be counted

among the friends of the elegant Mrs. Holeman, and to be included among her guests was a mark of distinction not to be disregarded by those who sought position in the society where she reigned as queen. But now the scepter had been voluntarily thrown aside, and "our circle" were in consternation.

"To be sure," said one, "it's a sad thing to have a blind daughter, and will, of course, depress Mrs. Holeman for a time, but I dare say it will soon wear off. Mrs. Holeman is not the woman to be tied down to a hum-drum home life; she is too fond of society to abandon it long."

"O," cried another, "she will procure a suitable attendant for her daughter when her health is established; we will soon see her among us again, depend upon it."

But time passed on, and there were no indications of the appearance of Mrs. Holeman in the midst of the gay scenes in which she had formerly taken such delight.

"I declare," cried dashing Mrs. Wells at an evening party, "it's the strangest thing I ever heard. I called on Mrs. Holeman to-day, and was told she would like to be excused as Clara was not feeling well, as if that was a sufficient reason. The idea of her sending such a message to me; it's perfectly absurd the way she devotes herself to that child. Well, I know one thing, I shall certainly not invite her to my soiree next week," and the lady tossed her head disdainfully.

"I am sure, Mrs. Wells, you may as well spare yourself the trouble," replied Mrs. Fisher. "She sent her regrets when I invited her last, and has been known to do so upon every such occasion this whole season."

"Yes, and has not given a party of any kind herself this whole season either; and I'm sure it can not be on her daughter's account, for I have frequently seen her driving out with her father, and have met her, too, on the street with Augusta several times. They say Augusta is perfectly devoted to her, and cares as little now for society as her mother seems to, yet I see no reason why either of them should seclude themselves."

"I guess if the truth were told we would find the trouble arose from quite another source. I would n't be at all surprised if they were not so well off as they were once. I'm sure they do n't dress half as well."

"Dear me, no indeed," replied Mrs. Wells. "Why, it must have required quite a fortune to keep Mrs. Holeman and Augusta in laces. I never saw any one so extravagantly fond of such things."

"I really would n't wonder if the colonel was on the point of failure," said Mrs. Fisher.

"Nor I," said another.

"I quite believe it," responded a third. And a rumor was soon circulated through the entire company to the effect that Colonel Holeman was on the point of failure.

"I've thought something was wrong for some time," said a gaudily dressed woman to a companion.

"Yes, and so have I," replied the person addressed, "and I do n't often make a mistake in such matters."

The conversation was still carried on with unabated zeal at the point from whence the rumor started.

"I was surprised last Sunday," said Mrs. Wells, "to see what a 'dowdy' Mrs. Holeman had become."

"I think, Mrs. Wells," remarked a lady who had acted only the part of listener in the foregoing conversation, "that your language is rather stronger than the occasion calls for. I am sure there is nothing of the 'dowdy' about Mrs. Holeman. She appears in my eyes quite as well as usual, in fact better, since her style of dressing, according to my ideas, has changed for the better, being less showy and more becoming."

"Well, Miss Smith, it's very evident you are not very observing, or you must be deficient in taste. Do n't you know she has worn that same bonnet all Winter?"

"Well, that may be, but is it not a handsome one?"

"Pshaw! as if that was of any consequence. It is handsome enough, perhaps, to wear for a while, but for a woman of her standing to wear it through the whole season, why, it's really absurd; and now I come to think of it, it's much plainer and less stylish than she ever used to wear upon any occasion."

"And that's just why it is so much more becoming."

"Nonsense! Mrs. Holeman is just the style of woman to dress well, and it's very certain she will lose ground in 'our set' if she persists in her absurdities."

Many such remarks were daily made by those who had frequently enjoyed the hospitalities of the lady in question, professing at the time the warmest friendship. Brittle indeed is the tie which binds such friends. Nor were such conversations confined to Mrs. Holeman's associates alone. Men of business down town discussed the theme, and many speculated upon the prospects of Colonel Holeman in a business point of view. Some wondered at the change

in the deportment of the colonel himself, he was less commanding in manner, and more genial in disposition. By a few it was thought to be a ruse to gain friends, who would stand by him in an hour of business trouble, and these forthwith set themselves to work to discover whether he was involved in any such perplexities. Their investigations revealed nothing of the kind; his business was never in a more flourishing condition. He was also found to be engaged in works of benevolence in which he had hitherto shown no interest.

"I can not understand this matter," cried a banker who had known the colonel for years. "I am told the colonel is a regular attendant at Mr. Wilson's church."

"That's so," said another; "it's really touching to see him walk down the aisle with his beautiful blind daughter leaning on his arm."

"There! the whole thing is accounted for," exclaimed a rough, outspoken politician; "it's all a game of policy; the man is fishing for an office."

"For shame, Mr. Bolton," cried several voices. But since none could solve the mystery to the satisfaction of his neighbors, the subject gradually lost interest, and was finally dropped to give place to some newer sensation. The objects of so much solicitude and controversy had, during this protracted war of words, pursued the even tenor of their way, undisturbed by the reports which occasionally reached them through that ever open channel—gossip. One evening, as all were seated in the parlor listening to the sound of the wind without, feeling thankful for home and its comforts, a letter was brought to Colonel Holeman. After perusing its contents he handed it to his wife, watching her as she read it. Tears stood in her eyes as she raised them from the letter.

"Well," said the colonel, "what shall be done?"

"Let us go to Mary at once; we have passed through afflictions ourselves; let us sympathize with others, and her trial is far greater than ours."

"What has happened, mother?" anxiously asked Clara, while Augusta looked up inquiringly.

"Your Aunt Mary has lost her husband. You know them only by name, my children, for I am ashamed to say, we have not met for years. She married a farmer, and settled in the country at a considerable distance from home. After the death of our parents, and my own marriage, there existed but little intercourse between the families. I, engrossed with my pursuit of pleasure, proud of my possessions

and beautiful home, did not care to visit the humble abode of my poorer sister, while she, feeling hurt that the difference in our stations in life should have had power to rule over sisterly affection, would not intrude herself upon us, but occupied herself entirely with her home duties. Our younger sister, Harriet, married much against the will of all her friends, and became estranged from us. She died in a few years, leaving an only daughter. Mary was with her when she died, and took the little Hattie to raise as her own. She has a large family for which to care, and consequently much to take up her time and attention; and, in addition to all this, tried to do a mother's part for our dead sister's child. And now this sad bereavement has come upon her, and she is left to care for them all alone. Poor Mary! I long to see her again, and try to comfort her. Dear husband, let us go at once to our widowed sister, and endeavor to atone for past neglect. Will it not be best and right?"

"Unquestionably it is our duty to do so. I will at once give the necessary orders," and he left the room for that purpose.

"Mother," said Clara, "do n't you think Aunt Mary's family is large enough to admit of her giving Hattie to us?"

"Why, Clara my dear, would it be best for us to take her? She is young, and doubtless playful, perhaps even a little wild and noisy, and you are not strong. I am afraid she would annoy you."

"O no, mother, I am not so easily annoyed; on the contrary, I think she would interest me, and help me to be cheerful and contented myself. Then, too, it seems to me it would be but right to relieve Aunt Mary of the additional care and responsibility, now that she is left a widow."

"I think, mother," said Augusta, "that Clara is right. You know I shall leave you soon. My own home is awaiting my attention now, and we are anxious to get settled, like all who leave the parental roof for homes of their own. Time may sometimes seem a little wearisome to Clara, and Hattie might be taught to be eyes for her. And it does seem that Aunt Mary has already done her part, and, besides all this, the child could have the advantages of education, which are probably denied her in a country place."

"I believe, my children, that you are right," replied Mrs. Holeman, thoughtfully. "We will see what your father thinks of it, and decide upon it at once."

When Colonel Holeman returned he was assailed by all with eager questions in regard to

the matter, and all were delighted to find that his views coincided with those which they had expressed. It was, therefore, unanimously decided that Hattie was to accompany them on their return home. Promising to return in a few days they started on their journey. Clara was quite delighted with the idea of Hattie's coming, and seemed to have already taken the child into her heart. The house seemed so quiet now, she said, since she had become so helpless, it would be pleasant to hear a child's bounding step on the stairs and through the dull, old halls, making all merry with childish laughter. Augusta fancied it would help to amuse and cheer her blind sister, and for this rejoiced with her. Very lonely seemed the house now with father and mother absent, making them already almost impatient for their speedy return.

Let us follow the travelers as they go upon their errand of love, and enter with them the house of mourning. After several hours of rapid driving through an apparently almost uninhabited tract of country which, to our friends so accustomed to the city's noise and confusion, seemed exceedingly quiet and lonely, the carriage left the main road, and turning to the right followed a beautiful private carriage-way bordered with noble trees, whose rapidly growing foliage betokened the presence of Spring, already becoming beautiful in the country, where the birds joyously sang a welcome, though its advent was as yet scarcely perceptible in the city. A few moments later and the carriage drew up before a plain brick dwelling of moderate pretensions, both in regard to size and general appearance. Mrs. Holeman's heart misgave her as she left the carriage, and walked with hesitating step toward the house. How would she be received now after so many years of inexcusable neglect! How could she best atone for the past, and how should she prove her contrition and show her wish to be again regarded as a loving sister! Slight and trivial to her seemed those things now which had risen as a barrier between them, and she asked herself how she should now sweep them all away forever and open wide the flood-gates of sisterly affection. Questioning her own heart in this way, she approached the door and knocked gently—half timidly, indeed, feeling almost an intruder. The summons was answered by a little girl of about seven or eight years of age, who looked up with much apparent surprise upon finding that the visitors were strangers.

"You do n't know us, my dear," said Colonel Holeman kindly, "but we are relatives for all that. I am your Uncle Holeman from the city,

and this lady is your Aunt Kate—come tell us your name, my child, and then run and let your mother know we are here.”

Shyly the child raised her eyes—large dark eyes, which seemed to take in at a glance all that an ordinary pair would require time to investigate. With her little sun-burnt hand she pushed back a mass of tangled brown hair from a full, broad brow, darkened like the hands by exposure to the sun. She was a singular-looking child, possessing no particular marks of beauty, yet by no means homely; a little awkward and shy, yet not obtuse. She was very plainly dressed, and evidently had very little idea of self-adornment. Mrs. Holeman's quick eye noted all these details at once. She seemed to hesitate a moment, and then said in childish simplicity,

“Please, sir, I have n't got any mother; I live with Aunt Mary.”

“O, then, it's our little Hattie,” said Mrs. Holeman, her heart going out to the motherless child, and she bent down and kissed her tenderly. The child looked up into Mrs. Holeman's face and the dark eyes filled with tears; evidently Mrs. Holeman's words awakened a responsive chord in her own heart, and timidly she asked,

“Did you know my mamma?”

“Know her, my dear? she was my own sister, and you are very much like her,” and again she drew the child toward her. Just then a voice from another part of the house was heard calling “Hattie.”

“Please, sir, come in,” said Hattie to Colonel Holeman, who still stood on the threshold looking with interest upon the meeting between the two. She conducted them to a plainly furnished room and went to inform the family of their arrival. She soon returned, saying that Aunt Mary would like to see her in her room. Mrs. Holeman followed the child up stairs, and was soon in the presence of the sister from whom she had been separated for years. The meeting was one of mingled pain and pleasure. Mrs. Holeman wept as she acknowledged her error, saying she had not really ceased to love her sister. False pride and the tinsel allurements of gay society had so entrapped her senses, she had neither time nor thought for other things. She told her how God in his infinite wisdom saw fit to make Clara's affliction the instrument by which a reformation was to be effected in herself and family. Though Aunt Mary was passing through the deep waters of affliction herself; though the waves which swept over her threatened to engulf all her hopes and bear from her grasp all that made life most

beautiful and fair, yet the kind, motherly heart wept over the afflictions of the dear blind girl who so patiently bore all without a murmur. The following day the husband and father was borne to his last resting-place, and the widow, with her fatherless children, returned to the home made so desolate by the absence of the one so near and dear to them all, the very center indeed of home.

Our friends remained with them several days, striving, by many acts of thoughtful kindness, and attention, to alleviate their sorrows. One morning while seated in her sister's room Mrs. Holeman, first spoke of her views in regard to Hattie, and asked if she felt willing to give her the child. Aunt Mary was startled, and seemed inclined to put the very thought away from her, so unwilling was she to part with her, having been a mother to her since she took her, an infant from the arms of her dying mother. Her father had since died in the far West, and the orphan seemed dear to her as her own. Mrs. Holeman succeeded at last in convincing her that it would be for the child's good, since she would enjoy far greater advantages in the city in regard to education than in the country. The thought, however, that Clara wanted her to come had more weight with her than all other arguments, and for her sake she at last consented.

“And now, my dear sister,” said she, “if I must give her to you, I must also give you some idea of the peculiarities of her disposition. Had she remained with me I would not have thought it necessary to reveal her faults, but placing her under your care, alters the case. It pains me to tell you that you will find it a difficult task to manage her. She is quick, sprightly, and affectionate, but exceedingly willful, obstinate, and often sullen, when not permitted to follow her own inclinations. I have not governed her as I should have done had I not been so burdened with the cares and anxieties which such a family involves, especially since my husband's health failed him; and the thought, too, of her orphaned condition made me often more lenient toward her faults than I ought to have been. Time and watchful care will undoubtedly effect much good for her.”

It being decided that Hattie was to go with her new-found relatives to their city home, the necessary arrangements were made at once. Poor Hattie hardly knew whether to laugh or cry, and accordingly did both. The idea of going to live in the great city, of which she had heard so much, was certainly a pleasing one; and yet when the time for the separation came, the parting with the only friends she had known

seemed as great a sorrow as she could bear; but the griefs of childhood are often evanescent, and its tears vanish before the smiles which succeed as April showers are followed by the sunshine. The children all regretted the loss of their playmate, but were finally consoled by the promise of frequent visits to be exchanged. There was great rejoicing in the Holeman household when the absent ones returned, bringing with them the little orphan, who was received with open arms. Hattie was quite bewildered by the new scenes around. Accustomed to a simple, unpretending style of living, surrounded by quietude, pursuing the same daily routine of country life, knowing only the simples of domestic comforts, she looked with amazement at the elegance and exquisite taste displayed within her new home. Nothing seemed to escape her notice. Her large, dark eyes wandered from object to object wherever she went. At times she was very demonstrative, and again would look about her seemingly quite absorbed in silent admiration. From her first introduction into the family she was strangely attracted toward Clara, and was never so happy as when engaged in some little service for her. She would stand by her as she sat in her low chair and softly stroke her hair, or pass her little brown hand caressingly over Clara's, saying tenderly as a mother would soothe an infant, "Poor, dear cousin, what shall I do for you now? don't you want to use Hattie's eyes?" This was a favorite question, for Clara had playfully told her one day she must occasionally lend her those eyes of her's which were capable of seeing so much. The idea of being shut up in darkness seemed so terrible to her, that she seemed to feel especially called upon to bring all the light she could to those poor blind eyes. But, alas! with all this generous kindness and love for her favorite, what a pity that with it was blended so much of self-will and unlovely temper! If, when not in a mood for obeying or being even obliging or pleasant, any thing was required of her, or a remark made which did not agree with her mood, she became sullen, obstinate, and unkind to all with the exception of Clara, to whom she was never known to utter one unpleasant word. This gentleness for the blind girl caused the fond mother to overlook many of her faults, and for this not unfrequently did her most glaring faults go unproved. At last Mrs. Holeman began to feel that such a course was exceedingly detrimental to the child, who really required careful, judicious training. It was a difficult matter to undertake, but Mrs. Holeman and her husband agreed that it must be done,

and Clara, too, felt that it would be for the interest of Hattie if each firmly adhered to their sense of right, and instead of overlooking the increasing willfulness of her disposition, would require prompt obedience cheerfully rendered—one particular failing which she possessed, which was a source of great annoyance to Mrs. Holeman, and she resolved to endeavor to correct it. During her life at her Aunt Mary's, she, with her cousins, were accustomed to spending much of their time on the grounds around the house, indulging in sports and plays which were natural to children accustomed to out-of-door amusements. To Mrs. Holeman they seemed exceedingly rude, and she found it almost impossible to keep the child's exuberant spirits under any kind of control. Her freedom of speech and behavior, added to her utter disregard for personal appearance, sometimes almost shocked her. But a few days had elapsed since her arrival, yet she seemed already as much at home as though quite an old resident on the place, filling her niche in the family group and about the house and grounds as though quite a fixture on the premises.

THE WATERFALL.

GAYLY down the mountain-side,
In unceasing motion,
Watch the sparkling torrent glide
To the mighty ocean.

Gently now, now far and near,
Silv'ry laughter flinging;
Hark! what fairy feet I hear,
Down the rough rock springing.

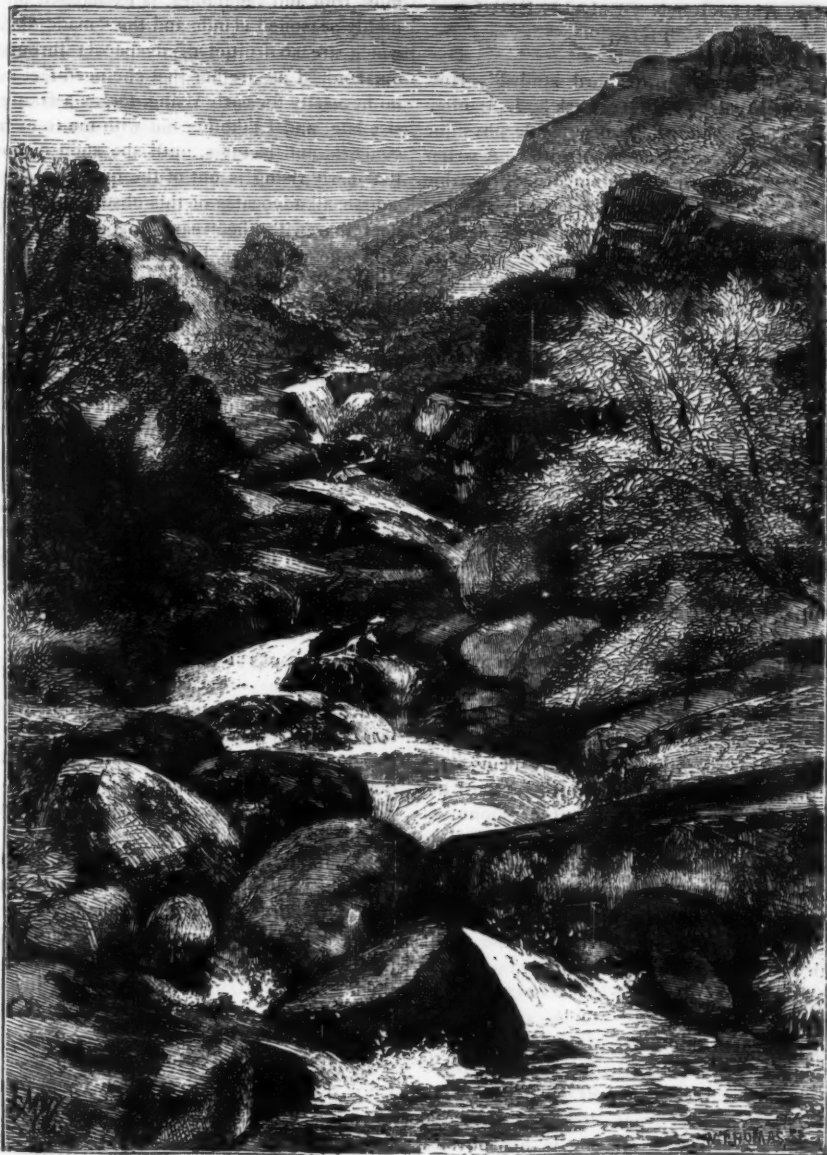
Bounding, fetterless, and free,
Obstacles unheeding,
Onward to its home, the sea,
Mark the torrent speeding.

Stones that fain its course would stay,
Bathing with its blessing;
Drooping flow'rets by the way
Cheering and caressing.

Pure and free from earthly blot,
On it speeds in brightness;
Cleansing earth, yet mingling not—
Perfect in its whiteness.

Panting for a wider bed,
Pausing, resting never,
Till old Ocean's arms outspread,
Welcome it forever!

Down life's rugged mountain-side,
In unceasing motion,
Streams of human kindness glide,
On to Love's great ocean.



Gently now, now far and near,
 Tones of comfort flinging ;
 Hark ! what willing feet I hear,
 Joy to mourners bringing.
 Bounding, fetterless, and free,
 Obstacles unheeding,
 Onward to Love's endless sea,
 Mark the torrent speeding.
 Foes that fain its course would stay,
 Bathing with its blessing ;

Drooping spirits by the way
 Cheering and caressing.
 Pure and free from earthly blot,
 On it speeds in brightness ;
 Cleansing earth, yet mingling not—
 Perfect in its whiteness.
 Panting for a wider bed,
 Pausing, resting never,
 Till Love's mighty arms outspread,
 Welcome it forever !

OUR AMERICAN FEMALE EDUCATION.

"**B**ROKEN down by hard study!" How often we hear the remark! Is it often true? There is no doubt of a feeble physique among our educated American girls. A writer in a recent number of Lippincott's Magazine says, "Ask any thoughtful physician to number the young ladies of his acquaintance, and to tell you how many out of each score are fit to become healthy wives and mothers, or to be wives and mothers at all, and you will probably be appalled at the reply." Again, he says: "Our young ladies are simply pretty or not that; their destiny is the sofa, neuralgia, weak backs, and hysteria—a demon which has made, I am persuaded, almost as much domestic unhappiness as the husband's dram."

This condition of health being granted, we ask is this really the result of hard study? In most cases we answer "no;" there has been an inattention to all the requisites which would have insured a healthy development of the physical frame; the school-hours have been too protracted—even though the mind may have been only actively employed during a part of them—thereby causing a sedentary life; the school-room has been badly ventilated, and the sleeping apartment has received, perhaps, no ventilation at all; the young lady being at a boarding-school, and away from the eyes of her parents, has found ways, with the amount of spending money they have liberally supplied, to obtain surreptitiously large quantities of indigestible sweetmeats, and these have been eaten at the most unseasonable hours, the favorite time being just before retiring for the night. With a constitution thus deranged by the neglect of all hygienic rules, she has conscientiously set herself to pursue the studies assigned her by her teachers, and being of an ambitious turn of mind, the possible attainment of a prize at the close of the term has urged her on when other incitements began to flag. She has studied—studied hard for one in her physical health, and the consequence is compulsory inaction, perhaps a life-long chronic invalidism. Now I would ask, is it fair to ascribe these results to hard study?

Suppose I were to bring to a city home a young girl with robust health, who has never known a day's sickness. I employ her as a seamstress; I give her no more sewing than she has been in the habit of performing in her country home, with its healthy régime, with perfect ease. In my home the simple country diet, with its plain bread, delicious butter, fresh

milk, fruit and vegetables, is exchanged for the highly seasoned viands and the "made dishes" which are so fruitful of dyspepsia throughout our land. I assure her that she need feel under no necessity for early rising, for, as a family, we rise late; and I take her out with me to evening concerts and lectures, until she soon discovers that early rising is out of the question—for, of course, all advocates of this obsolete virtue connect therewith the "early to bed." Not only does she retire late, but I kindly hand her the pantry keys, or invite her to accompany me thither, and a rather hearty meal from the plate of doughnuts, or the slice of cold tongue, or the rich fruit-cake, prevents her going to bed hungry. She rises at a late hour in the morning with a dull throbbing pain in the head, and yet she dares not indulge in what she feels would be the best specific, a long stroll in the health-giving, open air; but seating herself in the furnace heated, badly lighted little back sewing-room upstairs, she spends the day in sedentary work, and in the evening I come in with a kind invitation to another place of dissipation. Of course, I am only supposing a case. I know as well as you do that city people do not adopt this method of ruining the health of their employés, but in the case supposed, how long before the country father would have the daughter brought back to him a confirmed invalid? Neighbors come in to sympathize, and when they inquire the cause of the failure in health, would there be any justice in the reply, "broken down by hard work?"

I contend that the cases I have given are parallel; both girls had work assigned them; both had hard work; neither had work which would have taxed them had due attention been paid to the necessary conditions for keeping them in a fair state of health, and is it just to say that "hard study" or "hard work" produced the catastrophe?

So far from disease being the result of hard study, I believe statistics, if they could be fairly collected, would bear us out in the assertion that this same much abused severe study is conducive to longevity. In a work on the Higher Christian Education I find the following passage, which says just what I want to say so much better than I can say it, that I quote it here:

"Nothing next to worship, and direct beneficence to others, so fills the heart with such sweet, all-pervasive satisfaction, as active and energetic habits of thought, perpetually busy in exploring the outer universe which God has made, and the inward relations of science, doctrine, providence, or secondary agency, by which

its wondrous harmonies are fashioned and established. Let earnest, vigorous study abound, not only for its own sake, but also as *one of the surest means of bodily health*; but always let it be with a brain supplied as freely indoors with air, vital air, as if out-of-doors. Notice the words, if you please—*active, energetic habits of thought*—no mere memorizing, no cramming of long words, and many “ologies,” and “ometries,” but simply the presentation of such subjects as are possessed of a real interest to the mind, and the presentation of them in such a manner as shall insure that the mind will at once act vigorously and happily upon them.

Were we able to make a list of men of this and the preceding century who have lived to a good old age, retaining mental vigor and bodily health beyond the three-score and ten years mentioned by the Psalmist as the ordinary limit of human life, we shall probably find that the eminent scholars outnumbered, in their proportion, any other class of men whom we might select. Let me enumerate a few: Samuel Johnson died at seventy-six, Sir Wm. Herschel at eighty-four, Leibnitz at seventy, Goethe at eighty-three, Emmons at ninety-five, and Alexander von Humboldt—whose memory we have all delighted to honor at the recent centennial anniversary of his birth—at ninety; and these men, these earnest thinkers were hale and hearty, with the fire of their youth undimmed in their eye, and the natural strength of their heart unabated to the end.

I know of one or two sad examples of “over-worked brain” which may occur to the reader as militating against my position. The lamented Hugh Miller is probably one of these. I recently examined his biographer's account of the sad termination of his life, that I might satisfy myself upon this point. I wished to know whether simply hard brain-work, as such, or the neglect of ordinary hygienic rules in connection therewith had led to the overthrow of his glorious genius, and I found the following significant facts:

To the physician called in by his wife only a day before his death, he acknowledged “that he had been, night after night, up till very late in the morning, working hard and continuously at his new book.” The physician enjoined discontinuance of work; bed at eleven and a light supper. His biographer adds that “he had all his life made supper his principle meal.”

Dwight, whom I have previously quoted, gives a similar instance. After remarking that, though in all his life he had been brought in contact with scholars, he had never known “a man who could be justly described as hurting himself by

hard study,” goes on to say, “The nearest apparent approximation to such a fact within the bounds of my experience, occurred in the case of that distinguished Oriental scholar, Nordheimer, who died so soon after coming to this country; but on inquiry of him, it proved that the cause of injury done to his health was not too vigorous action of the mind, as such, but too little sleep; since for years he had allowed himself, when in Germany, but three hours repose at night, and that on three chairs, in full dress, under the call of an alarm clock. Such systematic self-abuse would have killed any one but an enthusiastic and happy student long before it did that devoted and spirited linguist.”

We are then prepared to admit that active, energetic thought is conducive to the health, and that our improper surroundings are in a large measure blamable for the feeble physique of the educated American girl. But aside from these improper surroundings, there is an essential element of ill health in the study we impose, not because it is hard study, but because it is dry study, uninteresting study; it does not conduce to active, energetic thought.

I find the following passage in Herbert Spencer's work on Education: “As a final test by which to judge any plan of culture, should come the question, Does it create pleasurable excitement in the pupil? Even when, as considered theoretically, the proposed course of action seems the best, yet if it produce no interest, or less interest than another course, we should relinquish it, for a child's intellectual instincts are more trustworthy than our reasonings. In respect to the knowing faculties, we may confidently trust to the general law, that under normal conditions healthful action is pleasurable, while action which gives pain is not healthful.”

The element of ill health in the studies we impose is this, they lack the joy-giving, pleasurable power, and the cause of this lack may be explained in a few words. The studies pursued by our girls are mostly premature; their minds are too young and too crude to be adapted to them. The boys of to-day are getting their education later and later in life, while girls leave school at the same age they did thirty years ago. It used to be common for boys to enter college at fourteen; at present eighteen is the usual age of admission at Harvard or Yale. Now let any one compare the scale of studies for both sexes employed half a century ago with that of to-day. He will find that its demands are vastly more exacting than they were—a difference fraught with no evil for men who attack these graver studies later in life, but attended with perilous results for girls who are

still expected to leave school at eighteen or earlier. Ask any graduate of our American female colleges, who has continued her education into mature life, what she thinks of the curriculum imposed on her during her school days, and she will doubtless answer that, in connection with her mental development, it was premature. Said a lady to me recently: "How I am astonished at the lack of judgment displayed by my teachers in the choice of my studies. I think the very demon of metaphysics pursued me, and yet metaphysics was never my forte. Would you believe it? I was put, at eleven years of age, to the study of Abercrombie's Intellectual Philosophy; at thirteen I was supplied with Upham's Mental Philosophy—Unabridged University Edition—and at fifteen I was supposed to have mastered Butler's Analogy. I was able to make passable recitations in them, and it would have been difficult to persuade me that I did not understand them, but I now know that there was none of the abounding joy which mature minds feel in grappling with such subjects. Had my teachers only understood this, and had they placed before me such studies as would have furnished me with this abounding joy, very different would have been the tone of my life." I grant that this case, though not exaggerated, is an exceptional one; yet there still remains the fact that our girls' studies are premature. Take, for instance, the study of geography. The first faculties of the mind which come into play are the conceptive and perceptive faculties; later come the analytic and the reasoning ones. Now the facts of mathematical geography, with its account of great and small circles, of degrees, parallels, and meridians, can not be rightly comprehended so soon as the facts of physical geography, because these address themselves to the earliest developed faculties. Yet we see this order constantly reversed; the little girl of six or eight years is put to the study of geography, in which the very first exercises consist of answers to questions in regard to the equator, meridians, parallels, poles, etc.; she commits it to memory, but the effort is a painful one, and, therefore, of doubtful utility, so far as the physical health is concerned. Place in her hands instead a properly written work for a beginner in physical geography; let there be pictorial representations of mountains and of mountain chains; teach her how the climate varies at different elevations; show her how, at the foot of the Andes, grow the oranges and pine-apples to be found only in warm countries; tell her how, as we climb the mountain side, the air grows cooler, and we meet the oak and the

Indian corn, while higher up grow stunted shrubs, until we reach the cloud-capped summits covered by eternal snow; show her pictures of the mountain lakes, and tell how the rivers are formed by the melting of the snows, and the water-falls by the leaps of the mountain rills over the precipices. As she listens to these and similar descriptions, you will see by the light in the eye and the glow on the cheek that the mind is at active work and pleasurably employed. By and by, when the proper maturity is reached, the mind will grasp the more abstruse subjects of mathematical geography with as pleasurable a glow and as keen a relish then. This error in judgment is to be traced throughout the entire scholastic career; we are constantly antedating Nature. If these views be correct, then we find that the frail physical health of our daughters is due, first, to improper physical surroundings, and, second, to the premature presentation of subjects for study. I was led into this train of thought by a conversation with a friend a few days ago, and, as the curriculum she has marked out for her daughters is suggestive, I proposed to detail some parts of the conversation.

This friend, Mrs. Rogers, is the mother of five children. The elder three are boys, and by a mutual arrangement the father assumes the control and guidance of their education, while to the mother is committed the entire direction of the mental training of the two little girls. (I am not recommending this plan, which does not meet with my approval, but only some features in the mother's plan, which seemed to me excellent.) She had been speaking to me of this arrangement, and I asked her where she was sending her little girls to school.

"Well," she answered, "they are yet so young—only nine and seven years of age—that I do not confine them closely to study. I do not send them to school at all. For such little things school is such drudgery, and there is so much in the world by which they are surrounded calculated to keep their eyes and ears employed, and their minds active, that I am satisfied, even if for awhile, their acquaintance with books should be very limited.

"I have decided that it is only necessary for them to study reading, writing, and arithmetic as yet; these have been aptly called the 'tools of knowledge,' and I presume we should all agree in assigning them the most important place. I know that learning to read until the child acquires some facility is tiresome; that learning arithmetic, at least until the four elementary rules are mastered, is frequently 'a vexation of spirit,' and that learning to write is

to many a very fatiguing practice ; and, while I try to make these things as pleasant for them as possible, I still require real work from them ; therefore I dare not, on account of their physical health and mental vivacity, keep them very close to their studies. I have adopted this plan : I keep them at their books an hour in the morning and an hour in the afternoon ; the morning hour is passed half in ciphering and half in writing ; the afternoon hour in reading and spelling. The morning hour takes very little of my time, though I sit in the room at my sewing ready to render all necessary assistance. The rest of the day they are my companions ; they are learning to be nice little house-wives ; they can dust the furniture of a room, assist in setting and clearing the table, etc. ; they are learning a very serviceable use of the needle, and are growing quite independent of help in the preparation of their dolls' wardrobes ; they are active and energetic gardeners, and are growing up healthy and happy. But their knowledge of books is not entirely confined to the studies I have spoken of. This is the way we study geography : we have hung our sitting-room walls with Guyot's Maps, and, as we sit at our sewing, I give them oral instructions about different countries. I speak of the surface of the country, of its physical features, its rivers, mountains, etc. ; the character of the inhabitants, their history, etc. We spend a long time on any one important country, as England or France ; I give accounts of little girls or boys belonging to the countries we are studying, when I have the material for such accounts, and we spend a half hour in the evening drawing the map of the country we are studying—we have referred to the wall-maps in the afternoon just whenever we need to do so. In this map-drawing we make no railroad speed—slow and sure is my motto. Perhaps at one lesson we get no farther than the outlines ; at another we place the mountain ranges ; at another lesson we draw the rivers which, rising in these mountain ranges, pursue their way to the sea. We draw nothing we have not first studied. But these map-drawing half-hours are not so pleasant as the remainder of the evening until their nine o'clock bed-time, for then I read aloud, sometimes really mature works of history, as Hildreth or Prescott ; sometimes fiction, as Robinson Crusoe, Arabian Nights, or selections from Shakspeare, or Walter Scott, and then we close with a chapter from the Book of Books."

"How do you teach them grammar?" I asked.

"They are learning the *art* of speaking cor-

rectly from the example of their elders, and the *science of grammar* will come by and by when their minds are more matured."

"I see," I said, "that you do not believe in making them study much."

"Study!" she replied ; "why, don't you see they study the greater part of their time. To study is to *think*, and I keep them constantly supplied with objects for earnest, energetic thought ; why, our walks in the woods are pleasant botany lessons, only so pleasant that they seem like play. I never feel that any lesson which brings real enjoyment is a strain or tax upon the mind, no matter how busily it may keep the mind employed. Why, my dear friend, hard study, by which I mean earnest thought, never injures any body ; it is the uninteresting study that is so killing."

"But by and by, as they grow older, they will have to be more closely confined to their books," I remarked.

"Yes," was the reply ; "next month Anna begins her lessons on the piano, and the practice it involves will, for awhile at least, be so fatiguing that I shall have to watch its effects with great diligence, and see that by increased active exercise, if necessary, I counteract all injurious effects. It will not be long before they commence—or Anna will, and perhaps both—the study of the French language, but as we have near us a French teacher, whose family converse in their native language, I shall consign them to him for a half hour daily, and they will learn the language almost as easily and naturally as they learned their mother tongue."

"And are they not after awhile to study the ancient languages?"

"The study of the ancient languages is so severe a tax upon the mind's powers, that it must, of course, be postponed till some degree of maturity is attained ; and if we are to have our daughters proficient in music and drawing ; if they are to form a tolerably thorough acquaintance with one or more of the modern languages, meaning thereby some acquaintance with the literature of those languages ; if they are to be tolerably versed in English literature and to have some general acquaintance with the natural sciences ; if, in addition to all these, they are to become thorough housekeepers, and all this while their physical constitution is undergoing important and critical changes, I know not how we dare tax them further ; and yet while the ancient languages may thus seem impossible and undesirable for girls, I grant that to the mature mind of womanhood they may be of vast service and may bring real power, and I think I see the way open for their

attainment. It is this: the school education of our daughters is usually completed at eighteen or earlier, but the habits of study therein acquired may last, and should last, through life. If, with a healthy and mature physical frame, they feel the need of these acquirements, I presume they will find little difficulty in obtaining them. Perhaps their husbands may be their teachers."

"You think, then," I said, "that mothers who are fitted by native gifts and education, should themselves train the minds of their daughters."

"No," she answered "I did not say so. For myself such a course has been inevitable; having decided that much oral instruction is necessary in the early years in order to keep the mind active and yet not dull it by this committing to memory from books, I found it necessary to do this myself because there was no one at hand to put my methods into practice. It is a joy to me, but I should hesitate to say it was a duty for all mothers. I think, however, that some of our educated American women, who are clamorous for a career, might find one here if it were not beneath their notice."

WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

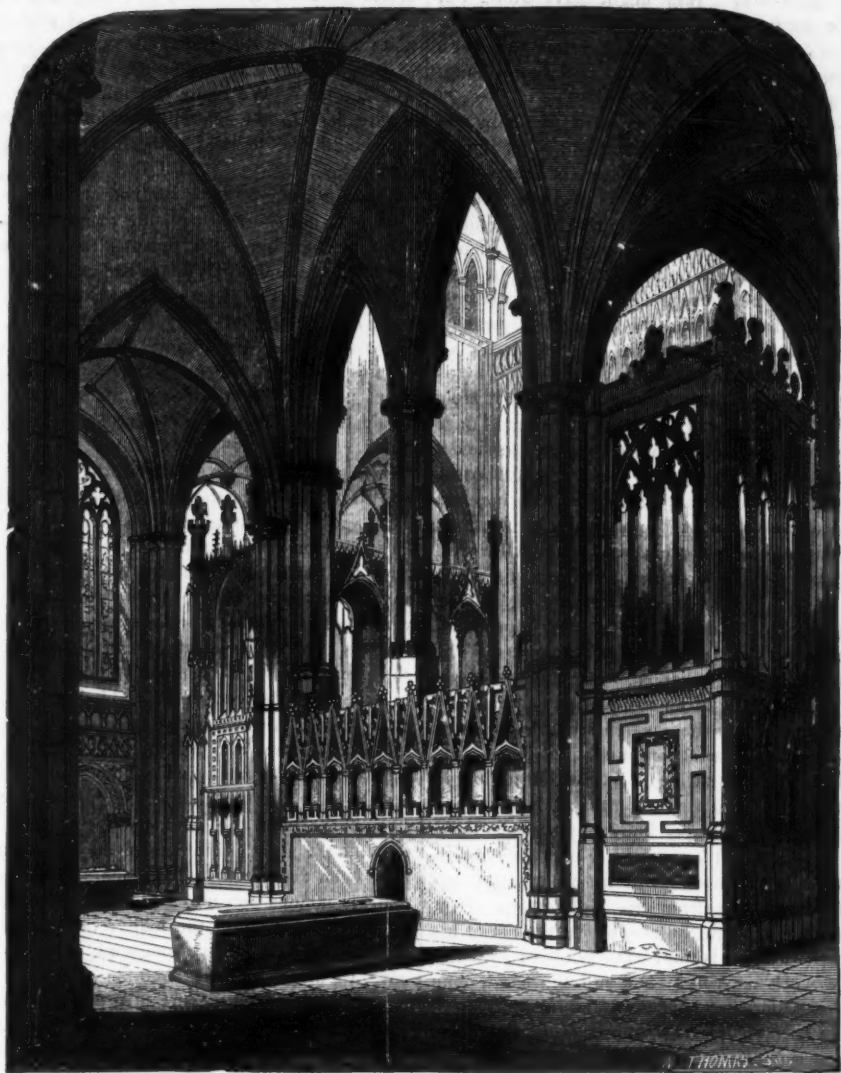
WINCHESTER was at one time the queen of the south, and the capital of Alfred's kingdom, sitting like a crowned lady on the fair banks of the Itchen. She wore a rich traditional garland; the ancient Britons had named the place "the White City;" colonists from ancient Germany (Belgæ) had increased her power; the conquering Romans recognized her as the "Venta Belgarum;" the Saxons acknowledged her claims, and made her the capital of Wessex; Egbert, Alfred, and Canute had dwelt within the walls; five kings received the crown of England in the cathedral; and for many ages "the White City" seemed likely to become the capital of Britain. Its castle, built by the "stark" king, William I, might have defied an army; royal palaces, noble mansions, magnificent monasteries, and sixty churches made her an architectural marvel. Prince Arthur's "round table" was lodged in the city, and all curious or credulous citizens might have read thereon the names of the mighty knights who upheld the banner of the great Pendragon.* Great, indeed, has been the change; Winchester has lost her crown, and imperial London marvels at the former ambition of her ancient

rival. But the White City still bears the symbols of her early honors. The cathedral retains the beauty and grandeur which have impressed the hearts of many generations; "the college" is a name of power with "Wykehamists," and the ancient hospital of St. Cross still reminds us that a princely spirit of charity is not peculiar to modern times. William of Wykeham, bishop, lawyer, and statesman, the patron of art and promoter of learning, sleeps in his own rich charity, beneath the magnificent cathedral which owes so much of its splendor to his genius.

Surely such a city can have no low or grotesque traditions connected with her histories? We are sorry to remind the reader that even the White City was supposed to have, at times, one black visitor at the least. Through her streets and around her cathedral Satan was believed to prowl, in the form of a black dog. The good people of Winchester must not, however, regard this as an unparalleled stigma, for the same fiend, in the like form, was also repeatedly seen in Colchester. We fear that black dogs had a sad time of it in both cities, while such a superstition prevailed. Is it not somewhat strange that this terrible dog should have selected a place crowded with monks and friars? Can it be possible that white, black, and gray friars, to say nothing of St. Swithin himself, were unable to preserve Winchester from such visitations? Something must have been wrong, we fear.

If the Wintonians are ever tempted to regret the departed honors of their ancient city, the cathedral may well console them. The richness of the west front, the combination of massive strength, delicate beauty, and magnificent grandeur, and the east window glowing with rainbow splendors, or subdued to a "dim religious light," may well produce a feeling akin to admiring awe. When was this grand pile erected? A rude timber church *may* have been raised here by the early British Christians in the second century; this was destroyed by the pagan Saxons, but rebuilt by the converted Prince Kyngil in the seventh century. Three hundred years later Ethelwald, Bishop of Winchester, completed a third structure, and dedicated the building to the famous Swithin. The Danes, honoring Odin much and Swithin little, partially ruined the church, which was again restored by Bishop Walkeylyn, about the year 1093, when the rainy saint lost his place as sole patron of the cathedral, which was then dedicated to St. Peter, St. Paul, and Swithin. This change was just, as Swithin had neglected—or was unable—to protect the building from Danish ravages. A succession of alterations,

* Signifying "Dragon's head," a title of the chief British prince.



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

additions, and restorations were brought to a grand finish in the fourteenth century, when Bishop Edyngton, and the more famous William of Wykeham, expended time, money, and skill on the cathedral. The present pile may, indeed, with some exceptions, be regarded as the work of the extraordinary man who was alike courtier, bishop, chancellor, and statesman.

The visitor who wishes to examine the interior of the cathedral, will require days, if not weeks, for such a study. No English cathedral has a more impressive and beautiful interior, though its exterior is low and austere; the

amount of exquisite carved flower-work is wonderful, and its great perpendicular window and magnificent nave are unsurpassed in the church architecture of the Old World. Begun at the latter end of the eleventh century and finished at the beginning of the fifteenth, it embraces all styles. Its nave, foundations, and crypt are Norman, of the most solid and massive character. Its Gothic columns and arches are ponderous and majestic; the repose of eternity seems to sleep under their shadows. Some of the finials and crosses are hardly describable, so richly woven over are they in shooting leaves

and blossoms; "they might have stood out neglected in some Italian or Sicilian garden for half a century of Summers, and then have been transplanted with all their tangled wealth hanging about them in the temple."

But is the visitor interested in the tombs and sepulchral memorials of the life of other times? Then let him stand near those six chests, containing the bones or dust of Egbert, Canute, Emma of Normandy, of the red king, William Rufus, and of other once mighty men of old. Bishop Fox, whose pelican symbol may be seen near, collected these bones from their decayed and ruined tombs, and the observer may easily, like another Hervey, make his "meditations" on these receptacles of royal dust. Why is that recess beneath the arch called the "Holy Hole?" Because of the relics of "saints" once preserved there, which were supposed to shed a mysterious sanctity over the whole cathedral. In vain the enthusiastic antiquary now inquires for Canute's crown; the very circlet worn on the day when, in presence of the uncivil waves, he preached his far-famed sermon to flattering courtiers. It has vanished from its high place, and we shall not, therefore, ask impertinent questions about its fashion or ornaments. The niches, empty or occupied, would tax the learning and patience of an antiquarian hagiologist,* so numerous are these small stone lodgings of worthies now almost forgotten.

The once rich shrine of St. Swithin no longer attracts monks to the early mass; but this friend of King Egbert is yet known by name to thousands who might be puzzled to name his burial-place. The famous saint of Winchester has somewhat fallen from his high estate. How many Englishmen can now repeat the list of his miracles? How is this? Did not his very bones once work marvels? Did not the saint, long after his decease, heal the blind, make cripples move as merrily as grasshoppers, liberate prisoners from dungeons, send hungry wolves to sleep by the mere whisper of his name, and perform other feats so marvelous that we hold our breath in astonishment? When will such days come again? Is it really true that, when officious men annoyed the good Swithin by attempting to move his bones from the north side of the church-yard into the cathedral, on the 15th of July, in the year 971, the indignant saint caused torrents of rain to pour down on the disturbers of his grave? Or shall we believe the other story, that Swithin himself reappeared in ghostly form, and insisted upon the speedy removal of his body, showing his approbation

of the good work, when it had been duly performed, by healing such multitudes of cripples, that the church-walls did not afford space enough to hang the crutches thereon? Which is the true account? We really can not help any of our readers in the matter; but for ourselves, we should like to hold both histories equally established.

Perhaps some lover of the rod and line may look with more interest on the grave of Izaak Walton, than upon the receptacles of Saxon bones or the tomb of William Rufus. A Fleet-street draper, even if he should write "A Complete Angler," is not likely, in our times, to be honored with a grave in a magnificent cathedral. No one, however, will now quarrel with the respect paid to the memory of the angler, who would fix a worm on the hook "as if he loved him."

The great name associated with Winchester and its cathedral is that of William of Wykeham, and a short outline of his remarkable life must now be given. Our readers will bear in mind the fourfold character of this famous man, as architect, ecclesiastic, lawyer, and politician, while we pass rapidly from one event to another. He was probably born at Wykeham, in Hampshire, in 1324, and his name is generally thought to have been derived from his birthplace. As every thing, however, must be disputed, there are antiquarians who affirm that the surname was borne by the father, while others are equally certain that this gentleman's name was John Longe; perhaps the most easy conclusion is that all are right. Mr. Longe may sometimes have been described by his place of residence, and his famous son may have preferred such a designation. Should the matter be ever hotly debated in any literary magazine in the year 2000, we hope that we shall be quoted as an example of perfect impartiality on so grave a subject. Young William seems to have early become the pet of Nicholas Uvedale, the lord, or "squire," of Wykeham, and governor of Winchester Castle. The youth became secretary to the soldier, and was thus introduced to the notice of Bishop Edyngton, by whom the clever young Wykehamite was made known to Edward III. The king had a sharp eye for ability, and soon discovered "all the talents" in the secretary of Governor Uvedale. William was at this period about twenty-two years of age, and in the course of the ensuing ten years the watchful warrior-king detected the architectural abilities, political insight, and love of learning, so largely possessed by the son of John and Sibyl Wykeham. William received, in 1356, the appointment of superintendent over

* A writer of the lives of saints.

the royal works, and in October of the same year he became the directing architect of Windsor Castle. His "retaining fee" was *one* shilling a day, and when on surveying journeys, two shillings. The pay was not, however, quite so beggarly as it sounds; some readers may remember that two shillings a day was the sum formerly allowed to members of Parliament for English boroughs, and that certain towns so groaned under the heavy tax as to petition for exemption from the expensive honors of the franchise. Our architect's labors were not limited to "art pure and simple;" he was commissioned to "impress" masons, and other necessary work, at fixed rates.

The royal architect had received the "lower" ecclesiastical orders before entering on his great work at Windsor, and soon managed to obtain from the king so many benefices and clerical offices that we must class him with the greatest of pluralists. He was a country rector, a prebendary, dean of the royal chapel at St. Martin's-le-Grand, a royal secretary, keeper of the privy seal, chief warden of many royal castles, and eventually Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor of England in 1367. Perhaps the architect at one shilling a day regarded these offices as a fair means of professional reimbursement. But Wykeham's course was not all smooth; he had supported the political views of the Black Prince, and was, therefore, attacked by the active supporters of the Duke of Lancaster, the famous John of Gaunt. There seems to have been no love lost between the two royal brothers, and their adherents were just as vehement as political parties ever have been, always are, and, we suppose, evermore will be. When the Prince's friends were "in," Wykeham was safe; when these became the "outs," and the Gaunt party seemed resolved to expel all clericals from places of power, Wykeham yielded to the rising storm by resigning the chancellorship. For six years the bishop was then left in comparative peace, until the death of the Black Prince, in 1376, when the storm again broke upon his head, in the awful form of an impeachment for illegal conduct while performing his multiplied public duties. Little was proved, but political foes are not very careful about proofs, and the result was, that William of Wykeham was deprived of all his episcopal revenues, and forbidden to come within twenty miles of the king. Things now looked very black indeed, and the bishop, perhaps, thought his sun had set. But after the death of Edward III daylight came again, foes shook hands, "much regretted" past quarrels, and Wykeham soon regained most of his

former honors and revenues. The king died June 21st, and the Bishop's pardon is dated the 31st of the same month. The dates show how the power of his enemies fell at the death of Edward. The Bishop did not, however, get a pardon for nothing; some profit was extracted from him. He bound himself to equip three ships of war, and to provide three hundred trained soldiers at his own cost. The Bishop probably grumbled a little, but he could not write to the newspapers; and matters settled down at last after the rough fashion common in the "good old times."

Amid all this State warfare he was engaged in a threefold series of labors, as architect, educator, and reformer. The works at Windsor were steadily carried on till their completion, about 1374; his *twelve* episcopal castles underwent extensive repairs, for which he purchased stone from the once noted quarries near Quar Abbey, in the Isle of Wight. He seems to have had a species of enthusiasm for road-making, bridge-building, and church-restoring. Even the providing communion-plate for poor parishes, and rich "vestments" for poorer vicars, cost him large sums. He is said to have given one hundred and thirteen "chalices," and one hundred "pairs of vestments" to various churches. The changes made in Windsor Castle under Henry VII, Elizabeth, Charles II, William III, and George IV, have made almost a new structure of the old Norman fortress; but some ancient and time-worn towers will long remind imperial, kingly, and less exalted visitors, of William of Wykeham. Perhaps some will regard Winchester Cathedral as more likely to preserve the memory of this architectural genius; but the skill of others prevents him from receiving exclusive honors as a cathedral-restorer, in which work he was aided by the taste of Bishop Edyngton and the skill of the architect, William Winford.

We have called William of Wykeham an educator. This was shown by the zeal with which he urged on the completion of the grammar-school at Winchester and his New College at Oxford. The plans for these noble foundations were formed in the midst of the Bishop's political troubles, and he lived to see both in full operation. The school was opened in 1373, and the college on the 14th of April, 1386, when the warden and "poor scholars" walked in procession from their temporary halls, and entered "the College of St. Mary of Winchester, in Oxford," chanting the Litany. Whenever the Wykehamites have sung the *Dulce Domum*—"sweetly sing of home"—around the "Domum-tree," or have meditated on the plain advice

written on the school-room wall, "Learn, go, or be whipped," or have gazed with sensitive recollections on the school-rod, formed of "four apple-twigs," in each case they have doubtless ever paid high honors to the name of their great founder. The Bishop's jeweled crosier, his gloves and episcopal ring, preserved in New College, are far less impressive memorials of their former owner than the noble foundations originated by his grand liberality. The Winchester school is the oldest in the kingdom.

But, while Windsor, Winchester, and Oxford speak of the architect and the educator, it must not be forgotten that this energetic man was also a reformer of abuses. The princely Hospital of St. Cross, Winchester, worried this Bishop in his day, as it has perplexed the Court of Chancery in our own time. The master of St. Cross had no objection to continue the due number of prayers for the founder's soul, but he grieved much over the jugs of ale and the hundred dinners a day to a set of shoeless beggars. To appropriate the good things of the charity to his own use and comfort, seemed a natural, if not a highly laudable, proceeding. William of Wykeham took a different view of the matter, requested a sight of the account-books, and even hinted that "the poor of Christ" were being defrauded. This was more than the master of St. Cross could bear; he stood upon his dignity: "it was not the custom" to show the account-books, and he really must, with great respect, decline to furnish accounts. Now there were no Charity Commissioners in those times, so William of Wykeham became his own commissioner, and instituted a suit on behalf of the poor. The master fought like a Trojan for the spoil, battled the case in every court, and finally appealed to the Pope. The Bishop at last conquered, and the poor, the halt, and the blind received again their rightful portions. His tomb and painted effigy is quite perfect, and represents him as a fresh-faced benignant-looking man.

The prayers for the dead are no longer chanted for William of Wykeham, or for his parents, in yon triple-arched chantry, where his body rests; but his memory needs not the orisons of monks: Oxford and Winchester are his memorials, and Windsor's "proud keep" still suggests the name of its architect. He was not the head of any great intellectual or moral revolution, but he holds, nevertheless, a high place among the able and energetic men who quicken the life of nations and elevate the character of a people.

Another great man whose remains repose here was the celebrated Prince and Cardinal

Beaufort. His capped effigy is in the presbytery, in which he is represented as having a Norman nose and high, proud face. He was the brother of Henry IV, was Bishop of Lincoln and afterward of Winchester. His life was spent in political intrigues, and was often endangered. In 1431 he crowned Henry VI in Paris; his subsequent life was full of suspicion and hazard. He died in 1447. Shakspeare says of him, "He died and made no sign." The drama reflects the public sentiment of the time, which was unfavorable, though his reputation was somewhat redeemed by his late munificent charities.

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE CLOCKS.

ITALY is, emphatically, the land of romance, where the ideal is always, more or less, mixed up with the real, and imagination mingles largely with the substantial, beautifying and embellishing, till the most commonplace facts charm and attract an attention which the sterner truths of history could never obtain. The very air is imbued with the spirit of ancient mythology, and though "the fair humanities of old religion," and the fawns, the nymphs, and the dryads are banished from their ancient haunts, and live no longer in the faith of reason, the fancy and the poetry which created those forms of light, and beauty, and majesty still exist and lend their aid to the chronicler who tells the tales belonging to times long gone by, and mingles historic truth with poetic fiction.

But while history which, through its long and shadowy vista, gives us in dim perspective the grand outline and prominent objects of the generations that are past, narrating the march of armies, the conflict of battle, and the intrigues and pomps of courts, it is to the chronicler that we must look for the detail of living manners and individual exploit—the homely routine of cottage life, the revelry of the village hostel, or it may be some deed of individual daring beneath the pen of history to record. Although the interest of the grand movements and struggles which make the public transactions and politics of a nation is at all times very great, it does not include the whole charm of a representation of the past, and there is nothing more pleasant than to step aside into the "by-ways of history," and gather up those slight and, in themselves, comparatively insignificant passages in the lives of conspicuous men, which, wisely passed by at the period of their occurrence as not claiming more than such momentary notice than would fit them for subjects of

story or of song, and are yet to be found among the treasures of the chronicler. One of high literary authority has said "that there should always be some foundation of fact for the most airy fabric, and the fiction which is not woven on a web of fact must soon fall to pieces from its own want of consistency." If we will take the trouble to examine the records of the early annalists, and compare the many legends and traditions which, preserved in every country, serve to show what was the bearing of that nation's character in the days of which they tell, there will always be found an analogy with the historical record, and show that they are based on truth. It is such a legend we propose to relate—a tale of truth, and one that tells of the arbitrary power exercised by the Papal rule, which, absolute and supreme, knew neither bond nor restraint, but condemned to death at pleasure even kings and nobles for the slightest offense.

Pope Sixtus V, the most stern, perhaps, of all who have ever occupied the Papal chair, the son of a herdsman, was born in A. D. 1521, near Montalti. In very early life he, notwithstanding his lowly origin, was remarkable for his love of literature and firm character. He thus came under the notice of some influential persons, who assisted him and created facilities for his intellectual progress, which kindness he repaid by the rapid improvement he made in every branch of science, until at length he gained a wide-spread reputation as a great scholar. In addition to this he acquired a reputation for piety, and having, while still quite young, assumed the monk's cowl and become a member of the Franciscan Order, he soon rose to the position of Superior in the convent to which he belonged. By great plausibility, mingled, however, with great dignity of manner, he, while still in the bloom of life, was advanced to a higher post, and was created Cardinal Montalto. But at length the strictness of his rule, consistent life, and seeming austerity and sincerity of his piety, attracted the attention of the Holy See, and after the death of Paul V he was appointed to fill the important office of Grand Inquisitor. A man of unbounded ambition, and devoured by a love of rule, he at last found himself at the summit of his wishes when he was called to ascend and fill the Papal chair.

Cardinal Montalto assumed the tiara and Papal robes as Sixtus V, in which powerful situation he showed himself, although considered impartial as Pope and prince, barbarously exacting and severe. As sovereign Pontiff, he speedily threw off the disguise which

had enveloped his former life and shrouded the Cardinal Montalto from the public gaze. The wrinkles of the Franciscan monk were smoothed away from the now proud forehead; the piercing eyes, heretofore cautiously veiled by their downcast lids, began to cast glances defiant and haughty, and made the astonished conclave speedily know that in place of the docile instrument they expected they had elected an inflexible master. It has been said that "no one is *all evil*," and that some trait of man's original creation can be traced even in the worst specimen of humanity, and in exchanging the humility of Cardinal Montalto for the haughty and fearless demeanor which marked him as Pope Sixtus, it is allowed that although terribly severe, he was yet strictly just and impartial. He hurled his anathemas against the young King of Navarre, afterward Henry the Fourth, the beloved hero of France, as well as against Elizabeth of England, for the death of Mary Stuart. Besides being impartial he was very liberal, and he left great treasures to be used by his successors. Feared and admired, he was by no means beloved by the people, and his history soon became a prolific source of anecdotes and legends, which, whether related in the hall of the noble or told by the peasant in his cottage home, or the soldier beside his camp-fire, were listened to with equal interest.

At the time of his elevation to the Papal office many glaring abuses existed, which the new Pope determined to reform. It was the custom for the nobles, whether foreigners or natives, to be escorted whenever they went out by a numerous body of pages, valets, soldiers, and followers of all kinds, armed, like their masters, to the teeth. Sometimes a noble's "following" resembled an army rather than an escort, and it frequently happened that when two such parties met in a narrow street a violent struggle for precedence would take place, nay, blood be freely shed by those who had had no previous cause for quarrel. Hence came the warlike meaning—which it still retains—of the word *rencontre*. Sixtus V resolved to put down this practice, and an unusually fierce conflict having taken place on Easter day within the precincts of St. Peter's, he seized the opportunity as altogether suitable for his purpose.

On the morning after an official notice was posted on the city walls, prohibiting every noble, without exception, from being followed by more than twenty attendants. "Every one, also, of whatever degree, who should himself carry, or cause his people to carry, any sort of firearms—pocket pistols being especially forbidden—should thereby incur the penalty of death."

This notice, so arbitrary, occasioned much surprise. Pasquin uttered many merry jests, and the nobles laughed, but the stern fearlessness of the Cardinal Montalto was too well known for any one to dare to indulge in bravado until the following incident occurred. Just after the setting forth of the Pope's edict, Ranuccio Farnese, the only son of the Duke of Parma, who had in former days been a friend of the poor Franciscan friar, arrived in Rome. His first care was to wait on the new Pontiff, and being presented by his uncle, Cardinal Farnese, the young prince met with such a reception as was due to his rank and to his merit. Already his talents, courage, and uncommonly fine traits of character, gave promise of his becoming a worthy successor to his father, and the Roman nobles vied with each other in doing honor to the heir of one of the richest duchies in the peninsula.

On the evening after his arrival he was invited by Prince Cesarini to a magnificent banquet gotten up in his honor. Wine flowed freely, and amid the song and the dance, and the gay surroundings, the party abandoned themselves to enjoyment of mirth and jollity. Political cares and national topics were for a time forgotten, and not until the night waxed late, and a good many of the sober persons of the party had left, was there any conversation on public affairs. Then, however, the recent edict of his Holiness began to be freely discussed among the gay guests who remained, and, excited by the wine and wassail of the occasion, their opinions were uttered with a freedom their regular judgment would not have approved. Some laughed at it as being ridiculous, others pronounced it arbitrary, and as a savoring of tyrannical rule, and a few, among whom was Ranuccio, declared themselves ready to brave it openly. Next morning, however, when sleep had restored them to their sober senses, they all, with one exception, judged it expedient to forget their bravado. Ranuccio alone felt a strong desire to try conclusions with the Pope, whom he declared he could not regard as a cruel despot, and only intended to intimidate. He believed he had nothing to fear, for, although a feudatory of the Holy See, he was not a Roman, and he was a prince. Sixtus V was a wise man, and would probably think twice, as wise men always do in weighty matters, before touching a head that was almost crowned. Besides, youths of twenty love adventure, and the fearless and fame-loving Ranuccio knew that it is not every day the pleasure of putting a Pope in dilemma is to be enjoyed, anticipating the eclat of achieving a success-

ful enterprise, resolved to beard the lion in his den.

To accomplish this exploit Ranuccio went to the Vatican and asked an audience of His Holiness. It was immediately granted, and the prince, after having, according to the custom, knelt three times, managed adroitly to let fall, at the very feet of Sixtus, a pair of pistols loaded to the muzzle. Such audacity could not go unpunished. The haughty Pontiff, without a moment's hesitation, summoned his guards, and ordered them to arrest and convey to Fort St. Angelo the son of the Duke of Parma, who had just condemned himself to death. This was rather a high-handed measure. All who heard the order were astonished. War might be declared to-morrow; an outraged father might come, sword in hand, to demand the liberty of his son. But what did Sixtus care for that? He was too unfeeling in his nature and too absolute in his power to be affected by thoughts of a parent's grief, or dread the sufferings which a war would bring. He was resolved to restore not a beloved son, but a corpse.

The news spread like wildfire; so much audacity on one side, and so much cruel firmness on the other seemed almost incredible. Cardinal Farnese hastened to the Vatican, and falling at the feet of the Pope, with tears in his eyes pleaded for his nephew's life. "It was a boyish and thoughtless act and might deserve punishment, but not so severe a one as to suffer death. He begged his Holiness to consider the youth of the culprit, the previous and well-tryed loyalty of his father, who was then in Flanders fighting the battles of the Holy See—that Ranuccio had been but two days in Rome, of which he was not to be considered properly a subject, and might he not fairly be supposed to be ignorant of the new enactment. Then, too, he belonged to a powerful house, which it might not be prudent for even his Holiness to offend; and finally, he urged that he was closely related by blood to the late Pope, Paul III."

The Holy Father's reply was cruelly decisive. "The law," he said, "makes no distinction; a criminal is a criminal and nothing more. The vicegerent of God on earth, my justice like his must be impartial; nor dare I exercise clemency which would be nothing but weakness." There was nothing to be hoped for from this stern arbiter. The Cardinal bent his head as if in deep submission and retired. Besieged incessantly by fresh supplications from various influential quarters, the Pope sent for Monsignor Angeli, the Governor of Fort Angelo, to whom he gave imperative orders that precisely at

twenty-four o'clock—in Italy the hours are reckoned from one to twenty-four, commencing at sunset—that evening his illustrious prisoner's head should be struck off, and an end would be put to the importunity of which he declared he was weary.

The Governor returned to the castle and signified to Ranuccio that he had but two hours to live. The young man laughed in his face, and began to eat his supper. How could he bring himself to believe that he, the heir apparent of the Duke of Parma, who had only come to Rome as a visitor for a day or two, could be seriously menaced with death by an obscure monk, "whose only title to the pontificate seemed to have been his age and decrepitude." Yet speedily the threat seemed to him less worthy of derision, when he saw from his window a scaffold, bearing a hatchet and a block, in process of erection. But who can describe his dismay when his room was entered by a monk, who came to administer the last rites of the Church, followed by the executioner asking for his last orders!

Meantime Cardinal Farnese was not idle, and instead of giving way to despair, consulted with his friend Count Olivarez, Ambassador from the Court of Spain, and they resolved to attempt by stratagem that which had been refused to their prayers. A little more than two hours remained in which they could devise an expedient which would thwart the Pope in his purpose of iron despotism.

"Our only plan," said the Cardinal, "is to stop the striking of all the public clocks in Rome. I will attend to this part of the business, and in the mean time do you occupy Angeli's attention by conversation on public affairs."

His eminence possessed great influence in the city, and, moreover, the control of the public clocks belonged to his prerogative. At the appointed time, as if by magic, Time changed his usual noisy course into a silent flight. Two clocks, those of St. Peter and St. Angelo, were put back twenty minutes. Their proximity to the prison required this change, and the Cardinal's authority, as well as the cruelty of the sentence and unpopularity of the Papal edict, seemed the inviolable secrecy of every one concerned in the plot.

The execution was to be private; but Olivarez, in his quality of Ambassador was permitted to remain with the Governor, who was quite flattered with the views which the representative of the then powerful monarch of Spain, Philip II, held of the matter; he seemed fully to coincide with the Pope that law was absolute and

admitted of no distinction, whether the criminal was prince or peasant. While talking thus a single glance assured him that the clock was going right; that is to say, that it was going wrong. Watches were not common in those days, even among the nobility, and the Governor did not possess an article which is owned by almost every one in the present day, and is deemed indispensable.

No matter whether a public measure is popular or not, the love of excitement quickens the efforts of those who are concerned in it, and so it was on this occasion. Although there was a universal disapproval of the Pope's arbitrary sentence and its summary consummation, the inner court was already filled with soldiers, under arms, and monks, perhaps the only approvers, were chanting the solemn "*Dies Iræ*." Every thing was prepared save the victim.

Olivarez was with Angeli; he was a brave man, who, feeling as he did and knowing what he knew, could preserve his equanimity and exhibit a calmness so entirely at variance with the anxious feelings which at the present moment swayed his soul. With a request to be permitted to remain with the Governor during the performance of the dread ceremony, which was likely to be followed by serious consequence, and which was granted, he remained with Angeli, and a scene commenced, at once terrible and burlesque. The Ambassador, in order to gain time, began to converse on every subject imaginable; but although the Governor was most anxious to show courtesies to his distinguished guest, he would not listen; he was too much afraid of the master he served. "Your illustrious excellency will excuse me," said he. "At the first stroke of the clock of St. Peter's all will be over."

"I can not believe the Pope is in earnest," said Olivarez; "perhaps he only wishes to frighten the young fellow in order to give him a lesson, and may yet change his mind."

"It is not easy to tell what our sovereign master may do, but one thing is certain, and that is, that it is but seldom he changes his mind," was the reply of the terrible Angeli, as he walked impatiently up and down the room watching for the striking of the clock. He called; a soldier appeared. "Is all in readiness?" "It is all prepared, but the hour is not up." All was indeed prepared, the imprudent victim was now certain of his doom; the attendants, like their master, were only waiting for the first stroke of the clock.

"T is very strange," muttered the Governor; "it seems that the last hour is singularly long. I should have thought"—

"At least," interposed Olivarez, "in a case like this, if you feel that you must not delay, do not anticipate." And Monseigneur resumed his hasty walk between the door and window, listening for the fatal sound which the faithful clock still refused to utter.

Despite of the delay, however, the dreaded hour approached. Ten minutes more and the doom of the princely youth would be sealed.

Meanwhile the Cardinal repaired to the Pope. As he entered, Sixtus drew out his watch and his aged eyes sparkled with revengeful joy. On the testimony of that unerring time-piece the only son of the Duke of Parma was no longer among the living. "What seek you from me?" asked his Holiness.

"The body of my nephew, that I may convey it to Parma. At least let the unhappy boy repose in the tomb of his ancestors."

"Did he die like a Christian?" inquired the Pope.

"Like a saint," cried the Cardinal, trembling at a moment's delay. "Not only like a Christian, but like a saint," he repeated, while Sixtus traced the following words:

"We order our Governor of Fort St. Angelo to deliver up to his eminence the body of Ranuccio Farnese, son of the Duke of Parma." Having sealed it with the pontifical signet, he gave it to the Cardinal.

Arrived at the palace gates Farnese, agitated between hope and fear, hastened to demand an entrance. A profound silence reigned within, broken only by the distant notes of "De Profundis." What was the meaning of that solemn chant? He rushed toward the court. Was he indeed too late? Had his stratagem succeeded? One look and all would be decided. He raised his eyes—his nephew still lived, but with bared neck and fettered hands, he knelt beside the block between a priest and the executioner, faintly uttering the words of his last prayer. Suddenly the chanting ceased; but before any order could be given the Cardinal flew toward the Governor. Ere he could speak, however, his gestures and his countenance attracted the attention of all, and deceived by the expression of joy that marked the anguish of his heart the spectators believed him the bearer of tidings of mercy.

"A pardon! a pardon!" exclaimed Olivarez. The soldiers shouted, and the executioner began hastily to unloose the bonds that confined his victim, when a sign from Angeli made him pause. The Governor read and re-read the missive. "How is this?—I do not understand," he repeated in great embarrassment; "what can his Holiness mean? the criminal's name

would suffice. Why these words, '*The body off*'?"

"What stops you?" cried the Cardinal at that perilous moment, looking paler than his nephew, and almost forgetting that his well-acted part must be sustained a little longer.

"Read," cried the puzzled Governor, handing him the Pope's letter.

"Is that all?—that one little word? Can you linger when the life of a fellow-being is at stake?" said his eminence, forcing a smile and pointing to the clock. "Look at the hour, it wants more than four minutes of the time, and I received that paper from his Holiness more than a quarter of an hour since."

The Governor bowed; the argument was irresistible; the Pope's orders were to be obeyed in one case as well as in the other. Ranuccio was given up to his deliverers. A carriage with four fleet horses was in waiting outside the prison, and in a few moments the Cardinal and the young prince were galloping along the road to Parma. They had barely passed the city precincts when the clocks of Rome pealed forth in unison, as if rejoicing that by their judicious silence they had gained their right to triumph.

"It might be well," said one on reading this story, "if lawyers in our day would sometimes follow their example."

Monseigneur, as the chronicle relates, was rather astonished at the rapid flight of time after his prisoner's departure. He had previously wondered at the length of the hour before the execution, but the next one after seemed to him as strangely short as its predecessor was long. This phenomenon, due to the simple system of compensation, was ascribed by him to the peaceful state of his conscience. Although inflexible in the discharge of what he considered his duty, and living in great awe of his stern master, he was in reality a kind-hearted man, and felt sincere pleasure at what he honestly believed to be an act of clemency on the part of the Pope in pardoning Ranuccio, and certainly rejoiced in the youth's release.

On the next morning the Spanish Ambassador was the first to congratulate Sixtus V, with admirable *sang-froid*, on his truly pious clemency. Olivarez was only a diplomatist, but he played his part as well as if he had been a cardinal, and succeeded in making every one believe that he had been the dupe of his accomplice. He had good reason for so acting. His gloomy and bigoted master, Philip II, seldom jested, more especially when the subject of the joke was the infallible head of the Church; and he shrewdly suspected that the clocks of

Madrid might, in a similar case, prove less com-
plaisant than those of Rome.

Our chronicler does not tell us how the Pope
behaved on the occasion, but it is supposed that
he was not, upon the whole, greatly displeased
by the victim's escape, as he never noticed the
affair, and showed no resentment toward the
Cardinal Farnese, whom he never molested on
account of the shrewd trick he had played upon
him. Sagacious and prudent, he did not care
to provoke the ire of kings, and for the sake of
a thoughtless boy involve his subjects in a prof-
fitless war.

Poor Angeli was the only sufferer. Sixtus
would not be disappointed of a victim. For no
other crime than that of not wearing a watch
the Pope deprived him of his office, and impris-
oned him for some time in Fort Angelo. As to
Cardinal Farnese, although suffered to remain
unmolested, he did not altogether trust the
seeming calmness of the Pope, and dreading
that at some unexpected time he might be called
by his vindictive master to pay the penalty of
the deception by which he had outwitted and
brought him into ridicule, he renounced the
praises and congratulations of his friends at
Rome, and finding a pleasant home in the do-
minions of his brother, he prudently remained
an absentee from the pontifical realm.

A SIP ON PARNASSUS.

ONCE on a time—thus stories old
Always begin, as I am told—
I dreamed I stood on foreign strands,
And viewed the scenes of other lands.
The mellow landscape, bathed in dew,
The sunny skies of Greece I knew,
And vision, careless, strayed awhile
O'er meadows bright and river's smile;
O'er vine-clad hills and sighing seas,
And islands kissed by southern breeze,
While perfumed air, with myrtle laden,
Bore the sweet song of distant maiden.

Just then I saw a little mound,
Easy of access, smooth and round.
Some sickly spires of grass arrayed
Its sides, where many feet had strayed,
And from the top a muddy brook
Came stealing down with prosy look.
A few tall weeds adorned its head,
All grim and gray, and dried and dead.
Scarce marked I this, when from the plain
A man rushed forth intent to gain
The summit. Easily achieved!
But hardly shall I be believed—
He shouted forth in triumph loud—
"I'm on Parnassus, gaping crowd!
Let cynics sneer, let sages dream,

I drink Castalia's limpid stream."

Therewith he stooped and dipped it up,
Then drank from out his small tin-cup.

The "gaping crowd" had followed after,
And, some with shouts and some with laughter,
Were pressing on with willing care
His silly triumphing to share.
Upward they sprang with eager haste;
There's an old proverb, "Haste makes waste;"
And some—to tell I'm sorely pained—
The climax of their wishes gained,
Straight on the other side descended,
And there, of them, all knowledge ended.

As still I gazed, surprised, intent
To know what this strange pageant meant,
A low voice said with gentle grace,
"Wouldst see the true Parnassus' face?"

Then straight I saw its snow-crowned tower,
A glorious temple, robed in power,
Not in the garish glow of noon,
But by the solemn-lighting moon.
And dark-browed cliff and white-capped spire
Gleamed forth beneath her pallid fire.
The faint night-breeze upon the plain
Scarce stirred the plummy palms again;
But rippling silvery from the mount,
I heard the pure Castalian fount.

I raise my eyes still higher, higher
Till, far above the moon's cold fire,
Bright, glistening forms and radiant things
Cast golden sparkles from their wings.
I see beyond the weary height
A spirit-band in robes of light,
While soft upon the silent breeze
A murmur steals among the trees,
And through the liquid air there floats
The melody of thrilling notes;
Now pure and golden, clear and strong,
Still swells the harmony along.

No sound is heard of wail or moan;
Their strifes are o'er, their victory won.
The souls that genius found so true
To wake each nobler aim anew—
To sway each pulse with quivering breath—
Not these, not these, are meant for death.

The last faint echoing notes dropped down
As leaflets from a flowery crown;
And gathering storm-clouds filled the vale,
Sweeping away the moonbeams pale.

I woke. And now some good advice,
But seasoned carefully with spice:
Because, forsooth, two lines you've rhymed,
Think not Parnassus you have climbed.
Be sure you're on the very mount,
And drinking of the genuine fount.
And, patience! there's a maxim old
That's always worth its weight in gold:
If throwing stones is your sweet pleasure,
Indulge alone with boundless measure,
But if you mingle with the mass,
Be sure your house is not of glass.

GALILEO.*

AT Pisa, on the 18th of February, 1564, of poor but honorable parents, was born the illustrious Galileo. His father intended him, at first, to become a trader in wool, but the boy showed indications of such remarkable talent that the best instruction which the father's limited means could secure was at once provided, and gladly received by the youthful Galileo. His father early taught him the practice and theory of music, and he became very proficient, especially on the lute, to which he had a tender attachment during his whole life. He also evinced considerable skill and talent in painting, and had he devoted himself to the study and practice of this art he would no doubt have gained a great reputation. Before he had reached his eighteenth year he had become well acquainted with Greek and Latin, and had commenced the study of medicine at the University of Pisa. Here he studied Plato and Aristotle at every opportunity, and made his first discovery of the pendulum by observing the oscillations of a swinging lamp. Pursuing this principle, he invented an instrument for accurately marking the variations of the pulse, which took the name of *pulsilogia*, and soon became of general use.

Galileo, contrary to the hopes of his father, had a predilection for mathematics, and for some time pursued the study surreptitiously. He made rapid and almost incredible progress under the tutelage of one who quickly saw that the boy had extraordinary talents. His father was finally persuaded to withdraw his opposition, to the infinite delight of Galileo, who had in the mean time advanced as far in Euclid as the forty-seventh proposition. In 1586 his first work on the Hydrostatic Balance was published, and he soon became known as a bold and fearless inquirer, and formed the acquaintance of eminent scientific men, many of whom he corresponded with. Among the friends he made at this time was Ferdinand I, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who ever remained Galileo's most faithful friend and counselor.

The Grand Duke was so much impressed with Galileo's strength of mind and his modest gentlemanly deportment, that he appointed him Mathematical Professor at Pisa, with a salary of sixty crowns yearly, which at that time was thought to be a good stipend for the position, as that branch of learning was but very little cultivated. Soon after this appointment he was chosen to lecture on the "Inferno" of Dante,

at the Academy of Florence. Considering the high reputation in which Dante was held, the choice reflected great honor on the attainments of the young professor.

Galileo, it was known, was opposed to the Aristotelian theory, and as the professors and leading men at Pisa were staunch supporters of this philosophy, they looked upon him with no very good degree of favor. Here it was, at the famous leaning tower, that Galileo triumphantly demonstrated the falsity of the theory of Aristotle respecting the resistance of the air to falling bodies. The Peripatetics of Pisa could not brook the ocular proof Galileo gave them of the failure of their loved theory, and, taking the unfavorable manifestations that were made toward him as a warning, Galileo resigned his professorship, and obtained a similar position at Padua, where he was warmly welcomed, and voted a stipend of one hundred and forty-four crowns yearly.

Under the most auspicious circumstances he delivered his inaugural address on the 7th of December, 1592. At this time he made the acquaintance of the renowned Kepler. Galileo now entered upon a very active life, delivering lectures to overflowing audiences, and publishing numerous pamphlets, which were scattered throughout all Europe. During the present decade he turned his attention more fully to the manufacture of scientific instruments, and in 1599 employed a workman at his own house. His geometrical and military compass he manufactured largely, and accompanied it with printed explanations of its use.

In 1591 Galileo's father had died, and since that period the care of the family had devolved upon him alone. This indeed was a heavy burden, for he had to provide from his own pocket for the dowry of his two sisters, and to start his brother, Michael Angelo, in life. His brother proved to be very ungrateful through all his life for the favor he received from the kind-hearted Galileo, and instead of sharing in the support of the family, and in providing the dowry of his two sisters, he drew largely on his brother's generosity.

It was probably about the year 1602 that Galileo invented the thermometer. It appears very probable, however, that three men invented this instrument without either knowing of the other's invention. Galileo, Sagredo, and Drebbel were the persons, and from the description of their instruments it is more than likely that they were thermoscope and baroscope combined. Fludd was said to have invented a similar instrument several years later, which did not differ materially from Galileo.

*The Private Life of Galileo. Boston: Nichols & Noyes.

Now we come to the most famous invention of the great philosopher. In 1609 Galileo invented the telescope, and published his discovery. Soon as it became known that he had thus distinguished himself a fierce dispute was raised, and efforts were made to detract from the honor that was pouring in upon him, by asserting that the invention belonged to others by priority of discovery, and not to Galileo. Immediately upon his discovery Galileo wrote to his brother-in-law, Landucci, as follows:

"About two months ago there was a report spread here that in Flanders some one had presented to Count Maurice (of Nassau) a glass,* manufactured in such a way as to make distant objects appear very near, so that a man at the distance of two miles could be clearly seen. This seemed to me so marvelous that I began to think about it; as it appeared to me to have a foundation in the science of perspective, I set about thinking how to make it, and at length I found out, and have succeeded so well that the one I have made is far superior to the Dutch telescope. The effect of this instrument is to show an object at a distance of say fifty miles, as if it were but five miles off."

The Senate of Padua were so well pleased with this great discovery that their enthusiasm for Galileo scarcely knew any bounds. Without one dissentient voice he was elected to a life professorship in the University, with a salary of one thousand florins yearly. He went on and made some further improvements in the telescope, and in 1610 discovered the satellites of Jupiter. He also determined the nature of the Milky Way, and made some observation of the moon's surface. He soon published tracts describing his discoveries, which were run through the second edition almost immediately. He had manufactured more than one hundred telescopes, and presented the best of them to princes and monarchs of Spain, France, Austria, and other countries. He delivered lectures on the satellites he had discovered to immense audiences, convincing many of the truth of his theory. Some, however, contended that the satellites did not and could not exist, "because the heavens were unchangeable." The logic of this is very obvious to any one. It is indeed wonderful to note the amount of labor Galileo was capable of performing. He was always employed, and his labors often extended far into the hours when he should have been taking rest in sleep.

In 1610 he discovered Saturn's ring, and also noted the phases of Venus, which discovery he

regarded of the utmost importance as establishing the truth or falsity of the Copernican system. In the Autumn of the present year, feeling an uncontrollable longing to see Florence, he left Padua. The Grand Duke, anxious to show his love for Galileo, offered him a choice of any of the grand ducal villas in the vicinity of Florence, and in 1611, at his own expense, sent him to Rome to show his discoveries. Here he established his apparatus in the gardens of the Quirinal, and displayed his celestial novelties to Cardinals and Monsignori, who, of course, were profoundly interested in what was revealed to their astonished gaze.

In 1613 the monks and Jesuits, who had been most strenuous in their opposition to the doctrine of Copernicus, revived their hostility and preached against it, although they were so ignorant as not to be able to comprehend either argument. Some of them did not even know who Copernicus was, but styled him "this Ipernico, or whatever his name may be." With this contemptible ignorance Galileo had to combat. Many of those who inveighed against Galileo and the Copernican doctrine in the pulpit, afterward admitted that they knew nothing of either, and only did it "to have something to say."

All this time, however, Galileo's enemies were busy circulating false reports of him, and misrepresenting him at the Holy Office at Rome, so that Galileo deemed it necessary to go to Rome to defend his position and the Copernican doctrine. While there the decree of the Congregation of the Index was promulgated, prohibiting the publishing of any books discussing the Copernican doctrine. This was a sad blow to Galileo, as it prohibited his discussing the favorite doctrine. While at Rome he had an interview with the Pope, but gained little satisfaction, and returned to Florence with indifferent health and in low spirits.

In 1622 Galileo published "Saggiatore" in reply to a work by Grassi on the "Astronomical Balance." In the mean time the Pope had died, and one of the cardinals, who had been very friendly to Galileo, was elevated to the tiara. From this Galileo derived much hope. After a long period of illness Galileo set out to visit Rome on the Easter of 1624. He remained about two months at Rome, during which time he had six interviews with the new Pope, who seemed very glad to welcome him, and gave him several marks of his esteem.

In 1630 Galileo finished a work—the greatest of his life—the foundation of which had long been laid, and endeavored to obtain license to print it. The "Dialogue" discusses the Coper-

* "Occeleiale, eye-glass; spectacles in the plural."

nican and the Ptolemaic theories, and was destined to cause its author much trouble. In 1632 the work appeared, bearing the following title, as ordered by the Pope: "Dialogue by Galileo Galilei, Mathematician Extraordinary of the University of Pisa, and Principal Mathematician and Philosopher of the Most Serene Grand Duke of Tuscany, in which, in a conference lasting four days, the two principal systems of the world are set forth, proposing indeterminedly the argument on both sides." The preface was in substance written by the Pope and imposed upon Galileo, who was forced to submit to it in order to get authority for its publication. Copies of the book were soon circulated all over Italy, and it went into the Papal court at Rome amid immense applause.

Galileo was now much elated. He congratulated himself that his argument had convinced and silenced his enemies, and he looked forward with a lively hope to the prospect of still more boldly presenting his views and new discoveries, and of enjoying the peace and happiness of a green old age. His busy brain was at once filled with great schemes, and he entered upon his field of labors with a glad heart and grateful spirit. Alas! he knew not what awaited him. His ignorant and unprincipled enemies were secretly plotting for his ruin, and embraced every opportunity of poisoning the mind of the Pope and the Cardinals against the theory of the "Dialogue," denouncing the doctrine as heretical. As the effect of this, an order was shortly issued from the Holy Office for the sequestration of the book, and preparations were making at Rome to bring its author before the dreaded Inquisition. Galileo had warm friends among the dignitaries at Rome, one of whom was Niccolini, the Tuscan Ambassador, who used his utmost influence with the Pope to induce him to spare Galileo a journey to Rome, as he had now become aged and infirm, and it was feared that so long a journey would kill him. All efforts, however, were unavailing with the Pope, who became greatly enraged at what he deemed Galileo's fool-hardiness in discussing heretical doctrines. The interpretation of the Scriptures was only committed to the Sacred Congregation, and they had decided that the theory that the sun was the center of the universe and stood still, and that the earth moved, was contrary to Holy Writ. Consequently any one promulgating such opinions was considered a heretic and punished accordingly.

An order for Galileo to appear at Rome and answer the charges brought against him before the Sacred Congregation, was formally issued

October 1, 1632. Owing to his extreme weakness, having scarcely risen from a bed of sickness, he was allowed until the 19th of November to prepare for the journey, at which time he was peremptorily cited to present himself before the dread tribunal. He did not start, however, until the 20th of January, 1633. After a very tiresome journey, he arrived at Rome on the 15th of February.

His first examination took place on April 12th. At this time he was only asked if he knew why he had been summoned, and answering in the affirmative, he was remanded to his honorary imprisonment in the house of his friend Niccolini, the Tuscan Ambassador. As an especial favor to the old man he had not been imprisoned in the Holy Office, as was the usual custom; but even this concession was only made through the tireless efforts of Galileo's friend in interceding for him. But still he was a prisoner of the Inquisition. How this must have chafed this great man's proud spirit! He knew he had done nothing worthy of the treatment he received, and he knew that the men who were to decide upon the doctrine of his book had not one tithe of the talent and intelligence of himself. His mind was so far above that of the men who were to try him, and of the enraged Pope, as the sun is brighter and more glorious than the pole-star. But he could do nothing but submit.

On the 30th of April his second examination took place, and he was allowed the privilege of an explanation. At the close of this examination Galileo, who had been confined in the Holy Office since his first examination, was permitted again to be the guest of Niccolini. He appeared before the Inquisition for the third time on May 10th, and was allowed eight days for his defense. It is said he made a very touching appeal for the mercy of the tribunal, but it did not avail to secure his acquittal. The Inquisition pronounced against him. In the following month he received his sentence, a part of which runs as follows:

"We say, pronounce, sentence, and declare, that thou, the said Galileo, by the things deduced during this trial, and by thee confessed as above, hast rendered thyself vehemently suspected of heresy by the Holy Office; that is, of having believed and held a doctrine which is false and contrary to the Holy Scriptures, to-wit: that the sun is the center of the universe, and that it does not move from east to west, and that the earth moves and is not the center of the universe; and that an opinion may be held and defended as probable after having been declared and defined as contrary to Holy Scrip-

ture; and in consequence thou hast incurred all the censures and penalties of the Sacred Canons, and other decrees, both general and particular, against such offenders imposed and promulgated. From the which we are content that thou shouldst be absolved if, first of all, with a sincere heart and unfeigned faith, thou dost *before* us abjure, curse, and detest the above-mentioned error and heresy contrary to the Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church, after the manner that we shall require of thee.

"And to the end that this thy grave error and transgression remain not entirely unpunished, and that thou mayest be more cautious for the future, and an example to others to abstain from and avoid similar offenses, we order that by a public edict the book of 'Dialogues of Galileo Galilei' be prohibited, and we condemn thee to the prison of this Holy Office during our will and pleasure; and as a salutary penance we enjoin thee that for the space of three years thou shalt recite once a week the seven Penitential Psalms, reserving to ourselves the faculty of moderating, changing, or taking from all or part of the above-mentioned pains and penalties."

Galileo received the sentence upon his knees, and recited the abjuration which the Pope had prepared for him. He was then compelled to subscribe to the most solemn oaths and retract all that he had ever said, or written, or held as an opinion on the Copernican system. How can we imagine the feelings of the old philosopher, who was a lover of truth, kneeling before the Inquisition and committing a fearful perjury! The agonies of a life-time were centered in that hour when his lips uttered the retraction of an opinion to which his heart through all his life had been wedded. It was the system upon which he had made discoveries that were to make his name honored and remembered through all time. On rising from his knees, after the abjuration, it is said that he muttered "*Eppure si muove*"—"It does move, though." If it be uncertain that his lips uttered this familiar quotation—and it is more than probable that he would not dare to speak it aloud in defiance to the Inquisition—it was undoubtedly the language of his heart.

Galileo was now about three-score and ten, and having all his life been weighed down by troubles, and sorrows, and ill health, it was expected he would soon sink into his last resting-place. But he was yet to live to make new discoveries and to have other and grievous afflictions. In 1637 he discovered the moon's librations. In the following year he was stricken with total blindness. He wrote sadly to a friend

that "this heaven, this earth, this universe, which I by my marvelous discoveries and clear demonstration had enlarged a hundred thousand times beyond the belief of the wise men of by-gone ages, henceforward for me is shrunk into such a small space as is filled by my own bodily sensations." He could say with Milton:

"Ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off and, for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and raz'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out."

The last work Galileo ever wrote was two chapters of "Dialogues on Motion." On the 8th of January, 1642, he closed his checkered life of toil, pains, sorrows, afflictions, and sometimes pleasures, and peaceably entered upon a life of immortality. In 1737 a monument was erected on the spot where his body lay mingling its ashes with the earth, but during life he had erected a more lasting monument, and had carved his name in more enduring characters than inscriptions on tablets of brass or stone. He had traced his name upon the pages of the universe.

HOT WEATHER IN THE COUNTRY.

FOR the dewy shadows of a terebinth-tree! I never saw Palestine, and consequently never rode forth from the Jaffa Gate, on the northern side of Jerusalem. But a short distance without the walls there is a magnificent terebinth-tree, with which I am familiar. May no vandal arm be raised against it, until, poised on wing, (if it please God to give me wings in the better life,) I can gaze down into its odoriferous branches!

My terebinth-tree is cool and refreshing for the mind's eye to look upon in this brazen weather, though perhaps the haze of several thousand miles, intensified by some ignorant uncertainties as to the minor details of my foreign love, may cause it to appear more dark with bosky glooms than it seems to the loiterers near the Jaffa Gate. However, there it stands, "a thing of beauty," through the long, hot, Eastern Summer, under the violet and purple clouds of morning, under the yellow glare of noon, and in the crimson glory of the evening sky. Bayard Taylor, who, years ago, on a perfect May-day, saw this particular tree of mine, tells us that "it appears to be bathed in a perpetual dew." O, thanks to the artist-traveler! I can see it now—a great, moist, green-roofed bower, with birds dwelling in the shadowy crooks, and thick, mossy grass beneath, and a damp, fragrant breeze whispering through the

branches. At least, that is the way it *ought* to be.

Here, alas! is no terebinth. The foliage of all the trees is dimmed with dust; a fog, which looks like distant fire-lighted smoke, hides the landview; the lake is blotted out; the birds sing drowsily, although it is not yet nine o'clock in the morning; the yellow, mown fields have crisped in the heat; the gardens are withered; the newly-set trees and shrubs are dying, and still the earth cries in vain for rain! rain!

Warm? Not yet. It is too early, and the atmosphere is too thick. We country people know how it will be. A few hot pants will stir in the air, which daft persons call a "breeze." It will sweep the land and lake; the fog will lift; the sky will clear; the thermometer will stand at ninety-five degrees in the shade; the broad surface of the water will welter and glow like melting silver; the sun will roll over the sky like a hesitating ball of fire—a ball of fire millions of miles round, and directly over our heads. How the fields will shrink under it! The corn will curl its long, green ribbons; the birds will bide in the thickest coverts of the motionless trees; silly, calculating folks will chance upon the roads, and ride in clouds, fold on fold, like young Phaeton in the old time; servants will drone wearily in the hot kitchen; paterfamilias will retreat, fairly vanquished, from his swathy fields to his cooler study, and materfamilias will take a long siesta.

This is one phase of Summer country life. It is a good, pure burning, like an old heathen holocaust. After it how *clean* we are! The city knows nothing like it. When the sun "looks upon you" it acts like a fever upon boils and festers. It only seethes and awakes, but can not aerify or dry up the impurities. The city smells worse, looks worse for it; it is fouler where it was foul; the loathsome leprosy which was in the skin strikes into the flesh.

But with us how different! Have you never reflected upon the wholesomeness of intense heat to the country? It is like the passing of gold through the fire—it refines and purifies. Harmful accumulations of vegetable and other moistures are drawn up or scattered and filtered away; poisons decompose and exhale. Why, all the wide ditches down on the great marsh are dry and clean—the powerful agency of heat has not only emptied but cleansed them, and even the green, slimy, disgusting pool near Farmer Thriftless' barn-yard has disappeared.

Now let the rain come! The earth will yield her aromas—fragrance of all grasses and young sprouting clover, goodly smell of fruit and forest leaves, delightful odors from wild

shrubs and straggling fence bushes, and a strange, mingled, pleasant breath from herbs. Even the low-growing weeds send up a faint perfume. And why not? All things have been held to the crucible and are cleansed.

True, one does not overmuch like to study or exercise during this purifying and evaporating process. In your tall city houses, which stand half in each other's shadows, you know little of such weather. What a tremendous heat comes down out of this radiant, blinding sky upon our low roof! The most stubborn-headed poet could not get inspiration for the dullest Alexandrine if put in the hot air of our attic, and I grant that if you live on a clean street, and keep off the deathly pavements, you may make better shift than we during the middle of a dog-day. But "the evening and the morning" are *our* day. When the round, red sun dips in the lake, and a cool, refreshing breeze springs up, we go forth—forth to pass the "pleasant eventide" in watching and enjoying, much as Christina Rossetti does in one of her charming scenic poems which she calls "Twilight Calm."

Of what does Nature speak? Of the beauty and nature of Peace. It is every-where. In the garden, among the late Summer lilies, which shake their fair, heavenly bells to the gentle breath of the gloaming; out on the lawn, smooth, but flecked and broken by the moving shadows of trees; in the trees themselves, which sway and pause in a holy calm; down in the broad, flat meadows; out in the yellow, close-shorn fields, where so lately the tall grain waved and rustled. "Peace! peace!"—this is the low voice calling every-where. "Peace! peace! O wrangling sons and daughters of men. Behold my rest! Fierce storms by Winter or heats by Summer rob me not of my hours of peace. They go and come. I keep them in shade and sun, in cold and warmth, ever so many—ever so true to the spirit of Peace." Thus nature reposes and *survives*. Hurrying; anxious, toiling man and woman, wilt thou learn no lesson from her? But the dews fall; the sky which bends above like a benediction is sprinkled with stars, and

"— evening now is done
As much as if the sun,
Day-giving, had arisen in the East:
For night is come."

Morning is still more beautiful. If we rise before dawn we find the same hush of peace. A little later, perhaps but a few minutes, and all is changed.

"The great calm has ceased;"
the gray light turns white; long lines of color reach along the eastern horizon; a delicate rose

tints the upper sky; purple, and golden, and crimson clouds roll out and up from the sun's low pavilion; suddenly the trees awake; a gush of song stirs the air, and hundreds of birds are on the wing, for the morning, the beautiful morning has arisen.

This is my "ideal" hour for study, and, if I stay within doors, I make rapid progress, for the atmosphere is cool and bracing—but no, I will bring my chair and camp-table, and sit on the long veranda facing the sun. I foolishly imagine every time I do this that I will eke out a sound, hard morning's work. Here is the article that I began yesterday on the Extravagance of *Men in Dress*. Let me see—Paris is the dandy, *per se*, of the Iliad, and the Right Hon. Ed. de Vere accomplished an expedition into Italy several centuries ago, and returned to England, bringing "gloves, sweete bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleasant things." Stupid!—what a lovely blue-bird! and do you see those three fat robins eating the last black cherries on the tree near me? But I forget. I really must "study." Here in the Independent is something from Lydia Maria Child that will be excellent to quote, about the dress of that spendthrift, Earl of Leicester, when he went with Queen Elizabeth to Shenilworth Castle. He wore white velvet, slashed to show the silver lining beneath, and he was embroidered generally with gold, silver, and pearls. How atrocious for men so constantly to find fault with us for our little extravagances! Again: "Sir John Arundel is said to have had fifty-two complete suits of cloth of gold;" which reminds me of something equally to the point in Disraeli, vol. i, page—dear reader, do you suppose that I can run my finger and eye down that long "list of subjects" in the "Curiosities" while that Baltimore oriole yonder is pouring out his soul in such a clear, ringing, revelry of song, and in full sight, too, swinging like a flame on the maple bough? Full heartily I believe that no man of ancient, or of mediæval, or of modern time was ever arrayed like one of these. Ah, let go books, and authors, and "reflections," and extracts, while we walk abroad together in the dewless grass, and yield to the charmed influences of this hour! Even the little wrens and ground-birds know better than to chirup and hop by rule in the morning. What an *abandon* to the sole delight of living is every motion!

What a joy to think that all "the desolate places of the earth" are radiant and pleasant in a clear Summer morning! All the great monotonous stretches of sand scattered through the whole world; all the grassy, undulating wil-

dernesses of Syria, and the vast steppes of Asia; wide, tropical champains, and lonely, flat lagoons are not dreary or sad during a few minutes of each sunny day. God is kind to the earth.

And here, in this season of warmth and ripeness, the rising of the morning is like the personal advent of a beneficent and glorious God. All things awaken and all things rejoice—birds, and flowers, and leaves of trees, insects, and wild, helpless creatures, and tame cattle. Standing humbly amid the beauty and life, a voice beloved in childhood floats to us out of the past—the gentle voice of Mrs. Barbauld:

"Lift up thine eyes, child of earth, for God has given thee a glimpse of heaven. . . . O Nature! beautiful Nature! beloved child of God! . . . The eternal image of his perfections; his own beauty is spread over thee; the light of his countenance is shed upon thee. *It is a pleasant thing to be alive.*"

We can also see stout-hearted Martin Luther walking along the dusty Leipsic road, brodered with vast grain-covered plains, and hear him exclaim as he lifts his thoughts to God, "With Thee all is miracle. Thy voice brings out of the earth and even out of the arid sand those plants and those beauteous ears of wheat which gladden our sight."

Looking round again upon all the beauty, an inward voice refrains, "It is a pleasant thing to be alive."

When Milton pictured the innocent life of his "merry man," he justly found most of his pleasures in the country. There, *early in the morning*, Mirth looked in at the rustic window, wreathed with

"—— the sweet-brier or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine,
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin;"

and straightway the cheerful L'Allegro rose up and went forth

"To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing, startle the dull night:"

to see, far round, when the dawn broke,

"Russet lawns and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide."

But the sun climbs higher; the fog begins to break down by the blue rim of Ontario; the grasshopper's song is more continuous, the bird's less frequent; the cattle are seeking the shade; the heat is coming down in great, steady waves. To-day shall be like yesterday.

SENTIMENT IN ANIMALS.

NOTHING can well more deeply interest rational minds than the evidence of the existence, in the heart of brutes, of those self-same sentiments which are supposed more particularly to characterize human beings. Evidence of intelligence in animals is always noted with peculiar interest, as throwing light upon the nature of that wonderful and mysterious instinct that constitutes their wisdom, and, moreover, as affording a palpable and startling approach, on their part, to the nature and attributes of man. But, unless I am mistaken, the exhibition of sentiment in animals exalts them in the scale of being, and invests them with a human interest to a far greater extent than does the manifestation of mere intelligence.

And what sentiment, indeed, is there that does not seem to penetrate, to some extent, at least, the heart of the dumb beast. Take, for example, the sentiment of pity, of disinterested sympathy. And how many examples are there on record of dogs sacrificing their life to save that not only of their master but also of strangers, when in danger of drowning or of being overwhelmed in the snow. But the exhibition of this sentiment of kindness and pity on the part of irrational creatures becomes especially interesting and remarkable when it takes place entirely among themselves. The following incident, furnished by a home missionary in Virginia, illustrates my point:

"Not far from thirty years since I was walking from Auburn, New York, to an adjacent neighborhood. Passing a farm-house I noticed that several children were in trouble. I asked, 'What is the matter?' Several voices answered, '*A little duck is in the well!*'"

"Children from two or three neighboring families were visiting the children at that home. The parents of the visited children were absent. Many of us remember how sadly we felt when any trouble came in the absence of our parents, when the responsibility rested on us to report, 'All is well,' and then we sympathize with those perplexed little ones. Their visitors fully shared in the trouble. The well was without a curb. I fastened a tin pail on a pole, and made efforts to rescue the duck. The little creature would hide itself between the stones. She could not understand how friendly were my designs—she was as blind to them as we are to many benevolent aims of Divine Providence. For near half an hour, or quite, the frightened duck escaped me. During all this time the mother duck hovered about in great agony. Her mournful noises distressed my soul. All the other ducks

manifested toward her 'the sentiment of pity.' The geese, the hens, and the turkeys, including all their broods, joined in the general chorus of grief. '*Perseverantia omnia vincit*'—perseverance conquers all things; the almost frozen duck was rescued. O, what joy! All the feathered throng which had mourned in concert, now in greeting concert rejoiced. The happy children said, 'Thank you.' The mother duck said, 'Quack, quack;' she meant, 'Thank you, thank you.'"

A still more remarkable incident, illustrative of the sentiment of pity among animals, is related by M. de Farade in his work on the education of the dog:

"Two children, of the ages of twelve and fifteen—the age with little pity—came to a part of the Seine level with the Rue de la Grande Arche, to drown a poor and blind dog, half dead with hunger and old age. He had become useless as a servant, and they were about to dismiss him, to spare him the sufferings of desertion and hunger! What could be more reasonable? Is it not thus that domestic animals are generally treated when they become good for nothing? It was with malicious pleasure and cruel joy that these children had thrown the poor animal into the midst of the waves. Not content with this, the little murderers pelted their victim with a shower of stones. His piteous howlings and cries of despair, far from moving their compassion, only excited their cruel mirth. By low moaning at intervals, they learned to their great satisfaction that the poor dog was wounded by their missiles.

"'I was about to close my window,' says M. Guine, 'so as to shut out this painful sight—amusing, no doubt, to the idle and worthless, though much opposed to the usually humane character of the Parisians—when suddenly I heard loud shouts and great clapping of hands from the mob who were diverting themselves with this brutal spectacle. I looked and perceived, with some surprise, my dog Valliant, who, attracted by the mournful cries of one of his own species, had jumped into the river and was swimming toward him. He went through the water with almost incredible activity. His joyful cries, and the direction he was taking, at once convinced me of the animal's intentions—Valliant was hastening to the rescue!

"'The poor blind dog, guessing that unexpected help was at hand, seemed to renew his efforts for life. A few more struggles brought him to Valliant. The latter, well knowing the danger of the task he had undertaken, raised his hind quarters in such a manner that the poor drowning beast could cling securely with

his front paws, without interfering too much with his own movements. He then began to swim vigorously toward the shore. His efforts were crowned with success. In a few moments he was on *terra firma*, proudly shaking his fine coat, while his companion fell exhausted at his side. My dog's devotion, however, did not stop there. The children, who had not reckoned upon this unexpected rescue, and who still wished to indulge themselves with the spectacle of a drowning dog, tried to drive him away with a stick, but, in approaching him, they were so terrified by the sight of his flashing eyes, and the two rows of formidable white teeth which he displayed in his fury, that they were forced to renounce their intention, and retrace their steps. This action on the part of Valliant did not surprise me much, because he is an affectionate animal, as well as very intelligent; but the spectators, who did not know him so well as I, loaded him with so many caresses that I feared he would adopt the same means to get rid of their importunities that he had taken to drive away the two boys. I, therefore, put an end to the general enthusiasm, and preserved the calves of the most eager from the marks of his teeth by calling Valliant to me. For the first time, I may say, the docile animal refused to obey my call. I soon comprehended his motive; he was not willing to leave his *protégé* to the mercy of his enemies. At my request one of the mob took the poor blind dog on his shoulder, it being still too weak to drag itself along, and carried it to my dog's bed. It was only on this condition that the latter could be induced to steal away from the ovation of the crowd in order to pay his guest the honors of the kennel."

Instances are on record of the horse, and even the elephant's exerting himself to the very utmost of his strength for the sake of affording relief to some companion in trouble. But our space will admit of our giving but one more illustration of this part of our subject. This one is contributed by Professor C. De La Verney to a late number of the Christian Union. He says:

"Some years ago I took a great fancy to the study of ornithology. I had, for this purpose, a cage in which I kept various species of singing-birds. Having once taken some linnets out of their nests, together with their father and mother, I put them all in the cage expecting the old birds would continue to feed their young as before. The loss of their liberty, however, made them forget their offspring, and they only thought of struggling against the wires to find some means of escape. Although the little ones followed them wherever they went, the

parents seemed to pay no attention to their craving for food. I was in the mean time watching them attentively, wishing to know whether the parents, once tired of struggling, would satisfy the appetites of their young. My patience, however, was nearly overcome, and I was already thinking of separating the linnets from the old ones to feed them myself, when I saw one of these young birds apply to a male robin which I had kept for some time in the cage. If you had seen this little creature flapping his wings and opening his little beak in sign of hunger and distress, you could hardly have resisted the desire of satisfying his wants. But the robin scarcely paid any attention to him. A few moments later, however, the same action was repeated, and the bird, pressed with hunger, returned more urgently toward the robin, who stopped and stretched himself up, as if to ask what the intruder wanted. The little hungry fellow, extending his neck, flapping his wings, opening his mouth, and uttering the usual beseeching voice peculiar to his kind, continued to express his great sufferings for food. The robin looked so stiff and fierce in his erect position, that I began to fear he might kill him; but to my great surprise and admiration, I saw this beautiful and majestic bird turn upon his feet, go to the cup which held the feed, fill his mouth with it, and returning to the poor linnet that had so eagerly beseeched his charitable assistance, disgorge in his mouth all the seed he had just been taking.

"This act of kindness and pity from a stranger to its species soon brought the four other young linnets toward the generous robin, who took care of them all, and thenceforward supplied them with as much solicitude as if he had been their true father."

In concluding his very interesting narrative Professor De La Verney very appropriately observes:

"Such acts, when performed by animals, ought to be so much more admired, as they are wholly free from any present or prospective reward. Many a man, no doubt, helps the poor with an idea of being remunerated either in this world or the world to come. The Almighty in his unspeakable kindness has not more forgotten the smallest of his creatures than he has man. He has furnished them all with every attribute necessary to the enjoyment of their lives and the preservation of their species. As surprising as the acts of kindness and pity above spoken may appear to us, when performed by 'inferior' animals, they ought to serve as examples of disinterestedness worthy to be imitated."

Another sentiment very powerfully developed in some animals and to a greater or less extent, as is well known in all, is that of parental solicitude and devotion. I do not think I shall ever forget the story contained in one of the school-readers of my boyhood, of a white bear of the polar regions, that, after her cubs had, one after another, been shot dead around her, at length fell herself, moaning and still licking the wounds of her dead—a spectacle surely enough to move a heart of adamant to pity and to admiration.

Henry Ward Beecher, in his own inimitable way, thus describes a touching exhibition of this same parental instinct in birds:

"I was at work among my grape-vines, when my attention was attracted by two robins that were making a great racket. I was sure by their actions that they had young ones, that they thought to be in danger. And I said, 'Why, you old fools! I won't hurt you nor your little birds.' Just then I heard a noise that I recognized, and I said, 'The cat is here.' And sure enough, looking down, I saw the cat curled up under the trellis. It was the sight of him that had set the birds all agog. 'What is he doing here?' I asked. He had no business there—and all the more, because I had just written an article saying that my cats had been so brought up that I did not believe any of them hunted birds! In my indignation I seized him by the neck, and walked off with him to the other side of the cherry orchard, and gave him an opportunity to see how it would seem if he was flying! And I sent one or two stones after him by way of application!

"Well, about a rod from where I had been standing, in a dwarf cherry-tree crotch, two feet from the ground, there was the nest of these birds, and in it were four robins. The cat had gone out there, and of course did not know that the nest was there, or it would have been destroyed. The birds, to whom nothing was so precious as that nest and its contents, inspired by the feeling of fear, were flying round about the cat to deceive him as to where the nest was, and endeavoring to draw him off as far as possible from their young, at times periling their own lives, that they might save them from destruction. Look at that faithfulness, that fearlessness, and that love in those birds, which should lead them to put themselves where they were in danger of being stricken by the cat's paw, rather than that their little unfledged things should receive harm."

Who, indeed, can witness such a scene as the one above described without asking himself the question, Where did such an instinct of

love as that, so unselfish, so self-denying and beautiful come from?—an instinct prompting worms to take care of worms, hogs to take care of hogs, birds to take care of birds—and continually growing stronger and stronger as you rise in the animal kingdom. Where did it come from? What, indeed, are all these various manifestations but so many fingers pointing upward and saying, "The great God who made us, and taught us to love, must himself assuredly be the greater love." Is n't this precisely the lesson the Savior would teach when, as he sat looking over toward Jerusalem, and talking with his disciples, or rather, perhaps, soliloquizing, he said, "How often would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, but ye would not." Christ makes use here of the beautiful, motherly instincts of the hen to illustrate his own brooding love for his Church and for his people. Most readers are doubtless familiar with the habits of the hen. As a mother you shall see her diligently seeking after food for her little flock; if as she scratches she sees a most tempting worm, it is not for her, but for her chickens. In caring for them, mother-like, she forgets herself. Does one of them, in following her, get tangled in the brush and peep piteously, she stops and, though all the rest of the brood go on, runs back to see if she can not, in some way, extricate that unfortunate chicken. And now at length the little ones begin to get tired. The mother hen seems to know it, and, accordingly, seeking a sheltering corner somewhere, where the wind does not blow, she settles down, expanding her wings. And now, one after another, the little chicks come running up to her and nestling under her brooding and caressing wings. And then come the little peeps and cooing. What a scene of domesticity! Can we ever behold it and not be reminded of the tenderness and love which Christ aforetime manifested toward even the disobedient children of men. "*How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not.*"

It is well known, no doubt, to all that animals have frequently given unmistakable evidence of being exercised by sentiments of *grief*, occasioned by being bereaved of the society of some master or human friend. Instances abound in illustration of this. Dogs, for example, have been known to travel far, to seek out, and then stretch themselves upon their master's grave and moan and bewail in the most piteous manner. Horses have occasionally manifested a similar attachment, and given evidence of being

affected with a similar sense of bereavement. But it is extremely doubtful whether any reader of these lines has ever seen, or possibly even heard of, an instance of one animal's mourning, as it were, because of the death of another, and actually manifesting its sense of bereavement in a most neighborly way by paying to the deceased a very decent tribute of funeral respect. A correspondent of an English paper vouches for the authenticity of the following: "On Sunday morning last, I had the pleasure of witnessing a most interesting ceremony. While walking with a friend in a garden near Falkirk, we observed two bees issuing from one of the hives, bearing between them the body of a defunct comrade, with which they flew for a distance of some ten yards. We followed them closely, and noted the care with which they selected a convenient hole at the side of the gravel walk, the tenderness with which they committed the body, head downward, to the earth, and the solicitude with which they afterward pushed against it two little stones, doubtless 'in memoriam.' Their melancholy task being ended, they paused for about a minute, perhaps to drop over the grave of their friend a sympathizing tear, when they flew away, and, as John Bunyan says in his dream, I saw them no more."

I close this article by citing one instance further, similar, quite, in its nature, to the one just narrated. It occurred in connection with the shepherd life of a friend of the writer in California. I give the story substantially as contributed by him to myself some years since. The reader can depend upon it as in every particular a record of literal facts.

"All cattle kind in those days," writes my friend, "unhampered by the conventionalities of fences and particular farms, were left to wander free over the plains, with no other restrictions than the attendance and general guardianship of a shepherd. One day I was down to where the Little Butte Creek sinks on the prairie. The Little Butte on the one side and a succession of sloughs on the other, gradually curving, came at length together, forming a sort of peninsula covered with oak timber. It was a most beautiful locality, and afforded a favorite wallowing-place for the cattle that were wont to range thereabouts. Under a tree I found an ox that had apparently just died of a disease known as murrain. At the time I discovered the dead animal there was but one living one in sight, and he was following me in from where I had just been fording the slough. While I was busy in examining the dead to see, if possible, whose it might be, he halted, but as soon as I passed on

out of the way he began cautiously to approach it, and then in a peculiar way to smell of it, which he continued for some time, as if to ascertain what was the matter. After having satisfied himself, apparently, that his friend was indeed dead, he set up at first a low, piteous howl, which gradually increased in intensity and power, until it ended in a piercing, terrific scream. The next moment the whole country round resounded with the tramp of bellowing cattle. That terrific knell had broke on the ears of multitudes that roamed over those plains was responded to, and in the short space of ten minutes no less than one hundred were either present or in the immediate vicinity. Then came the ceremony—what else can I call it?—the first performance of funeral rites among the brute creation which I had ever witnessed, and one promising to be on quite an extensive scale. They commenced going up to the 'deceased' two by two, though sometimes three at a time, when each would smell about him for a moment and then bid him a final farewell by each setting up a roar which always ended in a scream. At length those standing far outside, waxing impatient, doubtless, at the slow progress made, and in not readily gaining access themselves to the dead, began on all sides to join their full, sonorous voices to the chorus by lowing, and bellowing, and screaming, chanting thus, as it were, a requiem, full of pathos and power, over their departed companion and friend.

"What other interpretation could be given to this truly novel yet touching and impressive scene? These animals had all traversed the burning plains together; together they had toiled their weary way over yon rugged mountains. Here, at last, in the midst of verdant plains and running waters, and the grateful shade of the promised land, one of their number lies down to die. Why not this expression of grief, this loud wail of lamentation and mourning on the part of the survivors as an expression of their sense of bereavement, if not, also, as a token or tribute of respect to their departed comrade?"

There are, evidently, connected with the habits and capabilities of the brute, mysteries calculated yet for some time, if not forever, to perplex and disappoint the keenest search of man's scientific ken. Yet every new and wonderful manifestation of the same can not but increase our admiration of the wisdom, and intensify our love for that Infinite Benevolence which, in such legible and significant characters, are displayed over all the works of his animated creation.

THE VISION.

THE star-wing'd night had whisper'd, "sleep,"
To farthest reach of land and deep;
And as her pinions brush'd the flow'rs,
They slumber'd in their dewy bow'rs,
While bird in thicket and in tree
Forgot its matin song of glee.

Like startled flocks of cooing doves,
The fragrant zephyrs told their loves—
On wood-crowned height and forest dell,
The moonbeams wrought their silver spell,
And sea waves roll'd their solemn psalm
Harmonious with the ev'ning calm.

Such holy peace was in the air
That thought and feeling sank in prayer;
God's voice seemed speaking to the heart,
And tears, heart-healing dews, did start,
As toil-worn mortals bending low
Caught glimpses such as angels know.

But on my spirit's longing sight
Dawned naught of heaven's unfading light;
Life's haunting shadows, black and bleak,
Drew 'round me desolate and weak;
Sad mem'ry with her ghostly train
Whirl'd madly thro' my dizzy brain.

I pleaded then in anguish wild,
"My Father, homeward bear thy child!"
No voice athrill with hope and cheer
Broke thro' my pain, and grief, and fear;
And yet an answer soft and light
Was wafted on the wings of night.

Sweet slumber o'er my eyelids stole,
And rent the fetters from my soul;
Ah! then she drank life's purplest wine,
For freedom made her half divine,
And soon upon a wave-worn strand,
'Twixt noon and night I seemed to stand.

A sapphire heaven over me
Bent downward to a sapphire sea;
The onward waves of sunlight rolled
O'er hill and flood their shifting gold,
And Nature gathered full content
From shining sea and firmament.

No tokening of danger nigh,
Of storm-king's wrath and clouded sky,
And bowing there my inmost thought,
The harmony of nature caught,
And of that beauty seemed a part
That thrilled and filled my brain and heart.

I knew not how the hours did flee,
Such sweet and balm they brought to me,
When lo! o'erhead a gath'ring cloud
Trailed thro' the skies its murky shroud—
Above the rushing of the tide
I heard the King of tempests ride.

His vivid banners flashed afar,
Brighter than night's most flaming star,

And 'neath his war-steed's tramping feet,
Woke thund'rous echoes fierce and fleet;
A wild wind-spirit shrieked and sighed,
While loud the surging seas replied.

Yet, wrathful tempest darkling o'er,
No strength was mine to flee that shore;
The weirdness of the stormy hour
Enthralled me with its magnet pow'r,
And with the moaning, maddened sea,
My soul had subtle sympathy.

And now the skies did sorely greet
The storm's wild steed on swifter feet,
Spurned earth and heav'n in vengeful wrath,
Then foamed along his ocean path;
The lightning's pennons flamed more wide,
And louder wailed the wind and tide.

The madness of the storm its own,
My spirit grasped for the unknown—
I cried, O Death, rise unto me,
From out yon dark, unfathomed sea;
I cried, O Death, the cold and keen,
Enshroud me in the lightning's sheen.

But scarce was made my frenzied pray'r
When sunlight rent the dusky air;
The storm-king furled his bannered lights,
The thunders died along the heights,
The sad sea sobbed a hushed refrain
To gentler dropping of the rain.

"Mortal, behold," a sweet voice said,
"The glory shining overhead!"
I looked, and lo! with glitt'ring band,
A rainbow girdled sea and land,
And tenderly mine angel spake
A solemn lesson for my sake.

"O thou that rashly askest death,
Smite not away this mortal breath;
Heav'n only holds wide open arms
To him who braves the rage of storms,
For him alone who strives, the calm,
For him who quaffs the gall, the balm.
Deem earth not all devoid of bloom,
For glory blossoms out of gloom;
The gleam of sun and falling rain
Blind sea and shore with yon bright chain;
O'erarched with light thy way appears,
God's love is shining on thy tears."

The voice grew silent, and I woke
The dream was fled, the spell was broke;
I knew it was but fancy's flight,
That darksome vision crowned with light;
And yet when tempest clouds are drear
The angel message still I hear.

With weary feet I tread earth's strand,
But ask no more Death's fateful hand
To plunge me in that unknown sea
Which mortals call eternity;
For faith looks up with earnest eyes
Into the dark, portentous skies,
And sees alike "God's rainbow" o'er
The boundless ocean and the shore.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FOOD.

NUMBER X.

THE PRESERVATION OF FRUITS.

IF we were fortunate enough to live in the tropics where fruit of one kind or another ripens the year round, where oftentimes the flowers and the perfected fruitage adorn the same bough, we might dispense with this chapter. But since we are, the most of us, so much more fortunate as to inhabit a clime where many of our otherwise dormant energies are called out to provide and lay by, during one portion of the year, the sustenance required for the remainder, we will thankfully accept our lot and profit by its very disadvantages.

In examining the principles that ought to guide us in this matter, we must advert again to the importance of avoiding all chemical action consequent upon decay in the preparation of our food. Vital action is what we want. This it is which brings all vegetable matters into that high state of perfection which fits them for the nourishment of the animal. When their vitality is gone they lose the power to resist the action of the oxygen of the atmosphere, which immediately begins to pull them to pieces by its attraction for thin particles. With these the oxygen combines to form new chemical, not vital substances. But with this loss of the vital structure, or the organic form, is lost also the power to sustain the vitality of the animal. Nay, more, as Dr. Jewett says, we who partake of substances which have commenced this course of dissolution always suffer from them a deteriorating effect.

In the decay of fruit juices their sugar breaks up into

ALCOHOL

and carbonic acid, the latter escaping as gas in the process of fermentation. An additional portion of oxygen changes the alcohol into acetic acid or vinegar, and when this is decomposed nothing is left but water and a brown sediment; the work of decay is complete. In the fruits or fruit juices, as in all other eatables, the first step in the process of decay proclaims their unfitness for food. They are certainly no longer nutritious. No one expects to be nourished by eating rotten fruit, and the high value which is placed by some upon the rotten fruit juice is based neither upon science nor common sense. In fact, its main ingredient, alcohol, has been proved by scientific experiments, as well as by long experience, to be scarcely less poisonous than prussic acid in like degrees of concentration.

By a singular coincidence, we find in this

series of decompositions two substances much used to prevent decomposition, alcohol and vinegar. They accomplish this by displacing the water of organic substances which is essential to their decay. They are both exponents of the great principle that all substances which, by their chemical action, enable food to resist the action of the atmosphere, to a similar extent fortify it against the action of the gastric juice. I know of no exception to this principle, at least among the antiseptics in ordinary use. It might not be amiss to say further of alcohol, that the moral reasons for rejecting it from dietetic use ought to prevent any Christian woman from placing it before her family or her guests, either as a drink, or in made dishes or prepared fruits. Eating it is one of the surest methods of begetting such a taste for the stimulant and a familiarity with it as shall make it far more difficult for the partaker to resist temptation when invited to drink with young companions. Such cases have happened frequently, and the only path of safety, to say nothing of good digestion and good taste, is to exclude the rotten poison altogether from the list of table luxuries. So, of course, we will put up no fruits in alcohol.

VINEGAR

is no more nutritious than alcohol, but it is not so poisonous. That it is not wholesome is proved by the well-known fact that when used by foolish girls to reduce the weight of the partakers, it does so at the expense of the health, and the experiment sometimes leads to fatal results. If we take "only a little," then it only hurts us less, and if with other substances, its action is only more diffused, and the direct shock is not so great. I must repeat again what I have said or hinted at so often, that I consider it one of our greatest dietetical errors, that we consent, however thoughtlessly, to dilute and take in small quantities substances that we know are not food, and which are directly and palpably injurious when taken by themselves. What starving man would drink vinegar to prolong his existence? I know that vegetables and fruits preserved in vinegar were sent to our poor scurvy-cursed soldiers during the war, but vegetables without vinegar, and especially fruits with their natural organic acids, were far more efficient. May we not borrow a hint from this as to the shape in which we should take our acids?

SUGAR

is the next common preservative. Until very recently this article, in its common crystallized form, has been considered of great value as a nutritious substance. By degrees, however, evi-

dences of various kinds have been accumulating to the contrary. Candies, even when pure, have come to be considered at least an unadvisable diet for children. Comfits and sweetmeats of all kinds are more or less injurious. Cake owes some of its unwholesomeness to the large amount of this ingredient. Fruits preserved in sugar are taken sparingly and mingled with other food. When eaten freely like fresh fruit they create an uncomfortable sensation, which can be attributed only to the sugar. Other objections have been made, some of which are doubtless not well founded. But an important decision comes recently from one of the highest authorities. Dumas says, in his late Faraday lecture: "Sugar and alcohol have no more share of life than the bone-earth or salts contained in the various liquids. These rubbish of life are true mineral species, '*brut*' bodies." We value this all the more, as coming from a chemist rather than from a physiologist, since the chemists have been prone to claim too much nutritive value for partially disorganized matter. This objection does not hold, of course, against sugar when organized in fruits and vegetables.

We know, however, that sugar is not so hurtful as either vinegar or alcohol. And as it has become so interwoven with all our habits of eating that even the fruits themselves would hardly be relished without it, we may, as a general rule, continue to use a little of it, under protest, as it were, until science shall more definitely point out its injurious effects, or until we learn to do without it. It is possible that with better varieties of fruit, and with improved culture, and perhaps with improved styles of cooking, as for example, by condensing the fruit juices and using them to sweeten other fruit of the same kind, or of other kinds, we may be able to make all our fruits as well as our other dishes deliciously palatable without the use of "*brut*" sugar. Even now we would soon relish many of our fruits, both cooked and uncooked, but especially the latter, without the aid of sugar if we would but experiment in that direction, and take some pains to secure such a result. Such a course would certainly not lead us to put in far more sugar than is needed to please the taste; to saturate the fruits with it, and thus fortify them against the action of the atmosphere; in short, to use the expressive word, to "*preserve*" them in it. It does not, indeed, so much preserve them as spoil them, for in that shape they are worth very little for all the purposes which fruit should subserve in the human system.

Our great caterer has put these elements that we need into just the shapes that are best for

us, but we have been tearing down these beautiful delicious and nourishing vital structures, and, like wayward children, cutting ourselves with the glittering fragments. When we have a superlatively good thing prepared expressly for us, we ought rather to preserve it as nearly as possible in its natural condition until wanted for food. There are several methods of doing this. The simplest is to remove the greater part of the water which is so large an element in their composition by the innocent process of

DRYING,

a thing that was practiced long before its philosophy was understood. The prime requisite in this process is dispatch, first, to prevent the decay of the fruit; second, to prevent the loss of its flavor by long exposure; third, to avoid the liability to injury by dust and flies, and, fourth, to save time. Perhaps I should have gone further back and said that the great prerequisite to securing any good preserved fruit is to have a good article to start with. It should even be better than that which is used fresh, for it will deteriorate somewhat under almost any process of preservation, while the additional care and time required to prepare and keep it certainly should not be bestowed upon indifferent fruit. The fact that inferior fruit is often taken for this purpose is a principal cause of the low estimate often placed upon dried fruit, especially upon dried apples.

It should also be prepared with careful nicety. The tender small fruits should be so gathered, if possible, as to avoid the necessity for washing them; but if they must be washed it should be done gently, to avoid wasting the juice. All imperfect and decayed fruit should be removed. Cut fruits should be cleaned before they are pared, and handled so neatly that there shall be no further need of washing, and trimmed so nicely that the knife shall not again be called into requisition to prepare them for cooking. They are much better sliced than quartered, simply because they dry more quickly. I do not find that it is so important whether the drying be done in the sun, the shade, or the oven, as that it be done quickly. Of all common modes the oven or the hot-air drying-room has preference for this reason. The greatest objection to the use of the oven is the constant care required to prevent burning. A few moments of forgetfulness when the fire is coming up may quite spoil the fruit. They also frequently interfere with the ordinary cooking operations. If exposed out-of-doors they are also exposed to dust and flies, and often to the depredations of larger animals.

For large operations a drying-room is indispensable, but a description of this would exceed our limits, and those who need it will, of course, consult more extended works. But we might borrow enough from its furnishing to get a convenient little drying rack, for family use, by the kitchen stove. A good size would be four or five feet high, three or four feet long, and one and a half or two feet wide. It may be made with three uprights at each end, and cross-bars to hold them firmly in place. Any one, with a little mechanical ingenuity, can put them together. The uprights must be strong enough to bear the weight of the fruit, and grooved or cleated to take in the shelves. The latter are made like a mosquito bar, strong enough to be handled when a thin layer of fruit is spread over the netting with which they are covered. They should be five or six inches apart, and if each alternate one is not pushed quite in that will secure a better circulation of air. A mosquito net may also be thrown over the whole rack to exclude the flies. This gives from forty to one hundred square feet of drying surface in a most convenient shape for all practical purposes. When the kitchen fire is down it can be set in the open air with very little trouble, and an unexpected shower wets very little of the fruit. But the best arrangement is the use of sash out-of-doors. An old hot-bed affords every requisite excepting a floor upon which to spread the prepared fruit. The glass is adjusted and raised two or three inches, or else the fruit will burn. The heated air passes out at the upper edge of the sash, and the heat and the constant current prevent trouble from flies. The action is so perfect that some articles will dry here in a single day. No watching against a shower is required, but if the sash should be let down at such a time, be careful to raise it as soon as the sun reappears or the fruit will burn. This method pays well for the trouble of building a frame purposely.

With any mode of drying, the juicy fruits do better when scalded enough to break down their structure somewhat, as the juice being exposed evaporates more readily. Of course they will need to dry on plates, never on boards or tins. Tomatoes can be put on plates and scalded in the oven, and then turned out of their skins and the drying continued successfully if a strong and continuous heat can be commanded, otherwise I would not advise to dry them entire. They can be sliced or stewed, and spread on plates, and their juice steeped down and poured over them, making a kind of "leather." Something of this kind is very convenient when you wish tomatoes for soup, and do not care to open

a can. Very ripe tomatoes and peaches can be squeezed out and dried in the same way, with or without steeping down the juice. Stewed fruits of various kinds, especially pumpkins and squashes, are desirable dried in this way. These, when wanted for use, are all better to soak gradually rather than to cook violently.

Rhubarb is better dried before stewing. Good pears are excellent as dried fruit, and very economical, too, requiring little if any sugar when stewed. The same might be said about dried peaches, but when these are dried with the skins on I would—prefer some other fruit.

KEEPING DRIED FRUITS.

After the fruits are dried they should be put away promptly and carefully. Every day's exposure injures their flavor. If they have been dried under glass, as described above, or under netting, they can be tied up at once closely in muslin or paper bags, and hung in a dry chamber. If dried otherwise they should be scalded, to insure against the future results of the visits of the miller. This can be done in pans in the oven, but not without risk of burning, even when covered by paper. A safer way is to put them into large stone jars, set into water, gradually heated and boiled until they are thoroughly scalded through. The "leathers" and scalded juicy fruits are better kept in jars to preserve their flavor, and carefully tied over with paper or cloth, to insure against the visits of the miller.

No dried fruits should be kept in meal-rooms or in pantries where they will be likely to give or to receive other flavors. All this care in drying and putting them away will be well rewarded in the improved excellence of the fruits when wanted for use. If their cooking is conducted slowly after the directions already given for the cooking of fresh fruits—No. III—they will soon become favorites at most tables as alternates with the canned fruits. They are in fact richer than the latter, because the amount of water being rarely fully restored, their juices are somewhat concentrated. But it must be confessed that the more recently introduced method of

CANNING

preserves the fruits much more nearly in their natural condition. It is also a more economical method, or would be if woman's time were worth as much as that of other people. Aside from the question of time, balancing the cost of the sugar against that of the cans, it is more economical than preserving. To be sure we eat more of the canned fruits, but we will offset that by the greater economy in doctor's bills.

The main principle to be observed in the process of canning is the entire exclusion of atmospheric air, or, rather, of the oxygen, which is its most powerful ingredient. The process to be observed is substantially as follows: when once practically understood it can be varied according to convenience, only keeping the main principle in view—the fruit may be cooked before or after it is put into the cans. In the former case it is well to give it about the amount of cooking required to prepare it for eating. The cans should be perfectly clean and sweet, and if thick, they should be previously made as hot as they can be conveniently handled. This may be accomplished by placing them in a moderate oven, but they must not be heated much above the boiling point or they will crack when any liquid is put into them. You should be able barely to handle them, though not to hold them without a cloth. Or, they may be heated by pouring in a little warm water, then in a minute or two that which is hotter, and soon that which is boiling hot; shake it up, pour it out, and then pour in only that which is boiling hot, and shake up till too hot to be borne. Or boiling hot water may be poured at once into good cans, not more than half a pint into a quart can, and if it be shaken up *at once* till hot the cans will not crack. The latter is the quickest way, and is readily learned by a person naturally dextrous. The empty can should then be placed on a board or a hot plate. The fruit should barely simmer, and the most convenient utensil I have found to dip it in with is a tea-cup which has a handle, a spreading top, and a rounded bottom. Fill rapidly. If you see large bubbles in the can let them out with a silvered or a wooden fork, or have your fruit more juicy by the addition of boiling water. When quite filled to where it will meet the cover, wipe the top of the can clean and adjust the lid at once. Even if it settles do not remove the lid until you see signs of fermentation, unless you are certain that the closure is not perfect. Some lids are so thin that they will become concave when the fruit cools if the sealing is perfect, and bulge if the fruit begins to ferment.

For the tender fruits, or any which are to be kept unbroken, place them in the cans, fill them with water, and set them, three-fourths of their depth, into a boiler of water, putting something under them to keep them from the bottom, and then heat up to the boiling point and boil fifteen minutes. Then take them out, shake gently, perhaps introducing a fork to let out some of the bubbles, fill up with boiling water and adjust the lids. The fruit in these will sink more than

in those cans filled with the cooked fruit, but in neither case need there be any alarm. It is far safer to let them remain closed than to open and fill them up. In fact, the latter should never be done without reheating the contents. The least particle of oxygen is apparently sufficient to commence the work of fermentation. If the lids were put on when the cans were apparently full with heated fruit, the vacant space, when the fruit sinks, is not occupied by atmospheric air, and it contains none of the oxygen which we have to dread. But if we leave a vacant space when we put on the lids, then we may expect a failure. This space may indeed be so filled with steam as to exclude the air, but the experiment is at least very venturesome. When the cans are cool, give the lids another twist to make them as tight as possible, though it is not necessary to twist off the top of the can, as I did once. Then put them away in a dry, dark closet, as cool as convenient. Look at them occasionally for a week or two, and use them when wanted. They will bear removal, but are better without it.

If you can afford glass cans, use them by all means. By getting a few each season you will soon accumulate a supply. I line the metallic caps of mine with stiff white paper, a poor protection against the acids of the fruit, but better than none. It is by no means certain that tin cans, and especially those that are soldered with lead, are not acted upon by the acids of the fruit and vegetables. They are in the long run but little cheaper than glass. You can not see the nature and condition of the fruit in them, and I for one do not feel quite safe in using them. One excellent chemical authority tells me that they are highly objectionable, mostly on account of the lead solder and the impurities of the tin plate. It is also an easy matter to see that the taste of some delicate fruits is affected by the use of tin cans.

By heeding the above precautions as to heat and air, demijohns and stone jugs may be used for canning. I saw a twenty-gallon demijohn last Winter filled with tomatoes, which was to be opened late in the season and put up in the cans which, by that time, would be empty. The cork was driven in a little below the top of the neck, and the space above it filled with sealing-wax. It might not pay, considering the extra trouble, to buy demijohns for such use, but having them, it is far better to devote them to such a purpose than to the storing up of poisonous liquors. Smaller jugs might not require re-canning. Jars have been sealed by merely filling up their tops above the covers with mutton tallow; but jars lined with red glazing should

not be used, as that contains lead, which yields a poison to the action of the acids.

Wide-mouthed fruit-jars and pickle-jars may be fitted with corks and also sealed with sealing-wax. Or, if corks can not be readily obtained, a cement can be made of beeswax and resin, four ounces each, and one ounce of tallow. Melt and mingle; then saturate round pieces of cotton flannel in it, and spread the latter, smooth side down, on tough but pliable thinnish paper. When the jar is filled with hot fruit, warm one of these, lay it flannel side down upon the top of the jar, bring the edges down carefully around the top of the jar and tie them there with a strong cord, passing it several times around. This shows the perfect exclusion of the air by its deep concavity when cold.

I seldom put sugars to my fruits when I can them. I prefer to scald and sweeten them when I take them out. I think they have a fresher taste. Then if a can is lost or spoiled by accident the sugar is not lost—an item not to be overlooked when sugar bears the price it has of late. Further, the small amount of sugar needed to sweeten the fruit, so far from aiding to preserve it, really increases its tendency to ferment. Again, it does not require so much sugar if added just before using, and the contrast between the sweetened juice and the more acid fruit makes the dish more sprightly. There is but one serious disadvantage—if you wish to give away a can to a friend, it is unpleasant to be obliged to say that it is not sweetened. The only remedy for this is to prepare a few cans with sugar, after the common fashion, seasoning to the taste.

I have not said half what I wish to say. In spite of the unintentioned length of this chapter, I must yet add a few suggestions. Put up a liberal supply of fruit juices for future pudding sauces. Do not regret the apparent waste of fruit; you would not mind that in making wine for the same purpose. It is also more economical than melted butter and far more wholesome. Remember the rhubarb, the grapes, and the quinces, the latter two especially, to go with the dried apples next Winter. And when some of your cans are empty, fill them up with the apples that would otherwise decay in your cellars.

And now, if I may seem to have diminished the variety of our accustomed fruit preparations, I hope I may have added something to the excellence of those which are wholly permissible. There is, however, a yet greater consolation for us all, a prospect of being able at some future time to preserve all or many of our fruits with far less trouble. A plan has been devised by a Professor Nyce for the preservation of fresh

fruits in one large can as it were, a fruit-house, refrigerator, cellar, and fruit-can combined. It is air-tight, pure, dry, dark, and cool, kept by the use of ice down to about thirty-four degrees. The fruit is immersed, as it were, in carbonic acid gas of its own exuding, which defends it from the attacks of oxygen. Delicate fruits, like strawberries, may be kept for weeks, while the more hardy fruits, like apples and pears, keep for months or even for years. These preservers are in successful operation in the vicinity of several of our large cities, and bid fair to revolutionize the fruit trade of the country, and especially to relieve house-wives of a large and increasing tax upon their time. They are somewhat too expensive for single families of moderate means, but there is much hope that by joint stock, or in some such way, this desirable end may be attained to the profit of all concerned.

WHY THE CHURCH IN GREENVILLE IS WITHOUT A PASTOR.

PARSON RANKIN and Deacon Corning had just returned from a meeting of Synod, at which they had represented the Church of Greenville. The evening being warm, they had seated themselves on the shady piazza of the parsonage, to talk over the "proceedings." Questions of unusual interest had been discussed at this session, and debate had run high. Parson Rankin usually expressed himself calmly and cautiously. This, however, was the effect of grace. Naturally, he was quick-tempered; at times even violent in his opposition to measures which he felt to be wrong. During the late discussions his Christian graces had been, for the time, overpowered or entirely vanquished by the personal and not very complimentary remarks and epithets hurled at him by a conservative brother, who could not be made to comprehend that the world moves, and that the Church, if she would be true to her mission and increase her power, must move too. It must be confessed that in his zeal for truth, and under the smartings of abuse—for, sad though it be, saints do sometimes abuse each other, and very much after the style of sinners, too—he had expressed himself in an unbecoming manner. For this the always self-possessed deacon felt called upon to administer reproof and warning.

Miss Sabina Jane Noiseabroad, the seamstress of the village, happened to be at the parsonage "doing up" Mrs. Rankin's Spring sewing, and in the midst of the conversation had entered the sitting-room, the windows of which opened on the piazza, near where the gentle-

men sat. Seating herself near one of the windows she heard Deacon Corning remark:

"I am sorry to be obliged to speak in this way, brother Rankin, but I feel it my duty to say plainly that I exceedingly regretted your intemperance and violence. I felt sorry that you could not have restrained yourself, particularly on so public an occasion. I assure you you have given great offense to some of the brethren. They were surprised to find a man of your piety allow himself to be so overcome."

At the words "intemperance" and "violence" Miss Sabina's needle was arrested in mid-air until the conclusion of the deacon's remarks, when the work fell from her hands, her eyes rolled up to the ceiling, and "Goodness, gracious, me!" she mentally exclaimed. "Parson Rankin intemperate! And he do n't say nothing to the charge, neither!" bending her ear nearer to the window and hearing no sound. "Who would have thought it! Did I ever hear the like! Why *do n't* he speak?" uneasy at the parson's silence. "He must be guilty or he'd deny it. Now I think of it, his face *is* sometimes very red. They *say* he's rush of blood to the head; yes, and now I think of it, he does walk rather queer sometimes. I always thought it was because he was kind o' weak like. Then he is sometimes very pale—that's a bad sign too. But hark!" almost ceasing to breathe in her effort to catch the words of the minister, as, in a subdued tone, he replied after a short silence:

"I confess my sin, brother Corning, and assure you that it has caused me unspeakable sorrow. I feel that I have injured the cause I love by my want of self-restraint. I feel the need of increased watchfulness and prayer, that I may not again be overcome by my besetting sin."

"He confesses it!" Sabina exclaimed to herself, rolling her eyes to the ceiling again, and clasping her hands in her excitement. "'*Again* overtaken!' his '*besetting* sin!' So it's true then! O, the depravity of the human heart! And he a watchman on the walls of Zion! The pious hypocrite! Now I think of it, I never did feel quite sure of that man's sincerity. He has too smooth a way with him. Look out always for your smooth-spoken people. They're very apt to turn out to be snakes in the grass, as my mother allers said. To think of his having the impudence to preach the Gospel to *us*! What a scandal in the Church! A pretty example, to be sure, to the members! Does n't the Bible say a minister should be—I forget the exact words, but it means *perfect*? A pretty pattern of perfection he, to be sure! I never

did quite like him since he gave us that plain sermon about minding our own business. That was n't what he called it, but that's the plain English of it. I always knew he meant it for me and the Adams girls, though I never said so. Gossip, indeed! I guess he'll hear enough of it now; but not from me," drawing down her mouth in the most solemn manner; "not one word of this shall any body hear from me, that I am sure of. *But*, if the parson's intemperate, and got drunk at Synod, and behaved violently, I wonder what he did. Probably he assaulted the President and upset every thing in the church—why, every body'll soon know it. I declare, I never was so beat in all my life!" wiping the perspiration from her face. Then folding her work and laying it in a drawer, "I could n't for the life of me take another stitch this night, not if they was a sufferin' for clothes. I could n't eat one bite of vittals neither, so I'll not stay to supper, but just run over to the Adamses. How they *would* open their eyes if they knew what I know! But not one word shall they hear from me," shaking her curls in a manner expressive of the most virtuous reticence. "Not they!" as she tied on her shaker. Bidding Mrs. Rankin a hasty "good-night," she hurried down the street, leaving that lady astonished at her sudden and hurried exit. "Well! well! well! If this is n't news! What *will* people say? I wonder how Mrs. Rankin will take it? I do n't pity her much, for she's real proud. She was never very sociable with me, at least, though other folks say she is so very pleasant. But them poor, innocent children! What will become of them? Of course Mr. Rankin will be dismissed instanter, and then what Church will take a drunkard? O, my laws, I'm so beat! But there's Sallie Adams at the window. I must n't show my feelings or she'll suspect something. Wonder how soon she'll hear about it, and who'll tell them. Well, one thing's certain, it'll not be me!"

"Here comes Sabiny Jane," said Miss Adams the elder, as she descried her coming up the walk; "and full of something, too. See how she puckers up her mouth, and how solemn she looks. That's the way she always appears when she has 'a load on her mind,' as she says. Now, girls, let's have some fun. We can get it all out of her just as easy as nothing, and she'll never suspect that she has told us. I've done that thing many a time. Let us look wise and solemn, just as she does, and do n't either of you speak, now mind. Let me manage the matter."

"A pleasant evening, Sabiny," she said, as

she opened the door to receive her guest. "Do take a seat and throw off your Shaker. But, bless me, how tired you look!"

"Do I? O la, no," drawing a long sigh, "I'm not tired. I've been sitting all day up to the parsonage a sewing, and an't tired in the least. But seems to me you all look mighty sober," looking around upon the three solemn faces before her. "Han't nothing happened, I hope? No bad news nor nothing?"

"Well, that depends upon what you call bad news, Sabina Jane," said Miss Sally, sure from the expression on Sabina's face that the budget with which she was freighted was not of a particularly cheerful nature.

"Well, there is a difference even in bad news. Some is too bad to be believed," replied Sabina, with an evident effort not to tell any thing, and a sigh, which was imitated by each of the sisters.

"That is true," Miss Sally answered with still greater solemnity of manner. "But then it is best not to spread bad news, you know. So we will be quiet about this matter."

"Now you do n't say you have heard all about it a'ready, and they only came home this afternoon!" said Sabina, nearly springing from her chair in her astonishment. "Well, I declare, bad news does travel fast indeed."

"Aha!" thought Miss Sally, "here is a clew. Who came home this noon? Why the parson and Deacon Corning. Now whether it is about them or some news they have brought; I must proceed cautiously." Then aloud, "Yes, Sabina, that's a fact." To herself, "Dear me, what shall I say next. I guess I may venture to express a little sorrow." Aloud, "You need not wonder that we look sad. I am sure you feel so yourself."

"I do n't wonder," Sabina replied. "It comes very near to us all, as we all belong to the same Church; members of the same body, you know. When one of the members suffers, all must suffer, the Bible says. And we nat'rally all feel a pride in our Zion, and in our leaders too."

There followed a still deeper sigh, then a moment's pause, during which the girls felt strongly inclined to laugh, but anxious to keep up the fun as well as to learn the secret.

"It comes mighty near us, and we can't help feeling the disgrace," continued Sabina. "What will the other Churches say? And we have always been so proud of our minister. How have the mighty fallen! as Scripture says. I can't help feeling sorry for Mrs. Rankin, though she does carry her head so high and put on her city airs over us country folks. This will humble her if any thing will, I should think."

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"What in the world has our minister been doing!" thought each of the sisters, amazed almost beyond expression at the hint of any delinquency in their pastor. "We considered him almost perfect," thought Miss Sally, "though he did hit us pretty hard in that sermon about gossiping; but that happened so long ago that we had almost forgotten about it. Poor man!" she sighed, "I can't help pitying him after all. But," to herself, "what can he have done?"

"Pity him! Why, Sally Adams, what air you thinking of? Now I could pity a thief or a murderer, because a man might be tempted, in a fit of passion, to do a dreadful deed before he knewed it; but—a drunkard, never, never!"

Here each of her auditors gave a start, which, however, was unnoticed by Miss Sabina.

"No, no, no!" shaking her curls emphatically, "a man who deliberately puts that into his mouth which will steal away his brains"—Sabina Jane quoted from the last temperance lecture she had heard—"I never can pity—never. And I say that a minister of the Gospel who gets intoxicated, sins against greater light than other men, and is far more wicked. Han't he promised most solemnly to fight the world, the flesh, and the devil, and to be an example to the flock?"

"Perhaps our pastor is not habitually intemperate," said Miss Sally. "Ministers do sometimes take a glass, though of course they ought not. If he has been overcome once it may have been a mistake."

"Well," replied Sabina, "I should rather think it was a slight mistake to get intoxicated at Synod, and be guilty of violent conduct, as of course you have heard that he was, before all them ministers and delegates. Of course he must have assaulted the President, and tore up the carpets, and hurled the foot-stools and hymn-books at the heads of the other ministers, because there was nothing else he could have gotten hold of, you know; and they say he was very violent, as of course you have heard. I wonder if he broke any bones!"

"O, dear!" exclaimed Miss Sally in unfeigned horror at the new light in which she saw her quiet and gentlemanly pastor exhibited, "that was terrible if true; but perhaps it was not so bad after all."

"I only know that I heard it from them that ought to know, that's all," said Sabina with an injured air. "I got it from head-quarters; do n't know where you got it from."

"You do n't say that Mrs. Rankin knows it?" said Miss Sally.

"I don't say that she does; but how a man can be in the habit of getting tipsy and his

wife not know it I do n't see. I allers did think she mourned an uncommon long spell for that poor little puny baby of hern that died. I rather think she had other trouble, and kept on her mourning to hide it. I guess she knew it before she married the parson. Now I must hurry over to Miss Higgins's. But I sha'n't say one word of this to her, unless she has heard all about it, as you had. But how on earth did you hear it so soon, girls?"

"O," replied Miss Sally, "it was told us by one of the Church. I'll not say who, because she would n't like to have me say she told it."

"Well," exclaimed Sabina, "whoever it was, she had better have been about other business than spreading bad reports about another member, and he a parson, too! Now I would n't for the world have lisped one word about it, but seeing that you knew it all before, I thought it no harm to express my opinion. We all have a right to our opinions, you know. 'Though I'm not one to talk agin folks. I would n't say no harm of a fly. But how did you hear it? Do tell."

"All I shall say, Sabiny, is, that it came pretty direct to us," said Miss Sally.

"Then of course Mrs. Rankin told you herself. Well, I declare! Poor woman! She'll feel dreadful humble now I should think. Wonder, now, if she'll come out next Sunday with that new bonnet of hern, with a bow clapped right on top of it. I should feel like putting on the ribbon as plain as possible if I was situated as she is. The less show she makes the better, I say."

"I really advise you to say nothing more about this, Sabiny," said Miss Sally, beginning to feel alarmed at the possible consequences of this conversation, and knowing Sabina's talent for mischief-making.

"La, bless you! do you think I'd speak of it? Not I, to a living soul. If folks do n't know it till I tell them, it'll be a long time before they'll hear about it. But only to think of our beloved Zion, and what a stumbling-block our minister has put in the way of us all. And what dreadful talk it will make in the other Churches! But I must go now," rising and hurrying out of the door. "I do hope we shall be sustained under this sore trial."

"What can it mean!" exclaimed the sisters at once in the greatest astonishment, as soon as Sabina was out of hearing.

"I wonder if it can be true," said Miss Sally. "Ministers do sometimes take to drink, and our parson is human like the rest of us. There will be a terrible fuss about this, girls! I am almost sorry we played such a trick and got it

out of Sabiny. I'm dreadfully afraid she manage to get us mixed up in it, and there may not be one word of truth in it after all. Sabiny has sometimes heard things that were never uttered, and she tells what father used to call mighty big truths, you know. Now do n't let us speak one word of this, or pretend to know if any body speaks to us about it, or we shall get into trouble."

The next morning early the neighbors came rushing in, much excited, to learn more of the particulars. Sabina had spent the evening in making calls, and without knowing it had spread the news of the minister's disgrace, referring her hearers for further particulars to the "Adamses, who knew all about it before she did, and from the parson's wife, too." "She says," they added, "that if there is any fuss about it you'll be in for it and not she."

This alarmed and provoked Miss Sally to say, "Well, all we know about it Sabiny told us herself. She heard it up to the parsonage. I think from her manner that Mrs. Rankin told her. It was a strange thing for her to do, but Sabiny has a way of worming a thing out of you, whether you want to tell or not. She intimated that it was nothing new, and that Mrs. Rankin knew it before she married Mr. Rankin; and that she mourned more for that than for the baby."

Before night every member of the congregation and some belonging to other Churches had heard the story. Like a rolling snow-ball, the longer the calumny rolled the more material it gathered to itself, and even Miss Noiseabroad was astonished by the additional "light" thrown upon affairs. Deacon Corning had left town early in the morning; so the gossips had it all their own way.

Some were truly surprised and pained; the majority, however, shook their heads. They had always feared something was wrong with the parson. There was something very peculiar and incomprehensible about the man. In fact, this was just what they suspected. A man who kept to himself as much as Mr. Rankin did—he had not taken tea out more than once or twice a week perhaps—of course had something to conceal. That was clear. No one thought of doubting the story, because "it came from Mrs. Rankin herself," as they were repeatedly assured.

The next day the sewing-circle met. Mrs. Rankin came late. While taking off her bonnet in the hall she heard the usual hum of many voices, but as she entered the room, "Hush! hush! there she is," was whispered on all sides, so loudly that she could not help hearing it, and

a general silence followed. This struck her as singular; but she concluded some joke was about to be perpetrated for her benefit, so she pretended not to notice it, and after saluting as usual all in the room, she seated herself with her work. The feeling of restraint was general, and it was evident to her that her entrance had caused it. However, she tried to avoid the appearance of being conscious of it and to converse as usual. Her remarks receiving only monosyllabic replies, she at length yielded to the chilling social atmosphere and became apparently absorbed in the garment she was making.

That night she mentioned the unusual circumstance to her husband. Silence in the sewing-circle was calculated to excite surprise in the mind of any one who had ever attended one of its sessions. That sister G.'s and mother A.'s loud voices should be hushed on such an occasion was an unheard-of event.

The minister could not help wondering at the cause; but not wishing to add to his wife's evident annoyance, he merely replied to her, "Let us guard against suspicion, my dear. We shall know soon enough if any thing is wrong."

The next Sabbath, as soon as the benediction was pronounced, the congregation turned their backs upon the pulpit and solemnly left the church, the minister and his wife following, surprised and pained by not receiving the customary cordial salutations of the parishioners.

"Well, I never!" whispered Sabina Jane to Miss Adams as they met in the vestibule. "Did n't he look guilty? I wonder how he could have the courage to look in our faces. He must suppose that we have heard of his shocking conduct before this. I noticed that he looked at the empty gallery more 'n usual. And just to think of her wearing that new bonnet, after all, with the bow so conspicuous!"

"Any thing but an inebriate for a minister," sighed Mrs. Brown to her spouse. "I do n't feel that I can ever attend upon his ministrations again."

"I declare I could hardly sit still in my pew and listen to the hypocrite," said another.

"We might have known there was a something wrong about that man if we had had our wits about us," said Mrs. Green. "Do you mind how silent he always is? I believe he has always been ashamed of himself."

"For my part," said Mrs. Gray, "I never felt sure of his piety. If he had had a quiet conscience he would have gone around more among the members. I dare say he has been half the time at home intoxicated instead of preparing of his sermons."

"It's my opinion that his usefulness in this yere field is about at an end," Mr. Gray replied. "I hope he means to resign soon, or we shall have the onpleasant duty of a histing on him."

Mrs. Rankin's inquietude increased every hour. A sad burden lay upon the pastor's heart also, in spite of his apparent cheerfulness in the presence of his wife, and his frequent admonition to her to let patience have her perfect work. At length, unable to endure longer the coldness and suspicious glances of those he had thought his friends, he ventured to ask 'Squire Candid the cause.

"Waal, parson," drawled the 'Squire, "'taint no use a dissemblin'. They do tell putty hard stories on you."

"Indeed," replied Mr. Rankin. "I am not conscious of having done any thing to merit this treatment. With what do they charge me?"

This was said in a manner that fairly staggered the 'Squire, and caused him mentally to exclaim, "I do believe it's a confounded lie after all."

Then to the pastor he said, "Waal, now, to come direct to the pint, they've got up a story that you take a drop now and then, and that your conduct at Synod was rather—waaal, not exactly what we'd expect of our minister. In short, that you were tipsy, parson. I do n't like to tell you, but since you ax me the truth must come out if any thing."

"Tipsy, improper conduct at Synod!" the parson repeated to himself as he worked his hand through his hair, a habit he had when trying to solve a knotty point. "Indeed, I am quite in the dark; what does it mean? Deacon Corning did reprove me for intemperate speech, I remember," with a puzzled air.

"Waal," said the 'Squire, "how on airth they got up the story I can't tell. All I know is, that Mrs. Brown—that is, she that was Sallie Gray—told Mrs. Green, and Mrs. Green told Mrs. White, and Mrs. White told Mrs. Black, and Mrs. Black told my wife, that Sabina Jane Noiseabroad told her, that your wife told her—that is, Sabina—when she was a-sewing up to your house, that you was given to drink, and that she knowed you was afore she married you."

"This astonishes me, 'Squire, very much. I can't imagine what my wife has said that Miss Sabina or any one else could have so misconstrued. We have been greatly pained by the sudden change in the manner of the people toward us, but since we have given no occasion for this scandal, of course we shall take no notice of it."

"It's mean business, parson, this thing of

scandalizing others. I told the womenfolk that I did n't believe it; but, you know, 't is hard to stop a lie after it has got a good start."

The pastor went home to relieve his wife's mind, and 'Squire Candid went around Gossipdom with his denial of the calumny. Some accepted it. Others continued to believe Sabina's solemn statement that she had heard, with her own ears, Deacon Corning charge Mr. Rankin with intemperance and violence, and had also heard the minister's acknowledgment of guilt. In a short time Deacon Corning made his appearance, and, of course, soon set the matter right; that is, with the people. Those who had been most ready to believe the evil tale, were now the loudest in their protestations of unwavering and unlimited confidence in their good minister. Others, who had noticed his "red face" and his "pale face," "staggering gait," reserved manners, etc., were now sure that nothing could ever have induced them for a moment to believe such a slander.

Sabina Jane Noiseabroad was obliged to accept Deacon Corning's explanation of the conversation she had so dishonorably heard, but she never could be made to believe that Miss Adams had not told her the whole story before she "lisp'd one word of it," nor that she had ever spoken of the matter to any one who had not before heard all about it. Why the people of Greenville were always ready to blame a kind-hearted, harmless person like herself remained with her an unsolved mystery to this day. But with the minister and his wife the deep wound inflicted could not so easily be healed. Confidence in supposed friends had been shaken, and they felt that they could never again be happy among a people so ready to believe evil.

After a few months of weary, unsatisfying labor among the charge at Greenville, Mr. Rankin tendered his resignation in such terms that it was deemed useless to ask him to withdraw or even to reconsider it. And this is why the Church at Greenville is without a pastor. Who will apply for the situation?

IMPATIENCE.

O God, the earth is trampled down!
In sin and shame it lieth;
From every land beneath the sun
A voice accusing crieth.
The nations strive in deadly wars,
The cannon speaks in thunder:
"Arise, and break the prison bars,
And rend the chains asunder!"

The earth is worn by cries of death,
And vexed by petty tyrants;
Sad wailings rise on every breath;
Thou only keepest silence.
Where angels with the harp and song
In Heaven's courts adore thee,
Can ever mortal grief, or wrong,
Or prayers come up before thee?

Yes; the deep mystery unfolds
In light of Revelation;
Sealed for the latter times he holds
His wine of indignation.
Earth's wanderers murmur in their night,
"His chariot-wheels turn slowly;"
Angels that see him in the light
Make answer, "Holy, holy!"

Justice sits thronèd overhead,
Beyond the highest places;
It is not for our feet to tread
Where angels veil their faces;
Before the burning of the Seven
We earthly well may falter;
We only know the answer given
The souls beneath the Altar.

In white robes stand the witnesses,
Mid incense-clouds unreathing;
"How long?" they cry—a little space
Before the sword's unsheathing.
Daily with that accusing band
The earth's downtrodden gather;
And ministers of vengeance stand
Ever before the Father.

Faith sees his purpose shining pure
Beyond our sight's discerning;
O, just and equal, slow and sure
The mills of God are turning!
Even so, Great Ruler! on whose crown
Eternal years are hoary;
We lay in dust our wisdom down—
Thy patience is thy glory.

GENTLE WORDS.

THE sun may warm the grass to light,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of Autumn's opening hour;
But words that breathe of tenderness
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the Summer-time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art;
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But O, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

ANNIE'S COMPOSITION.

"WHAT is the matter, Annie?" said Amy Gardiner to her little niece, who came into the room at that moment, and whose eyes were red with weeping.

"O nothing, aunt, only it's composition day to-morrow, and I have nothing written, nor can I write a composition that I should like to read before the school. I wish you would write one for me, or at least assist me in writing one."

"Would you be willing, Annie, to read as your own a composition I had written?"

"I suppose it would not be quite right," Annie replied, looking down and feeling a little ashamed of her first request.

"Indeed it would not, my dear. In so doing you would be acting a falsehood, which is quite as sinful as telling one."

"But it would not be wrong for you to show me how to write one, would it, auntie?"

"Certainly not, and I will do so with pleasure when I have finished writing this letter."

And Annie went out upon the piazza and sat down to wait. Presently a school-mate came along, and seeing Annie sitting there stopped at the gate for a little chitchat.

"Did you go with the fishing party yesterday, Annie?" said she.

"Yes, come in and I'll tell you about it."

"Did you get started as early as you expected to?"

"Early! I guess you would have thought so. Why, it was so dark when father called me that I could scarcely see to dress, and when I went down stairs to breakfast I was so sleepy that I almost wished the excursion had never been thought of. But when we were seated in the easy, open carriage, and the horses began to prance in their hurry to be off, I was wide awake enough; and as we rode along in the sweet-scented morning air, past one bright scene and then another, I thought I would not have missed the ride for the world. The sun was not yet up, though the crimson-tinted clouds that hung in the east, every moment changing their beautiful hues and forms, seemed to indicate that he was near at hand. I hoped he would lie in bed as long as possible, for I had seen plenty of sunshine, but never such a delightful hour as that was. The dew-drops sparkled on the grass and nestled in the flower-

cups, looking in the morning light like so many diamonds, and the birds flitted gayly from branch to spray, pouring from their dear little throats such a flood of music as I never before listened to. And then, too, I felt so much better than I do when I lie in bed late in the morning.

"But after awhile the sun appeared above the horizon, looking so bright and cheerful after his nap, and lighting up the landscape with his level beams in such a sweet, strange way, and really making it look so much lovelier than it does in any other part of the day, that I was glad to see him after all.

"Then, too, he seemed to say, 'There now is a fishing party, and I must go and clear the mists away from the lake, or they will never be able to do any thing.' And away flew the mists, over the hills and out of sight, like a flock of frightened doves, and the bright lake, the margin of which we had now reached, looked up with a knowing sparkle, as much as to say, 'Much obliged to you, sir; you have done me a great favor. Now that I can be seen I shall be appreciated.' At first we kept near the shore, in our light, fairy-like boat, where we could see the beautiful white pebbles at the bottom of the lake, and which looked so near that it seemed as if I could touch them with my hand, though I could not, for the water was far too deep. Professor Lombard, who was with us, explained the cause of their appearing so near when they were really so distant. He said that it was because the light of the bottom of the lake was refracted as it emerged from the water."

"But you did not know what '*refracted*' meant, did you, Annie? I am sure I could not have told," interrupted the little friend to whom Annie was talking.

"No, not till he explained. He said that refraction meant bending a ray of light as it passes from one medium to another. That when a ray of light passes into a denser medium, it is bent toward the perpendicular; when it passes into a rarer medium it is bent from the perpendicular. You have noticed that a spoon standing in a glass of water always looks bent, have n't you?"

"O yes, often, and it was always a mystery to me."

"Well, that is the cause of it. He said, also, that a body of water is about *one-third deeper than it appears to be*, and that many persons

get out of their depth in bathing, and are drowned in consequence of this deception. I did not understand quite all he said, but it made me long to commence the study of philosophy, so that I can understand the causes of the strange things I see every day.

"Well, after a little we got tired of fishing so near the shore and catching nothing but nibbles, so we pushed out further on the lake, where our luck soon returned, and where, for a few hours, we had some glorious fun. But at last our fun came to an unexpected and somewhat inglorious end. When we first went out upon the lake, we noticed something floating on the water at some distance from us, which we supposed to be a large log. Presently we heard strange sounds coming from that quarter; and though we heard them several times, we paid but little attention to them, for the general opinion was that some energetic old bull-frog had seated himself upon the log for a morning ride, and that the noises came from him.

"So we fished and chatted away in the gayest manner imaginable, as unconscious of danger as we are at this moment, when suddenly this object, whatever it was, which had approached us unseen, thrust its great horrid looking head above the water a few feet from our boat, making a loud, bellowing, unearthly sound, that caused every one in the boat to turn white with terror. It is the strangest thing in the world that we were not all drowned in the excitement occasioned by this sight, and no doubt we should have been had it not been for father's coolness. You know he never gets alarmed at any thing. But even he thought we had better make for the shore as quickly as possible.

"What it was I suppose we shall never know, though some suppose it to be some sea monster that has made its way into our lake through some subterranean passage. But of this I am quite sure, that a more thoroughly frightened crew never before returned from a fishing excursion."*

When Annie had finished her story, and her young friend was gone, the thought of her composition again returned to haunt and distress her, and she went in the house to remind her aunt of her promise to help her write one. Whereupon Aunt Amy quietly handed her a sheet of paper written over, saying, "I think you will not need any help, Annie." And what do you suppose it was, my young readers? Why, Aunt Amy, through the open door, had heard Annie relating the story of her adventures,

and had written every word of it down as she overheard it.

Annie, you may be sure, was both surprised and delighted with this, for she knew that from such a foundation as that she could easily arrange a composition. Now, if she had been told an hour before to go and sit down and write her own thoughts, in her own way, upon some subject that happened to be uppermost in her mind, she would very likely have gone and had a "good cry" instead, really believing she had no thoughts that would do for a composition.

FAITHFUL LILLY.

MY little friend "Lilly" belonged to a species of dogs known in Germany as "Spitz," and in England and France as "Pomeranian." She was brought once as a puppy from Germany, and became the property of a relative of mine. This gentleman was a devoted admirer of dogs in general, and under his kind and judicious treatment Lilly grew to be a beautiful specimen of her kind. Her body was covered with a thick coat of white hair, which was kept in perfect order by means of a good bath twice every week, and sometimes oftener. A sharp black nose, small pointed ears, and very black sparkling eyes, gave her a look of great intelligence and animation, while a bushy curling tail, which she raised in a very imposing manner when pleased or excited, rather struck with alarm those who were unacquainted with her gentle nature.

It seemed when she was talked to, that she took in and understood every word that was said. She was decidedly willful, and where she thought she might do so, she took no end of liberties, and had her own way to her heart's content. But from her master a word, a sign, was sufficient to claim her instant attention. To him her devotion was unbounded, and she showed it by the most willing obedience to every command he gave her. She evidently took pleasure in showing other people that she in no way considered herself bound to obey them, unless, indeed, the order given was one which fell in with her own wishes; but if the most disagreeable command were given her by her beloved master, it was obeyed without a moment's hesitation.

The greatest trial Lilly could have was to be separated from him. The only punishment that it was ever necessary for him to inflict upon her, was to send her from her mat, which always lay by the side of his chair, to another corner of the room. There she would sit, when in disgrace,

* This story of the strange creature is literally true, the scene having occurred on Lake Ontario about two years ago.

with her eyes steadily fixed upon him, looking the very picture of misery; but the moment he whistled her back she became perfectly happy, showing her gratitude for her forgiveness by licking his hands and feet.

Lilly was a famous watch-dog. Every thing was safe while in her keeping, and if a stranger approached the house, her loud shrill bark gave timely notice to the inmates.

Her hearing powers were very acute, and she could distinguish instantly the footsteps of her friends, which she hailed with a joyous shake of her curly tail, while a low growl or angry bark greeted those with whom she was unacquainted. If an article of clothing, a basket, or any other thing were placed under her care, no powers of persuasion could tempt her from her watch, until she had seen the owner take possession of his property.

At a certain hour every morning Lilly's master used to take a ride. For years she was his constant companion, and no one wanted either bell or clock to tell them that the hour for the ride was approaching, for Lilly's joyous and excited state, and her vigorous scratching at the front door, announced that the groom would bring the horse round in a few moments. She had a wonderful power of calculating time, and it showed itself more particularly on Sunday morning. On that day her whole demeanor appeared to be altered. When the usual hour for the ride came round, Lilly lay perfectly still upon her mat; no scratching nor whinnings to be let out were heard; the hour passed quietly by. She stood by her master's side while he was getting his hat or stick, or putting on his coat to go to Church. She would then walk quietly with him to the end of the carriage drive, and then return back to the house, quite aware that she was to go no further. Having found her way to the study, she rolled herself up on her mat, but with no intention of remaining there beyond a certain time. I shall not soon forget being one Sunday morning in the room where she was lying, comfortably and quietly. The clock struck twelve. Lilly pricked up her ears and opened her eye, which she soon closed again. The half-hour struck. Then she became decidedly fidgety. No more slumber, no more rest for her. I watched her with a good deal of interest, as I had already been told what were her particular doings on Sunday. Presently she jumped upon a chair which stood in the window, from whence she could obtain a view of the gate at the end of the carriage drive. Here she stationed herself with pointed ears and eager eyes, till at last she caught sight of her master. Then she hurried down, ran to the

door, where she stood barking and scratching violently till it was opened for her. Then the same business went on at the front door till the servant came and let her out. Immediately she bounded off, in a state of intense delight, to greet the dear master from whom she had been separated for an hour and a half. This performance went on regularly every Sunday.

Now a great trouble came upon poor Lilly. Her master fell sick; the morning rides were given up, and the pleasant walks in which she had always been his constant attendant. He was recommended by his medical man to leave the home where she had passed so many happy years of her short life, and to try the climate of one of the midland counties. Of course Lilly moved with her master and mistress to their new abode; but she was perfectly aware that things were not as they used to be. She was often seen sitting on her hind legs watching her master with anxious, wistful eyes, as if she were longing to know what ailed him. He grew worse, and soon became unable to leave his bed-room. Lilly established herself by his arm-chair, and nothing could ever induce her to move from him. Many times in the day this affectionate little creature would get up, and if his hand had fallen by his-side would lick it over again and again, and then go and lie down quietly upon her mat, pricking up her ears at the least movement of the dear invalid, and watching him with an eagerness which was quite touching.

After some weeks of pain and suffering her master died. Lilly was apparently perfectly aware of what had happened, for when she rose to lick his hand it was cold and stiff, and no longer greeted her as was its custom with a tender little pat. Now of course she could not remain in her corner of the bed-room; so she was committed to the care of the servant who used to wash her, to whom she was much attached. Every thing was done that loving thought could suggest to soothe the grief of this faithful little creature; but all was useless, Lilly would not be comforted.

Her meals remained untouched. She wandered about in a sort of hopeless despairing way, and whenever an opportunity occurred ran to the door of her dear dead master's room, where she scratched and whined piteously for admittance.

On the morning of the fourth day, when the servant came to my room, I perceived that she had been crying.

"What is the matter?" said I.

"Ah," said she, with a fresh burst of tears, "dear little Lilly is dead!"

Yes, it was true. Lilly had died in the night. Her grief had been too much for her. Separated from the master she loved, life had lost all happiness and pleasure for her. He was gone, and her little heart was broken. The same day that he was borne to his grave in the quiet church-yard, Lilly was taken to a grave dug for her beneath a tree in the garden, and when we laid her there, we felt that a more faithful, loving little creature had never breathed.

No words of mine are needed to point out the lesson which Lilly's obedience in life and devotion in death so touchingly taught. She will ever hold a strong place in the memories of those who knew her.

DO N'T BE TOO CERTAIN.

AY, now boys, don't be too certain. Remember that nothing is easier than to be mistaken. And if you permit yourself to be mistaken a great many times, every body will lose confidence in what you say. They will feel no security in trusting to your word. Never make a positive statement without you know it is as you say. If you have any doubts remove them, by examination, before speaking confidently. *Do't be too certain.*

"John, where is the hammer?"

"It is in the corn-house."

"No, it is not there; I have just been looking there."

"Well, I know it *is* there; I *saw* it there not half an hour ago."

"If you saw it there, it must be there, of course. But suppose you go and fetch it."

John goes to the corn-house, and presently returns with a small ax in his hand.

"O, it was the ax I saw. The handle was sticking out from a half-bushel measure. I thought it was the hammer."

"Well, don't be too certain another time."

"Yes, father, but I did really think I saw it, or I should not have said so."

"But you said positively that you *did* see it, not that you *thought* you saw it. There is a great difference between the two answers. Do not permit yourself to make a positive statement, even about small matters, unless you are quite sure; for if you do, you will find the habit growing upon you, and by and by you will begin to make loose replies to questions of great importance. *Do n't be too certain.*"

John wandered off to the house, trying to convince himself that he was in the right after all.

His father had given him a pretty wooden snow-shovel the Winter before, and John had

taken great delight in shoveling the clean, white snow during Winter.

It was now the middle of April. The sun shone warm, and the birds sang gayly in the trees. John shouldered his pretty shovel and was marching off with it.

"What are you going to do with your snow-shovel, John?" said his grandmother.

"I'm going to put it away in the barn, for the Summer, so that it need n't get broke."

"Seems to me I would not put it away just yet; we may have more snow pretty soon," said the old lady.

"O, fiddle-dee-dee! we shall not have any more snow until next Winter; I'm sure of that. Do n't you see how warm it is? The lilacs have all budded, the peas have come up, and the robins and martins are singing about. I *know* it won't snow any more."

"Well, perhaps it will not," said his grandmother, "but do n't be too certain; it looks like a storm now."

"*Do n't be too certain.*" The words rang in John's ears, but he carried on his shovel, and stowed it carefully away in the barn.

The next morning what was his amazement to see the ground white with snow, and the storm violently beating against his chamber window. It continued to snow all day long, and the next morning it lay in great drifts around the house. John waded down to the barn for his shovel, and soon cleared the paths of snow. When he came to his breakfast he declared he would not put away his shovel again until the first of July, at the very least.

WALKING WITH JESUS.

"I WANT to live like one of Jesus' children," said a young girl to her teacher, "but it seems to me I do n't know how."

"When you are at school or away from home, do you not often think or speak of your mother?" asked her teacher.

"Why, certainly; every hour in the day, I suppose," replied the pupil, wondering at such a question.

"Do you recollect what is said about the disciples as they went from Jerusalem to Emmaus?"

"I do n't think I do."

"Then turn to the twenty-fourth chapter of Luke, and read from the thirteenth verse."

"Ah, there is your answer," interrupted the teacher, as the fifteenth verse was read: "If we would have Jesus walk with us, we must have him in our thoughts and on our lips."

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

PROVIDENCE.—I could write down twenty cases wherein I wished God had done otherwise than he did; but which I now see, had I my own will, would have led to extensive mischief. The life of a Christian is a life of paradoxes. He must lay hold on God; he must follow hard after him; he must determine not to let him go. And yet he must learn to let God alone. Quietness before God is one of the most difficult of all Christian graces—to sit where he places us; to be what he would have us be, and this as long as he pleases. We are like a player at bowls; if he has given his bowl too little bias, he cries, "Flee;" if he has given it too much, he cries, "Bub;" you see him lifting his leg, and bending his body, in conformity to the motion he would impart to the bowl. Thus I have felt with regard to my dispensations; I would urge them or restrain them; I would assimilate them to the habits of my mind. But I have smarted for this under severe visitations. It may seem a harsh, but it is a wise and gracious dispensation toward a man, when, the instant he stretches out his hand to order his affairs, God forces him to withdraw it. Concerning what is morally good or evil, we are sufficiently informed for our direction; but concerning what is naturally good or evil, we are ignorance itself. Restlessness and self-will are opposed to our duty in these cases.—*Cecil.*

THE BABY.—In his recent volume entitled "Society and Solitude," Ralph Waldo Emerson says: "The perfection for the providence for childhood is easily acknowledged. The care which covers the seed of the tree under tough husks and stony cases, provides for the human plant the mother's breast and the father's house. The size of the nestler is comic, and its tiny, beseeching weakness is compensated perfectly by the one happy, patronizing look of the mother, who is a sort of high reposing Providence toward it. Welcome to the parents the puny struggle, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. His unaffected lamentations when he lifts up his voice on high, or, more beautiful, the sobbing child—the face all liquid grief, as he tries to swallow his vexation—soften all hearts to pity, and to mirthful and clamorous compassion. The small despot asks so little that all reason and all nature are on his side. His ignorance is more charming than all

knowledge, and his little sins more bewitched than any virtue. His flesh is angels' flesh, all alive." "Infancy," says Coleridge, "presents body and spirit in unity: the body is all animated." All day, between his three or four sleeps, he coos like a pigeon-house, sputters and spurs, and puts on his faces of importance, and when he fasts the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. By lamplight, he delights in shadows on the wall; by daylight, in yellow and scarlet. Carry him out of doors—he is overpowered by the light and by the extent of natural objects, and is silent. Then presently begins his use of his fingers, and he studies power—the lesson of his race. First it appears in no great harm, in architectural tastes. Out of blocks, threadspools, cards, and checkers he will build his pyramid with the gravity of Palladio. With an acoustic apparatus of whistle and rattle, he explores the law of sound. But chiefly, like his senior countrymen, the young American studies new and speedier modes of transportation. Mistrusting the cunning of his small legs, he wishes to ride on the necks and shoulders of all flesh. The small enchanter nothing can withstand—no seniority of age, no gravity of character: uncles, aunts, grandsires, grandmas, fall an easy prey; he conforms to nobody, all conform to him; all caper and make mouths, and babble and chirrup to him. On the strongest shoulders he rides, and pulls the hair of laureled heads.

WOMAN AND CHRISTIANITY.—In his speech at the recent anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, Rev. John Walton gave utterance to the following:

Christianity has done more for woman than it has done for man, and she responds with a purer devotion and a more vital attachment. But woman's greatest glory is the untold story of her services and her sufferings in missionary lands. I will be bold to say, that the brightest and bravest deeds done in mission fields have been done, not by men, but by the women—not by the heroes, but by the heroines of the Cross. Need I scruple to say, that the noblest women that ever walked on God's earth have been missionaries' wives? The missionary vocation, of all others, is that which most successfully develops the highest virtues in the character of woman. If you want to know what a woman is made of, pass her through the fire. Her power of endurance, her

fertility of resource, her unflinching courage, her self-sacrificing devotion, her beautiful sympathy, it is the fire that intensifies each womanly excellence, and makes it shine like burnished gold. We have all felt the pang of separation in thinking of the partings on mission shores. I have wept and wondered, and wept again over the chapter which tells the story of Dr. Judson and his wife at St. Helena. That heroic woman, with the missionary spirit strong in death, had fully reconciled herself to the thought of the separation from her husband. He was to return to his work in Burmah, and she and the children were to go on to America alone, and thus she sang on a foreign soil:

"We are parting on this green island, love,
Thou for the eastern main,
I for the setting sun, love,
O! soon to meet again!"

Contrary to her thought, and contrary to her husband's hope, that was a longer parting. She went, as Dr. Judson beautifully says, not to the setting sun, but to the sun of glory that never sets. All that could die of such a woman rests in a shady spot in that historic isle, and on her tombstone is carved this verse:

"She sleeps sweetly here on this rock of the ocean,
Away from the home of her youth;
And far from the land where, with heart-felt devotion,
She scattered the bright beams of truth."

SERVANT GIRLS.—BY A SERVANT GIRL.—Can you fancy yourself in a foreign land, away from kindred, ministering only to the physical wants of strangers, for a sum that keeps you simply in a decent garb of a Sunday, and lays up a trifle against a rainy day, but with the same tread-mill of hopeless everyday life? Would you think it too much, then, to hear a friendly word now and again from a cheery mistress; to have frequent inquiries as to your homes and friends; to have an illustrated paper offered to you occasionally to brighten your life and give you some notions of the outside world? And, granting that your religious faith differed from that of your employer, would it tend to make you more bigoted or more liberal if she should occasionally tell you what was doing in your own Church, without any accompanying comment, leaving the truth to work itself out, but showing you that she was interested in all progress. Ah, dear ladies, believe us—for we have proved it—you risk nothing in these kind offices—you gain every thing. Your grace and tact preserve your station—have no fear on that point. You need no self-assertion for what should be self-impressing. Make for those girls homes, and there will be less talk of places. Interest yourselves in them, make them feel that you are their best, their wisest friend, and you need not fear that they will desert you for a stranger. Do not expect them to be perfect, for you can not find that in any relation of life, but let them see that you feel your relation to them to be one of reciprocal duties, that while they serve you conscientiously, you will use your intelligence, your judgment, in their behalf, in thoughtful-

ness of their interest, both in their business and in their pleasure, their income and their expenditure. This can be done without interference, and will gather you a rich harvest in the harmony and unity of your household. Try not to adapt yourself to supposed peculiarities of nationality, treat human nature humanely, and you will need no special rules for government of servants.

HAND-SHAKING.—In early and barbarous times, when every savage or semi-savage was his own law-giver, judge, soldier, and policeman, and had to watch over his own safety in default of all other protection, two friends or acquaintances, or two strangers, desiring to be friends or acquaintances, when they chanced to meet, offered each to the other the right hand—the hand alike of offense and defense, the hand that wielded the sword, the dagger, the club, the tomahawk, or other weapon of war. Each did this to show that the hand was empty, and that neither war nor treachery was intended. A man can not well stab another while he is in the act of shaking hands with him, unless he be a double-dyed traitor and villain, and strives to aim a cowardly blow with the left, while giving the right and pretending to be on good terms with his victim. The custom of hand-shaking prevails, more or less, among all civilized nations, and is the tacit avowal of friendship and good-will, just as the kiss is of a warmer passion.

Ladies, as every one must have remarked, seldom or never shake hands with the cordiality of gentlemen, unless it be with each other. The reason is obvious. It is for them to receive homage, not to give it. They can not be expected to show to persons of the other sex a warmth of greeting which might be misinterpreted, unless such persons are very closely related to them by family or affection, in which cases hand-shaking is not needed, and the lips do more agreeable duty.

Every man shakes hands according to his nature, whether it be timid or aggressive, proud or humble, courteous or churlish, vulgar or refined, sincere or hypocritical, enthusiastic or indifferent. The nicest refinements and idiosyncrasies of character may often be discoverable in this fashion.

CHILDREN'S SIGHT.—What is commonly called near-sightedness has increased greatly within the last half century, and it is time parents, teachers, and guardians understood more about it. Children are often subjected to severe punishments, both at home and in schools, for offenses they can not avoid possibly, from defect in their eye-sight. At a teachers' convention in Boston, last week, Dr. Henry W. Williams, now one of the eminent oculists of the country, had something to say on the near-sightedness of children, many of whom, he remarked, had defective vision years before it was discovered. Some very clear-sighted children could not use their eyes steadily for any length of time without blurring, owing to a defect in the accommodative muscles, a brief rest enabling them to see clearly again. They were apt to make absurd mistakes in reading, and to study poorly, which teachers and others thought was

owing to idleness. Blindness sometimes supervened in a single day. Many individuals were born with a slight tendency to myopia, and had near-sightedness brought on by studiousness. Near-sightedness was not known among the savages of uneducated races, and appeared most among those of the highest culture. The eye should never be strained to see objects it should not see, or devoted to too small type or work. Children who were ambitious to keep up with their classes often were allowed to go on until their eyes were ruined. These cases often began with slight symptoms. Such children should not be compelled to study continuously; should not care where they were in their class; should keep the head erect and hold the book up. Teachers should aid the child as far as possible. The object of education, the doctor said, was not to cram, but to prepare the child for duties.

THE CZAR AND THE RUSSIAN LADIES.—The Czar of all the Russias has issued an imperial ukase, and henceforth no more Paris fashion journals will be allowed within the limits of the vast dominions of Alexander II. No bewitching *La Mode Illustree*, no oracular *Bon Ton*, will henceforth be seen within the precincts of a Russian lady's dwelling. We can hardly imagine the monotony and the dreariness of the existence of the young Russian belles, deprived of the pictures of the latest Paris fashions, the newest style of panniers, the full description of the freshest toilets, the bonnets, the trains, the trimmings, the flummery, and the flounces, whose weekly changes recorded in the journals, and pictured in the fashion-plates, rule the fashionable world with resistless power. But the feminine mind is inventive, and we believe the pretty Russians will manage in some way to evade the imperial edict. A glorious prestige will be imparted to fashion journals which they never enjoyed before. Although we have great faith in the power of the Russian Emperor, we think he has embarked on a dangerous speculation. Either there will be a revolution or the ladies will have Paris fashions.

At least we are glad we do not live in Russia or in Poland, where the ladies are forbidden by the same autocratic power to wear bouquets.

MANNERS.—Young folks should be mannerly. How to be so is the question. Many good boys and girls feel that they can not behave to suit themselves in the presence of company. They feel timid, bashful, and self-distrustful the moment they are addressed by a stranger or appear in company. There is but one way to get over this feeling, and to acquire graceful and easy manners; that is, to do the best they can all the time at home, as well as abroad. Good manners are not learned from arbitrary teachings so much as acquired from habit. They grow upon us by use. We must be courteous, agreeable, civil, kind, gentlemanly, and womanly at home, and then it will soon become a kind of second nature to be so every-where. A coarse, rough manner at home begets a habit of roughness, which we can not

lay off if we try, when we go among strangers. The most agreeable people we have ever known in company are those that are perfectly agreeable at home. Home is the school for all best things, especially for good manners.

SOURCE AND EFFECT OF HOPE.—Hopefulness is the mother of happiness. The truly hopeful are never the truly miserable. They see a light ahead, even at the midnight. Whence comes hopefulness? Some one has thus declared: True hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events! Such a spirit, too, rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views, or to one particular object. And if, at last, all should be lost, it has saved itself—its own integrity and worth. Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of good—the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can impart courage in the human soul is its best physician.

THE LAUGH OF WOMAN.—A woman has no natural gift more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes upon the water. It leads from her in a clear sparkling rill; and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. Have you ever pursued an unseen figure through the trees, led on by a fairy laugh, now here, now there, now lost, now found? We have. And we are pursuing that wandering voice to this day. Sometimes it comes to us in the midst of care and sorrow, or irksome business, and then we turn away and listen, and hear it ringing throughout the room like a silver bell, with power to scare away the evil spirits of the mind. How much we owe to that sweet laugh! It turns prose to poetry; it flings showers of sunshine over the darkness of the wood in which we are traveling; it touches with delight even our sleep, which is no more the image of death, but is consumed with dreams that are the shadows of immortality.

FIDELITY IN LITTLE THINGS.—Great virtues are rare; the occasions for them are very rare; and when they do occur, we are prepared for them; we are excited by the grandeur of the sacrifice; we are supported either by the splendor of the deed in the eyes of the world, or by the self-complacency that we experience from the performance of an uncommon action. Little things are unforeseen; they return every moment; they come in contact with our pride, our indolence, our haughtiness, our readiness to take offense; they contradict our inclinations perpetually. It is, however, only by fidelity in little things that a true and constant love to God can be distinguished from a passing fervor of spirit.

EXCHANGING THE KEYS.—Feltham once gave utterance to this sentiment, on the inviolability of friendship: When two friends part, they should lock up one another's secrets and interchange their keys.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

OUR ORIENTAL MISSIONS. *Volume I. India and China. Volume II. China and Bulgaria.* By Edward Thomson, D. D., LL. D. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author. 16mo. Pp. 267, 281. \$1.25 per Volume. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden. New York: Carlton & Lanahan.

How short a time it seems to us since Bishop Thomson entered our office with the manuscripts of these volumes, and with characteristic modesty placed them on our table with the direction to publish or reject them, cut, prune, or change them as we should judge best. He was then in apparent excellent health, and we rejoiced in the prospect that many years yet remained to him of active and efficient life as a Bishop, and that many more volumes, in spite of his excessive modesty, would yet be given to the Church and the world from his classic and eloquent pen. Scarcely four weeks had passed till his work was done on earth, and his pure and noble spirit had gone to God.

It is a matter of devout thankfulness that the material of these two volumes was put in order for publication by the Bishop during the brief leisure of last Winter. Of course every body knows that these essays, or chapters, or whatever we may choose to call them, embody the results of the Bishop's observations during his visit to our missions in China, India, and Bulgaria. Some of them have appeared in letters and articles published in our Church periodicals; but even these underwent a thorough revision under the hands of the Bishop to serve this new purpose, while the greater part of both volumes is original matter, now published for the first time. Both of our Bishops who visited our "Oriental Missions" have suddenly been called away, and the Church thereby loses the benefit of their personal utterances of what they saw, and of the views and plans which they formed from their own experience. But their works are still with us. These two volumes, and two similar ones containing the letters of Bishop Kingsley, are all that are left to us of their missionary experience and observation. They constitute an invaluable legacy to the Church. We shall be greatly mistaken and disappointed if our people do not demand them in thousands. We would especially commend these volumes also to those who provide for our Sunday-school libraries. Besides the personal observations of Bishop Thomson on our missions in the far East, and on the people among whom they are located, their manners, customs, religions, etc., the second volume contains essays on such subjects as "Pagan and Christian Civilization Contrasted," "Condition and Prospect of the Christian Church," "General Reflections on the Church," and "The Decaying Condition of False Religions." The work closes with an interesting

biographical sketch of the deceased Bishop, and the first volume contains an excellent steel portrait. The volumes are issued in very neat style, and yet are very cheap.

SACRED MEMORIES; or, *Annals of Deceased Preachers of the New York and New York East Conferences.* By Rev. W. C. Smith. With an Introduction by Bishop James. 16mo. Pp. 357. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

This volume contains excellent sketches of one hundred and thirteen ministers connected with the New York and New York East Conferences, who died during the twenty years that intervened between the division of the Conference in 1848 and the reunion services of the two bodies in 1868, together with the order of exercises and addresses delivered on that interesting occasion. It contains many precious names, and suggests many valuable lessons. It by no means lacks variety, as it presents men of all grades of talent and various work, such as itinerants, missionaries, historians, authors, publishers, editors, presidents of educational institutions, etc. It will be a welcome book to many we are sure. Hundreds are living to whom these men were related by the ties of kindred, and thousands who enjoyed the benefits of their ministry. Bishop James beautifully says: "To those who knew them personally, their memory is as fragrant as the spices in the garden of the Lord; to those who were converted through their ministry, their names are as ointment poured forth; to those who were edified and encouraged by them in their struggles for goodness and for glory, the remembrance of them is very precious."

CHRISTIANITY AND GREEK PHILOSOPHY; or, *The Relation between Spontaneous Thought in Greece and the Positive Teaching of Christ and his Apostles.* By B. F. Cocker, D. D., Professor of Moral and Mental Philosophy in the University of Michigan. 12mo. Pp. 531. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

Here is food for the mind and the heart, a volume for students and thinkers; it is one of the richest contributions of American literature to a history of philosophy, and to a true philosophy of Christian history. It is a book to be read slowly, to be estimated in its value, not by disconnected passages or unfinished propositions, but by the entire line of thought and investigation. It is easy to misconceive the purpose of the author. He is not a "rationalist;" he is not a mere speculative philosopher; he is a true Christian, and is only seeking for a deeper foundation and a broader unity for the Christian faith than mere dogmatic theology. He aims to show that this foundation and this broader unity are found

in the facts of nature and humanity; that the authority of the Christian system does not repose alone on the peculiar and supernatural events which occurred in Palestine, but also on the still broader foundations of the ideas and laws of the reason, and the common wants and instinctive yearnings of the human heart. It is the author's conviction "that the course and constitution of nature, the whole current of history, and the entire development of human thought in the ages anterior to the advent of the Redeemer center in, and can only be interpreted by, the purpose of redemption." We believe the author's doctrine, and that in this noble volume he has made it good. Whoever reads it will have a broader intellectual view of human history and a tenderer sympathy for the whole great human brotherhood.

EXPOSITORY THOUGHTS ON THE GOSPELS. *By the Rev. J. G. Ryle, B. A., St. John. Vol. II. 12mo. Pp. 382. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: George Crosby.*

The name of Mr. Ryle is well known in America; his Notes have met with much favor; they are plain, positive, and practical. His style is excellent; he goes directly to the subject, and from the subject soon reaches the heart of the reader. His works are deservedly popular among evangelical Christians of every name.

AN ENGLISH-GREEK LEXICON. *By C. D. Yonge. Edited by Henry Drisler, LL. D., Professor of Greek in Columbia College. 8vo. Pp. 663 and cxv. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

A complete English-Greek lexicon has long been a desideratum to classical students and scholars. This one will, therefore, be promptly welcomed, and in its completeness will be found to meet the want. It is superior in its arrangements to any we have yet seen. The present edition is a revision and enlargement of Yonge's, the best hitherto given to the English scholar. It contains a very large vocabulary of English words and phrases and their Greek equivalents. The Lexicon is preceded by a very learned essay on the order of words in Attic Greek Prose, by Professor Charles Short, and is followed by a list of proper names, and a copious collection of Greek synonyms, from the French of Alex. Pilon, edited by Rev. T. K. Arnold. The student has thus put into his hands all that he requires for Greek composition except the syntactical rules, which of course he must learn from his grammar.

THE PRINCIPLES OF LOGIC; *for High Schools and Colleges. By A. Schuyler, M. A.; Professor of Mathematics and Logic in Baldwin University. 12mo. Pp. 168. Cincinnati: Wilson, Hinkle & Co.*

THE LAWS OF DISCURSIVE THOUGHT: *Being a Text-Book of Formal Logic. By James M'Cosh, LL. D., President of New Jersey College, Princeton. 12mo. Pp. 212. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: George Crosby.*

These are two excellent text-books in the department of which they treat. The former is systematic,

scientific, compact, and brief, just the kind of text-book from which to gather a concise and symmetrical view of the science. The latter is argumentative and discursive, and might admirably follow a course in the former. Both works will at once commend themselves to teachers, both exhibiting a complete mastery of the subject by their respective authors.

A GERMAN COURSE; *Adapted to use in Colleges, High-schools, and Academies. By George F. Comfort, A. M., Professor of Modern Languages and Aesthetics in Alleghany College. 12mo. Pp. 498. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES ON THE GALLIC WAR; *With Explanatory Notes, a Copious Dictionary, and a Map of Gaul. By Albert Harkness, LL. D., Professor in Brown University. 12mo. Pp. 377. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

THE NATURAL SPEAKER: *Being Selections to Aid the Student in Acquiring a Simple, Natural, Business-like Style of Speaking. By Joseph Alden, D. D., LL. D., President of New York State Normal School. 12mo. Pp. 302. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

MARY'S GRAMMAR, *Interspersed with Stories, and Intended for the Use of Children. By Mrs. Marcet, Author of "Conversations on Chemistry," etc. 12mo. Pp. 240. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

THE FIRST BOOK OF BOTANY. *Designed to Cultivate the Observing Powers of Children. By Eliza Youmans. 12mo. Pp. 183. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

These are all in the line of school books, and the names and positions of their respective authors are guarantees of their excellence. They all exhibit progress in the methods of education, better understanding of the student's mind and wants, and great improvement in the adaptation of text-books to his necessities. How we would have rejoiced in our school days over such an edition of Cæsar's Commentaries as Professor Harkness here gives us. We are sure we should know more German and know it better if Comfort's "Course in German" had been published thirty years ago; and we would have been as happy as little Mary in the study of Grammar, if Mrs. Marcet had been our teacher, and should have loved the plants and flowers better under the tuition of Miss Youmans. Well, thanks to these good men and women for these good books, though born too late for us, for they are just in time to give easier labor and pleasanter tasks to our children.

SELF-HELP; *With Illustrations of Character, Conduct, and Perseverance. By Samuel Smiles, Author of "Life of George Stephenson," "The Huguenots," etc. 12mo. Pp. 447. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

A revised edition of a book which has already been received with great favor in England, France, and America. And it well deserves the favor it has met.

Its chief object is to stimulate youths to apply themselves diligently to right and noble pursuits, and to rely upon their own efforts in life, rather than to depend on the help or patronage of others. It admirably shows, too, how the duty of helping one's self in the highest sense involves the helping of one's neighbors. It teaches chiefly by example, giving a long record of literary and scientific men, artists, inventors, educators, philanthropists, missionaries, and martyrs, who have achieved fame and independence, and made themselves benefactors of the race. Let all the young men get it and read it.

JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO EGYPT, Constantinople, The Crimea, Greece, etc., in the Suite of the Prince and Princess of Wales. By the Hon. Mrs. William Grey. 12mo. Pp. 209. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their suite through Egypt and other Eastern lands in 1869 was a unique and interesting one, having, of course, incidents growing out of the high life of the parties that do not fall to ordinary mortals when traveling. Mrs. Grey's journal of the trip is racy, natural, kept just like a good, amiable woman, delighted with her voyage and her company, would keep it. To our lady readers it will be an interesting book, presenting things in a light somewhat different from the common reports of travels.

PROVERBS, ECCLESIASTES, AND THE SONG OF SOLOMON, with Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical. By Rev. Henry Cowles, D. D. 12mo. Pp. 363. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

We have already noticed several volumes of these admirable Notes on books of the Old Testament from the pen of Dr. Cowles. They are learned without the show of learning, and will unlock to many the words of the prophets and poets of the Bible which are often read only as words with little meaning attaching to them. Every-where in his volumes is found evidence of a deep religious experience, of an earnest love of the truth, and entire freedom from all fanciful speculation. They are designed for both preachers and people, and admirably serve their purpose.

HOME SCENES AND HEART STUDIES. By Grace Aguilar. 12mo. Pp. 399. \$1.

WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP. By the Same. 12mo. Pp. 357. \$1. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

These two volumes complete the series of the new and elegant edition of Grace Aguilar's works. They are excellent books, pure, instructive, tender, and full of good lessons.

GOD IS LOVE; or, Glimpses of the Father's Infinite Affection for his People. From the Ninth London Edition. 16mo. Pp. 366. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Cincinnati: George Crosby.

The great object of this little volume will be seen on every page; it is to set before the believer the

all-abounding love of the Father to those who approach him through his son. It is a precious book, full of comfort and edification. It is a book that the reader will take up again and again whenever he feels special need of something to strengthen his faith and melt and comfort his heart.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. By Charles Reade. Cloth. 8vo. Pp. 207. \$1.25. Paper, 75 cents. 12mo. Pp. 319. 75 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

THE SAME. Cloth. 8vo. Pp. 360. \$1.50. New York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: W. S. Thorburn.

Mr. Reade is well known as a sensational writer of the warmest school. "Hard Cash," "Foul Play," and "Griffith Gaunt" made him famous among lovers of this kind of literature. "Put Yourself in his Place," judging from the great use that publishers and newspapers have made of it, must be equal if not superior in sensational power to any of the others.

QUEEN HORTENSE. A Life Picture of the Napoleonic Era. An Historical Novel. By L. Muhlbach. From the German, by Chapman Coleman. 8vo. Pp. 187. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The nature of these historical romances is known to American readers. They are interesting, true in their general historical outlines, but mix with the truth so much of fiction, that the reader gains only a confused and inaccurate notion of the period and characters of whom the author writes. The times of Hortense were full of interest, and the author has thoroughly studied them, and treated most of the questions with impartiality and becoming delicacy.

THE CAGED LION. A Historical Novel. By Charlotte M. Yonge, Author of "The Heir of Redcliffe," etc. 12mo. Pp. 347. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Another historical romance strangely and confusingly blending history and imagination, so that when the reader finishes the book, which, of course, will be read with interest, he knows not what is true or false. Such reading is worse than a waste of time, except that perhaps some who will never read any other kind of history, may learn some things they will know in no other way.

ANTONIA. A Novel. By George Sand. From the French by Virginia Vaughan. 12mo. Pp. 250. Boston: Roberts Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is at all events a real novel, and whoever reads it will know that fact, and be in no danger of confounding history and fiction. It is the second volume of the series now issuing from the press of Roberts Brothers. We still adhere to our belief that George Sand will not become extensively popular in America, though the publishers are pursuing a good policy in issuing her least objectionable works first. "Antonia" is one of her best.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ENGLISH LITERARY ACTIVITY.—The literary activity of England during the past year has been something enormous. The "Publishers' Circular" gives the following summary of new books, new editions, and books of American importation, which appeared in England in 1869, with the months of issue, the latter fact serving to show the variations of periodical pressure on the literary market:

	New Books.	New Editions.	American Importations.
January.....	219	76	40
February.....	166	72	39
March.....	109	185	30
April.....	223	118	21
May.....	313	117	51
June.....	218	104	35
July.....	210	70	40
August.....	243	102	30
September.....	160	89	32
October.....	378	144	27
November.....	354	125	28
December.....	460	117	24
Total.....	3,063	1,319	397

These books are classified as follows:

Theology.....	1,047
Education, philosophy and classical literature.....	478
Juvenile works.....	500
Novels and other works of fiction.....	461
Law.....	142
Political and social economy and trade and commerce.....	324
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It is not an uncommon thing to read or hear satirical remarks *apropos* of the flood of books that pour from the English presses. "F frivolous," "trashy," "worthless," are some of the contemptuous adjectives most frequently met with in that connection. These censures most often emanate from men who have no real means of judging of the mass of modern books that they condemn, who are unduly addicted to old authors and old books—in fact are bigots in respect of the undue reverence that they pay to what they call classical and standard works. There are literary critics in England and in this country, and wherever the species is found, who look upon a new book as an impertinence, an affront, a stranger not to be courteously received until it has demonstrated itself worthy of their fastidious approval. This is not, we think, the spirit in which new books should be considered. While many of them are undoubtedly poor in matter and style, and mischievous in their effects upon readers, as a whole they should be welcomed. Their appearance in great numbers should be hailed as a positive and most gratifying proof of that intellectual fecundity and progress which are among the best hopes of a nation.

Spain, Italy, and other European countries of the second or inferior grades produce but few new books,

while the presses of England, as well as those of France and Germany, teem with fresh works in every department of literature. We take it that the swarm of English books in 1869 should be accepted as an evidence of the profound moral, religious, political, and artistic movements, which are clearly manifested in other ways in the social, and political, and religious changes working out in the British Empire. They spring from the same sources as the Reform Suffrage Bill, the Irish Church Bill, and the other great measures of improvement now engaging the attention of the English people, and many of them have doubtless contributed powerfully to hasten the triumph of those reforms. An analysis of the classes of books indicates a better taste than prevailed in former years. Theology takes the lead, as it should, making nearly one-fourth of the whole list. Next comes juvenile works—and it would be safe to say that these, with but few exceptions, are not devoid of instruction and interest, and are always on the side of sound morals. An immoral book for boys and girls is something that we have never seen, and we doubt whether such a monstrosity exists. The worst fault of juvenile works is that they are apt to be loose and inaccurate in statements of facts, and are not always written in good English. But, still, they convey a great deal of useful information, and do much more good than harm. Novels are decidedly in the decline, and it is predicted by shrewd observers of the changing English tastes that the orthodox three-volume form of fiction will before long pass away, such productions finding their only market at last in the magazines and family papers. Education, philosophy, and classical literature, political and social economy, trade and commerce, arts and sciences, travel and geographical research, history and biography, comprise (in addition to theology) the bulk of the long list—surely a healthful sign. England may well feel proud of her literary exhibit for the year.

DEATH OF DR. NADAL.—Death has been busy again during the past month in high places, and sending his shafts as suddenly and as swiftly as ever. Scarcely do we recover from the shock of the announcement of the sudden departure of one until the telegram arrives telling us of the fall of another. Rev. Dr. Nadal, Acting President of Drew Theological Seminary since the death of Dr. M'Clintock, died suddenly on Monday morning, June 25th, at his residence in Madison, N. J. He first complained of indisposition on the preceding Thursday, but no fear was apprehended till Sunday evening, when his disease resulted in congestion of the lungs and brain, and in a few hours he was dead. He leaves a large family, on whom his death will fall with terrible

weight. In his decease, too, the Church has sustained another severe loss. He was a ripe scholar, an experienced teacher, a strong writer, an able preacher, and an exemplary Christian. He was in the prime of life, possessing, as all thought, a vigorous constitution, which gave promise of a long life of usefulness. He was born on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, in 1815, but was chiefly brought up in Baltimore. He received a good academic education, and completed a full collegiate course after entering the ministry. He was received into the Baltimore Conference in 1835, and continued in the regular work of the ministry till 1853. In 1854 he was elected to the Chair of History and English Literature in Indiana Asbury University, where he remained for three years. From 1857 to 1868 he worked in the regular ministry in the Baltimore, New York East, and Philadelphia Conferences. In 1868 he was called to the Chair of Historical Theology in Drew Seminary, in which position death overtook him. In many respects he was a strong man; there was in him a vast amount of work and availability; he belonged to a class not numerous, and out of which the Church has been sadly losing a large proportion since the beginning of 1870. May it please God to stay the hand of death, and spare to us these gifted men, who in our poor human judgment seem so needful in these times. But God is Lord of men and Head of the Church, and we can only say, Blessed be the Lord who gives, and blessed be the Lord when he takes away!

DEATH OF MRS. DR. STEVENS.—Only in our November number of last year we had the pleasure of recording the marriage of one of our contributors, Miss L. Amelia Dayton, with Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens, the eminent historian of Methodism. They were married on the 8th of September, 1869. On Wednesday, the 8th of June, the house was made desolate, and the bride of a few months has passed to another and grander life. Our deepest sympathies are with our bereaved friend and brother, whose desolation we can understand, and whose loss we can appreciate. Mrs. Stevens was a woman of rare intellectual culture, and of great proficiency in the modern European languages. She has furnished to the Repository and Quarterly, and other periodicals, many valuable and scholarly translations. A correspondent writes us: "Her sojourn among us has been brief, but beautiful. She won the respect and esteem of all who knew her, and the affection of those most intimately associated with her. Her death was sudden, but she went singing hymns of heaven as she never sang before. It seemed as if the harmonies of another world already developed new powers, while as yet the happy spirit only stood upon its threshold. We can not mourn that even so soon out of her new home, she has found a permanent home, where the highest aspirations of an immortal spirit to know and to be shall be fully satisfied."

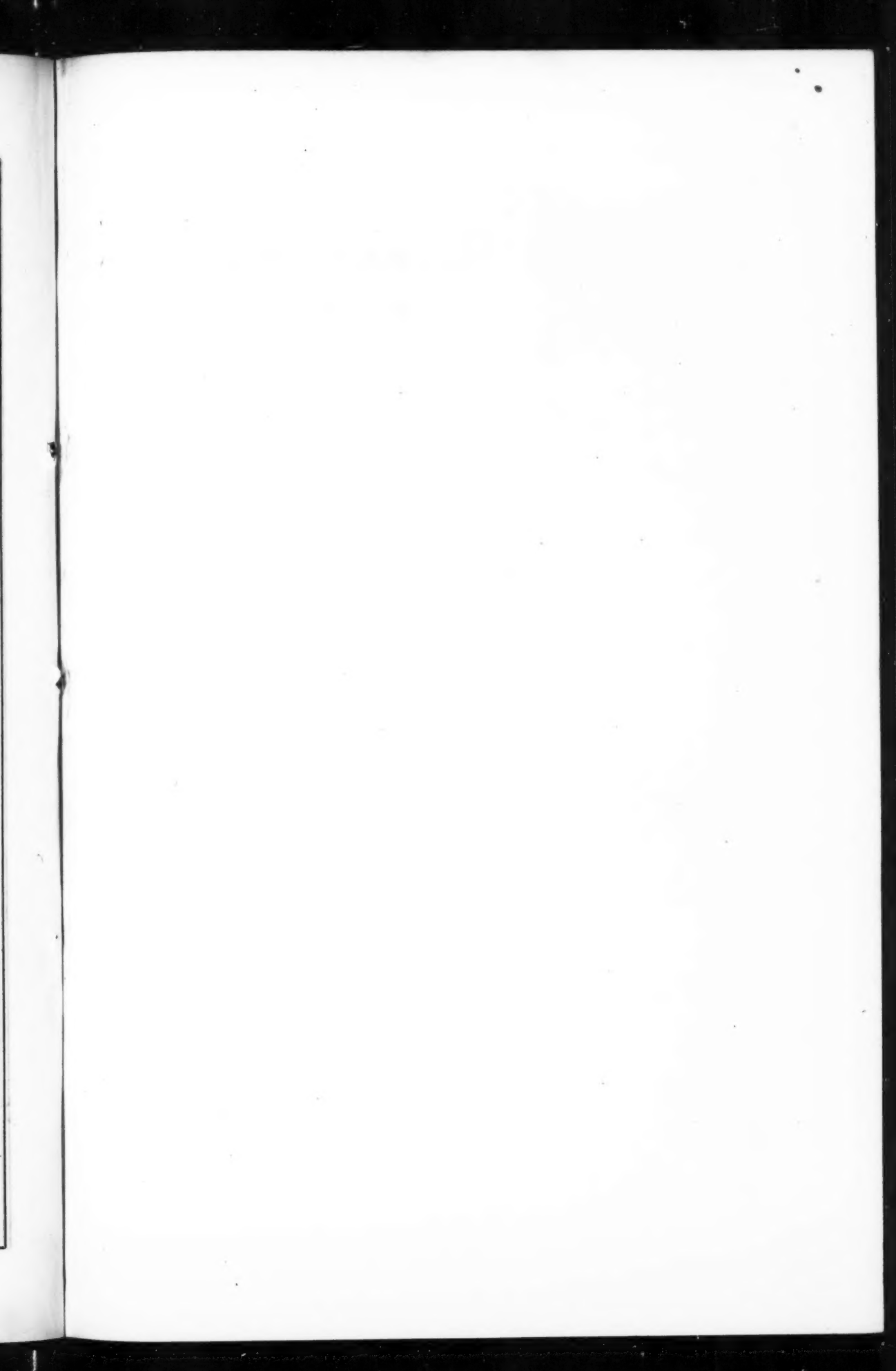
THE WANT OF THE TIMES.—The men who are to direct in future the powerful forces and control

the dangerous tendencies of these latter times are the men of education. Intellect is the appointed leader of society. Knowledge is the light of the world, but if the knowledge itself be darkness, how great is that darkness! The great want of this day is men and women of disciplined minds, of true hearts, of noble principles, who can stand on the lofty heights of modern progress and not grow dizzy; who can walk the labyrinthian passages of modern science and thought and not become bewildered; who can sail through these restless seas of material prosperity and not swamp their vessel in eternal ruin; who can choose the right with invincible resolution, resist the sorest temptation from within and without; who can bear the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who can be calm in storms and fearless under menaces and frowns, and who, amid all doubts, all discoveries, and all temptations, rely on truth, on virtue, and on God with most unflinching faith.

TEMPERANCE TRIBUTE.—Messrs. Powers & Weeks of this city have placed on our Table a lithograph in oil colors bearing the above title. It is a temperance story told without words, but speaking very forcibly to the understanding. A large central picture represents a storm at sea, a wreck, a life-boat guided by angel hands, and tells a life-story at a glance. On the left side of the picture are three tableaux, exhibiting a happy home, drinking from the "old oaken bucket," and a temperate old age crowned with honor. The right hand side has three other tableaux, "New Year's Call," "Giddy with Wine," and "the Jaws of Death." The whole points out clearly to the young the path to honor and the road to ruin. The design is good; the workmanship moderate. It is cheap enough at two dollars, and will serve a good purpose.

CHURCH MUSIC.—It is no wonder that singing has died out from the congregation, when the choir is put to recite words that nobody can understand, to music that nobody knows, and the people are left to listen to newly converted opera airs which last week were brought over by a fresh troupe of foreign singers. And those sweet melodies that stilted propriety has driven from the churches, but which have gone forth among the people, rung out gloriously in camp-meetings, shaking the forest leaves with the ascending thoughts of a mighty people; or which more gently have filled rural school-houses and humble lecture-rooms, and village churches, as yet uncorrupted by the false pretense of classical music—those sweet melodies that no one can hear with his ear and not feel his heart beating within his bosom, and faster for the sound—are becoming the ridicule and contempt of men who think that God must be praised to the sound of Meyerbeer or Rossini, and not to the sweet and humble melodies of our land.

A PREACHER'S FAULTS.—"Defects of a preacher are soon spied," says Martin Luther in his Table Talk. "Let a preacher be endowed with ten virtues and have but one fault, that one fault will eclipse and darken all his virtues and gifts, so evil is the world in these times."





PLAYING IN THE SUNSHINE

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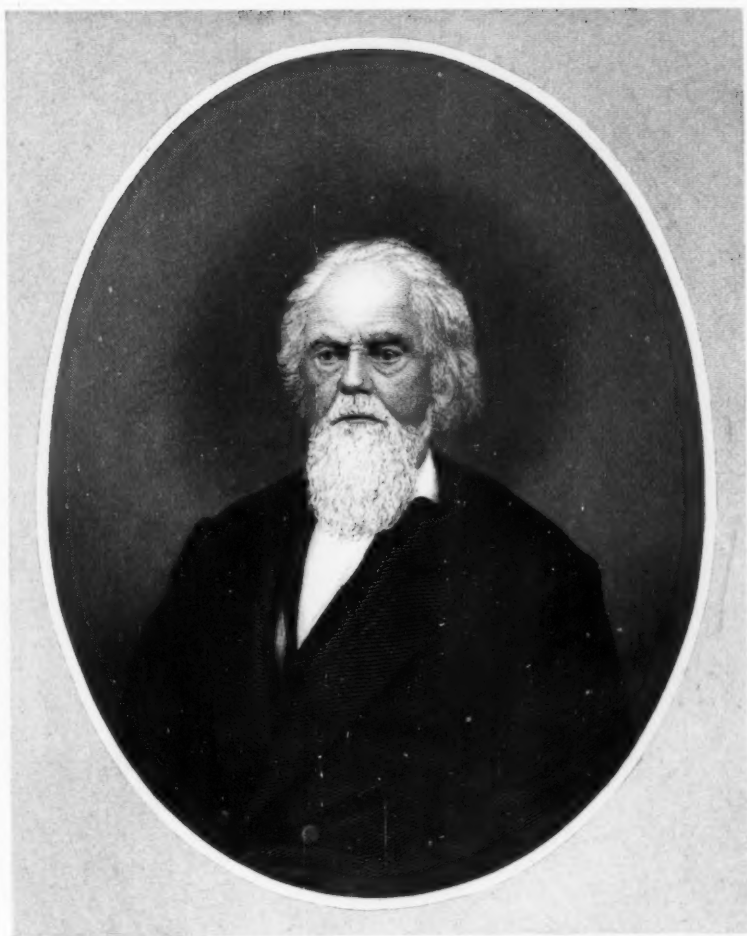


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